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Jno McLean Clerk

THE

HANDWRITING OF GOD

IN

EGYPT, SINAI,

AND THE

HOLY LAND:

THE

RECORDS OF A JOURNEY FROM THE GREAT VALLEY OF THE WEST TO THE SACRED PLACES OF THE EAST.

BY REV. D. A. RANDALL.

WITH

MAPS, DIAGRAMS, AND NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.

"The Universe is the Handwriting of God, and all objects are words in it."

COLUMBUS, OHIO:
RANDALL AND ASTON.
SHELDON & CO., NEW YORK.
1862.

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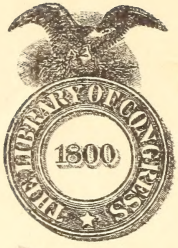

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DESTRUCTION OF PHARAOH'S HOST

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In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States
for the Southern District of Ohio.

22,618

OSGOOD & PEARCE,
PRINTERS.

TO MY CHURCH,

TO WHOSE SYMPATHY, ENCOURAGEMENT AND PRAYERS, I AM DEEPLY INDEBTED:

TO MY SUNDAY-SCHOOL,

WHOSE KIND REMEMBRANCES DURING MY JOURNEY, AND WELCOME GREETINGS ON MY RETURN, HAVE BEEN LIKE SUNLIGHT UPON MY HEART:

TO MY FAMILY,

FOR THEIR PROMPT AND CHEERFUL AID IN MY TRAVELS AND LABORS:

AND TO MY NUMEROUS FRIENDS,

FOR THEIR ACTS OF KINDNESS AND WORDS OF CHEER,

THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED,

WITH THE HOPE THAT THEY MAY ALL ENJOY AS MUCH IN THE READING, AS THE AUTHOR HAS IN COLLECTING AND PREPARING THE CONTENTS OF IT.

INTRODUCTION.

WHY another book of travels and observations in the East? Has not the ground been traveled over, again and again, and book after book been written? What new, interesting, or instructive, can be presented?

The writer is aware that many questions of this kind will arise, on reading the title-page of this book. He apprehends many will think the effort an unnecessary or superfluous one; still, he has resolved to give the public the book.

1. Because books, in the present condition of society, have become an essential requisite for the dissemination of knowledge, the promotion of morality and religion, or the increase of the pleasures and enjoyments of the public. If the labor thus demanded is one of duty, the author should not shrink from bearing his share; if one of profit or pleasure, he has as good a claim to the privilege of writing and publishing as any other one.

2. The countries of which this book treats are those of intense interest to all classes of persons. Here are the records and monuments of the early ages of the world. Here are historic pages of which none should be ignorant. From these, new lessons are continually being unfolded. Here God has left the traces of his footsteps, the handwriting of his power, and the memorials of his mighty wonders.

3. A book of travels, if written with taste and skill, will always be an interesting and instructive book. Each succeeding person, in his visit, will view things and scenes in new aspects; catch the inspiration of new thoughts and lessons; and bring truth to at least some minds, arrayed in new and inviting drapery.

4. Many of the books on the East are too learned for

popular use; abounding in Greek, Hebrew, and Arabic technicalities, and devoted to the discussion of disputed questions, they may be of great importance and highly useful to the scholar, but they do not interest the great mass of common readers. Others, again, pass so rapidly from place to place, and are so general in their descriptions, the reader gets but very imperfect ideas of scenes and localities. These extremes the writer of this work has designed to avoid. It has been his object to select the most prominent and important things, and to describe them in a plain and familiar style, with definiteness and particularity, and to condense into the work what he supposes the common reader would most desire to know. He has not indulged in learned dissertations, or critical discussions; has not endeavored to settle controverted questions, dates, and localities; indeed, it has not been his intention to make a book for the learned or the critical, but to give the public a volume to interest and instruct the family and the common reader.

5. Thousands of persons have not read the books that have already been published; not because they have no desire to read, but because they have not been brought within their reach. Many of these works have had a wide circulation, and have done great good, and yet multitudes have not been reached by them. The present volume, from circumstances of authorship, publication, and the personal relations of the writer, may reach and influence many that other works have not reached, and thus add something to the general amount of good accomplished.

6. This book is designed to be different, in several particulars, from others that have preceded it. If it were not, the author might spare himself the labor of writing and the expense of publishing. It is designed not only to present the interesting and exciting incidents of travel, but to connect with the scenes and places visited the most prominent and instructive historic events that have characterized them; drawing from them illustrations of scripture, events of history, sketches of biography, and, more especially, the important moral lessons they are calculated to suggest, and such as it is hoped will benefit the heart and the life.

7. Because there is yet much to be learned, and deep impressions to be made, from the new revelations that are continually coming to us from these ancient and sacred localities. God has kept two copies of his historic records of our race. One was written on parchment and put into the hands of man. It has been watched over with jealous care, strangely preserved, and handed down from generation to generation. The other was written on monumental records, the sculptured tablets of now extinct nations, and buried beneath the crumbling piles and moss-grown mounds of ruined cities. The wasting ravages of war have rolled over it; the foot of the ruthless barbarian has trampled it; the elements in their fury have combined for its destruction. And yet, during the long lapse of ages, his omniscient eye has watched over it, and his almighty hand has guarded it; and lo! in his own appointed time he lifts the vail, and page after page comes up from the disentombed cities of antiquity—from Babylon, and Nineveh, and Egypt, and Syria —and the two books lay their testimony side by side, and both conspire to establish the testimony of God.

None can be too familiar with these things. The present aspects of the countries through which this book will lead the reader, the present condition of the people, the majestic ruins, the time-worn monuments, entombed cities and temples, will all speak with an instructive and impressive voice. They will talk to us of things grave and serious in antiquity; they will teach us important and interesting lessons in religious faith; they will give us visions of things majestic and glorious in promise. Some of these lessons it is the design of this book to record for the benefit of the reader.

These reasons the writer deems a sufficient apology for giving a new book to the public. In preparing it, he has had before him the works of a large number of authors who have preceded him in a similar labor. From these he has been enabled to gather many facts and hints, that have materially aided him in improving and enriching the work. He has not deemed it necessary to burden the pages by continued reference to the works thus consulted. In using them, he finds, in collating different authors, he has only done what others have done be-

fore him. To one only would he in particular acknowledge his indebtedness—MURRAY'S GUIDE BOOKS. His Handbooks of Egypt, Syria, and Palestine, were his constant companions in his travels, and have been used by him in the preparation of his notes for publication; and he has often been surprised at the fullness, particularity, and accuracy of the information they contain. No visitor in those lands should be without them.

The illustrations found in the work have been selected because they *are* illustrations. A number of them have been prepared expressly for the work, and all of them contain accurate views of the places they are designed to represent, as the author can testify from personal observation. They have been inserted, not merely as embellishments to adorn the work, but as helps, to enable the reader to obtain correct ideas of important localities. Where maps and diagrams were necessary to illustrate the text, they have been prepared. These things have added materially to the expense of the work, but will be of great value to the reader.

For the convenience of those who wish to have the work bound in two volumes, it has been divided into two parts—one on Egypt and Sinai, the other on the Holy Land; and the paging and indexing have been made to correspond to this arrangement.

And now the journey has been completed, the laborious task of writing ended, and the work is placed in your hands. The author, in his travels and in his labors, has not been unmindful of his dependance on HIM whose favor alone can give success. May His blessing attend the work, and may it prove a source of interest, instruction, and moral improvement, wherever it goes.

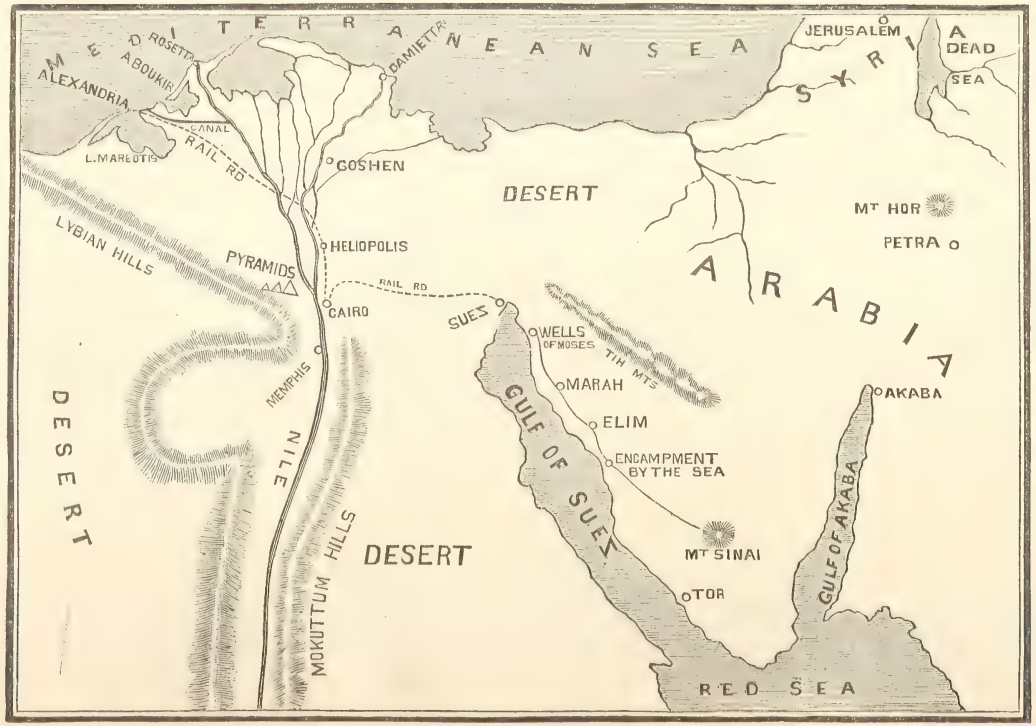
EGYPT AND SINAI.

"Egypt shall be a desolation,
And Edom shall be a desolate wilderness,
For the violence against the children of Judah,
Because they have shed innocent blood in their land."

JOEL, iii. 19.

"O, all-preparing Providence divine!
In thy large book what secrets are enrolled?
What sundry helps doth thy great power assign,
To prop the course which thou intend'st to hold!"

DRAYTON.



MAP OF EGYPT AND ROUTE TO SINAI.

EGYPT AND SINAI.

CHAPTER I.

Columbus to Boston—Voyage Across the Atlantic.

On the third of January, 1861, I left the depot at Columbus, Ohio, for a tour in Bible lands. Refreshed by a night's rest among my friends in Cleveland, at ten o'clock the next morning I was again upon the cars, whirling onward toward Buffalo. A slight fall of snow during the night had carpeted the earth, and festooned the forests, and clothed the hills in a beautiful drapery of white. Upon one side, as we passed, was first the high bluff bank crowned by the city, then the level open country, dotted over with neat farm-houses, while occasionally a thriving village nestled among its forest of shade trees, and lifted its lofty church spires toward heaven. Upon the other hand was the broad expanse of the Erie. The shore was bounded by a heavy lock of ice, reaching a mile or more from the land; beyond that a blue line of water, then another girdle of ice; while beyond all, the white-capped waves and the fleecy clouds, wearing the peculiar blue and hazy cast of winter, seemed to meet and blend in cold and solemn grandeur. The morning was frosty but bright, invigorating, and beautiful, though all nature was girt with the sullen aspect of winter. The swift-winged cars go thundering on. I sit a stranger in the midst of strangers, buried in the solitude of my own reflections. I had left my home for a long absence and a tedious journey. The perils of the ocean, the hardships and privations of desert routes, dangers from hostile tribes, and exposure in uncongenial climes, like frightful spectres, were staring me in the face. I had just exchanged the parting tokens of affection with my family and the friends that I loved—my church and

kindred in Christ—who not only had a strong hold upon my affections, but who, in the tokens of regard and kindness shown me in view of my departure, had added indissoluble ties to the bonds that united me to them.

My thoughts wandered back to the home and kindred I had left, and then dashed forward into the future Brighter hopes and more pleasant visions are luring me onward. Is it possible I am so near realizing the cherished anticipations of many years? Am I really to visit the land of patriarchs, prophets, and apostles—to revel in thought amid the scenes of Bible history? Am I to see Egypt, and gaze upon the home of the ancient Pharaohs—walk over the land watered by the sweat and tears of captive Israel? Am I to visit the Holy Land—press with my feet the soil where Jesus walked, labored, wept, and died? The thought of these things urge me onward. The past may be saddened by the thought of parting scenes, but it is perfumed with the remembrance of fraternal and Christian love. The future may have its doubts and clouds, and anxious fears may hang them with a sombre drapery, but they are illumined with the radiant bow of hope.

Another thought oppresses my mind, and gloomy forebodings rise up around me. It is

THE CONDITION OF MY COUNTRY.

Political differences and sectional jealousies have long been working like leaven in all parts of the land. Now the fires of contention, long smothered, seem about to break out in one wild blaze of excitement. The first blow has been struck for the dissolution of this sacred Union, formed in the wisdom and cemented by the blood of our forefathers.

Jack Frost (he deserves a more dignified name), with his cold pencil, and a skill no human hand could imitate, had silently traced upon the car window by my side a beautiful miniature forest—a magical silvery brake of fern, bush, and tree. I was absorbed in admiration of this delicate creation, and thinking how easily its frail netting of ice-work could be dissolved by a single breath. Again my thoughts reverted to the former theme. What reports will I hear from my country

while I am gone? In what condition will I find it on my return? Will brother rise against brother, and state be arrayed against state, and the clangor of arms be heard where the voice of peace and the hum of industry has so long been our music? Will the stern tramp of war, and the warm blood of the slain, desolate and stain those fields that have so long yielded us the rich abundance of their harvests? Is this boasted Union, after all, a mere net-work of fancied strength, frail as the picture the morning frost has sketched upon that glass, that a single breath may dissipate? No, no! it cannot be. This Union must remain entire. I love the stars and the stripes. I am proud of the flag of my country. I shall find it in every port I visit. I had rather stand under that, than under the banner of any other nation. It is an ægis of protection; and the plea, "I am an American citizen," is equal to that urged by the Apostle Paul, near two thousand years ago, "I am a Roman, and free-born."

But I cannot record all my reflections as the ponderous locomotive went thundering on, with its head of fire and its comet-like train of steam and smoke. Buffalo was passed—Albany left behind—Boston was in sight—we are there.

How great the facilities for travel! A ride of thirty-five hours, at an expense of twenty dollars, and here I am by a cheerful fire, in a comfortable hotel, eight hundred and sixteen miles from home.

It is the ninth of January, 1861. I am now standing upon the deck of the steamer Canada, as she lies at anchor at East Boston wharf. We are just about to launch out upon the cheerless waters of the great deep, in one of the most tempestuous months of the year. Almost involuntarily the question again arises, Why do I go? Have I sufficient reasons for undertaking such a journey? Can I expect, in a brief residence among the ruins and monuments of antiquity, to make any new discoveries, or add any thing to the vast fund of knowledge that has been gathered from these sources? Can I expect to throw any new light on scripture history and revelation? Has not Champollion, Wilkinson, and their compeers, done all that is needed in Egypt? Have not Layard and his associates suffi-

ciently opened the long-buried ruins of Nineveh? Have not such men as Robinson, Stevenson, and Stanley, finished the work in Sinai and Palestine? Why, then, do I go?

When, some years since, Lamartine went out on a similar expedition, he tells us he went as a philosopher and a poet. Others have gone as men of literature and science. I go simply as a Christian. As such, I wish to visit the places dear to every Christian heart; to stand among the monuments where the ancient people of God toiled; where Moses wrought his mighty miracles; to look upon those renowned waters that stood on heaps to make an open passage for the escape of the captive race; to stand upon the summit of that mount that trembled beneath the awful majesty of a descending God. I want to visit the sacred waters of the Jordan; to look upon that mysterious sea that rolls its dark and leaden waves, an everlasting monument of the displeasure of God against the doomed cities of the plain; to visit Jerusalem, Gethsemane, and Olivet. I want to stand in Bethlehem, where Jesus was born—upon Calvary, where he died; to weep at the sepulchre where they laid him; to stand upon the mount from which he ascended to heaven. In all these places I want to take lessons of Him who teaches as never man taught; to mark the footsteps of the Almighty, and trace the records of his wonder-dealing hand. I go, trusting in Israel's God—he will be my protector.

My reflections were broken by the loud, sharp cry of an officer of the ship—

"ALL ABOARD!"

Ten o'clock was the time set for our departure. I was pleased to find among the passengers "Father Kemp" and his company of "Old Folks," going out to give a series of concerts in Europe. There are about thirty of them, mostly young people, notwithstanding their assumed name. We anticipate the charm of their songs will add much to the pleasure of the voyage.

An ocean ship was to me a novel place, and I had many things to learn. "What is that little flag at the mast-head?" said I to a man standing near me. "That they call a Blue

Peter; it indicates that the ship is to sail immediately." "And what is that flag at the stern?" "Why, that is the Union Jack, the pride and boast of every British seaman." Forward, looking through their respective port-holes, were two dark-looking Bellona boys, ready primed, to act their part in the farewell scene. Father Kemp assembled his company of Old Folks on the promenade deck, and, in company with their friends, sang "Auld Lang Syne." The last warning was given; friends hastily exchanged the farewell tokens of affection. I saw many struggling to keep the tear-drop back; while others gave way to emotions they could not suppress. I stood alone. No one knew me, or cared particularly for me; but I was not an uninterested spectator. I dropped a few tears, from sympathy with the rest; for recent experiences had made me keenly susceptible to the emotions that swayed them.

GETTING OUT OF THE HARBOR.

All was in readiness. At five minutes past ten o'clock, the ponderous machinery was put in motion—the huge paddle-wheels lazily obeyed the mandate—the war-dogs howled a parting salute, and their deep-mouthed notes rolled back over city and bay, till old Bunker Hill and Charlestown seemed roused from their dreamy sleep of peace, and echoed back the notes as a familiar sound of olden days. The Blue Peter came down, and the stars and stripes went up, and we moved slowly out among the shipping of the harbor. It was a clear, beautiful morning, and the waters lay like an immense mirror in the sunlight. We passed the forts, standing like huge sentinels to guard the passage to the city. At the entrance of the harbor we dropped our pilot, who was taken on board a schooner anchored there to receive him. Onward we went; shore and city faded away, and disappeared in the distance. I looked out on the wide expanse of waters; the sea and sky were all the world to us. We were now

FAIRLY AT SEA.

Both flags were taken in, and things put in readiness for rougher ocean life. For a time we moved on pleasantly. To-

wards evening a head wind sprung up, producing that rocking motion of the boat that makes sea life so much of a dread to those unaccustomed to the water. Dinners, with many, were disposed of in quicker time than the digestive organs are accustomed to work. But things this evening did not arrive at any very serious pass. The worst was yet to come.

Thursday. Our head wind changed to a side wind, and we had what the sailors call a chopped sea, producing a very unpleasant motion of the boat. Berths and wash-bowls were in greater demand than edibles. Only eight made their appearance at the breakfast table. I felt myself, during the day, approaching a crisis of some kind, but was determined to procrastinate it as long as possible. I kept on deck in the open air, and resolutely frowned down all signs of rebellion. During the afternoon there were manifest indications that the crisis was at hand, and must be met. Supplied with a mug of warm saleratus water and a wash-bowl, I "turned in," as the sailors say, and the contest commenced. For a time there seemed to be a general revolt and combination among all the internal states, from the boots upward, to secede. The contest was a serious one, and for a long time it seemed doubtful how it would end; but at last, from mere exhaustion, hostilities ceased, and quiet was restored. I now determined to keep a strict watch over the subdued provinces, and by withholding supplies, and great caution in the distribution of limited rations, to keep all in subjection. From what I heard going on around me, I was aware I was not the worst sufferer. With some, the agony of the contest was kept up all night long.

Saturday, 12*th.* This morning the clouds broke away, the sun came out; we had a fair, brisk wind; all sail was set, and we moved on, under the combined power of wind and steam, at from ten to thirteen miles an hour.

We are now nearing Cape Race, a dangerous and stormy part of the coast. Night is closing in upon us. Dark and stormy-looking clouds are hanging about the horizon, foreboding no favorable night.

Sunday. Our anticipations of rough weather last night have been realized. The captain stood well off from Cape Race, to

avoid a dangerous reef of rocks lying about one hundred miles from shore. The storm-king was abroad during the whole night. We were only conscious, as we lay in our berths, that there was a great commotion of the elements. The ship labored heavily through the waves, and rolled from side to side, and occasionally a heavy wave broke over the deck. The captain, faithful to his trust, was on deck all night, and did not leave to take any rest till after seven in the morning. At this time the danger was considered over, as the wind had partially subsided, and we were about three hours past the Cape. But the consequences were not over to the passengers. Most of those who had recovered from their sea-sickness were overtaken with a relapse, and a number who had not before been affected were seriously ill.

The rules of the company make it the duty of the captain to read, or have read, the Church of England service on Sunday. In consequence of the severe labors of the night, this service, usually performed at half-past ten, was postponed till evening, when such as were able assembled in the after-cabin for that purpose.

Wednesday, 15*th*. Monday and Tuesday we had a constant succession of foul weather—tempestuous winds and a boisterous sea. The concert the Old Folks were to give on Tuesday evening was deferred on account of the motion of the ship, and the sickness of most of the company. Have had a head wind all day, and have depended on the power of steam alone. The wind has been increasing during the afternoon. I observe to-night the sky has an angry appearance. The sailors are all busily at work, securing every sail, and making all ready for a storm.

A GALE AT SEA.

Thursday. Our officers were not disappointed in their last evening's expectations of a gale. Before morning we had it in earnest. We novices in sea life thought we had a severe storm on Saturday night off Cape Race, but the sailors only laughed at us when we spoke of it. In our berths below we only knew that the wind was blowing a gale, that our boat was pitching

and tossing about, and we could hear the waves breaking in torrents clear over the top of the cabin above us.

About four o'clock in the morning, a heavy sea struck the larboard side of our ship. The concussion seemed like striking against a rock. Some were thrown clear out of their berths; crockery smashed and rattled; boxes and trunks were dashed with violence across the state-rooms; women screamed, and men jumped from their beds in affright.

For a few moments the ship stood perfectly still, as if stiffened like a bullock struck in the head with an ax; then the heavy timbers screaked and quivered, and in a few moments more she was dashing headlong onward through the mountain waves. I had an upper berth, and from that time till morning I found it difficult to keep my position. I braced myself with my knees, and held on with my hands; rolled backward and forward, and thus waited for the morning light. I will say, however, that during all this I felt no fear; not that I had stronger nerves than the rest, but I knew we were now in mid ocean, near a thousand miles from land, that we had plenty of sea room, and that our ship was so strongly built, she had nothing to fear from wind or wave.

THE OCEAN IN A STORM.

As soon as the morning light appeared, I managed to dress myself, though with extreme difficulty, both from dizziness and the motion of the boat. I was determined to get on deck, enjoy the fresh air, and see how old ocean looked, lashed into tempest. I at last succeeded in reaching the promenade deck, and took shelter under the lee side of the great smoke-stack, which not only protected me from the spray, but also kept me warm; for it threw off heat like a monster stove. The scene to me was a novel one; and, notwithstanding my sickness and exposure, I stood for more than two hours enjoying the strange grandeur and majesty of the scene. Our great ship was pitching up and down, tossed like a feather in the wind. We rode on huge mountain billows of dark leaden color, capped with molten glass, and tipped with silvery caps of foam. Once or twice the sun broke through the angry clouds, and touched them with

his golden light, kindling the pearly drops into myriads of sparkling diamonds, and throwing over all the prismatic beauty of the rainbow. I thought I had seen water in its greatest majesty and glory, and in its most impressive exhibitions, at Niagara; but here was a vastness—a grandeur—an exhibition of sublimity and power, that eclipsed all I had ever seen before. My soul was deeply impressed with the omnipotence and infinity of that God who scooped out this mighty abyss, and filled it with these powerful waters. He hath set them their bounds, and says to them, in their wildest commotion, "Thus far, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." I heard in the roar of these elements the voice of the Lord God Omnipotent, and rejoiced that, terrible as he was, I could call him Father.

The incidents of an ocean voyage have been so often penned, we need not detain the reader by any lengthy narration of them. Through wind and storm, sunshine and calm, with wondrous power the ponderous machinery of our ship drove us onward. Again we came in sight of land. It was a pleasant and cheerful sight. Cape Clear was passed. Cork harbor was gained. Monday, January 21st, we were steaming along the Irish Channel, enjoying a calm sea and a bright sunshine. At six P. M., after an unusually stormy passage, we dropped anchor in the Mersey, opposite Liverpool, the great shipping emporium of the world. The landing and getting through the custom-house will form a portion of the next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

Landing at Liverpool—Ride to London.

The close of the last chapter found us anchored in the Mersey, after a run from Boston to Liverpool, of a little more than three thousand miles, in twelve days and eight hours.

GETTING THROUGH THE CUSTOM-HOUSE

Was not as formidable a task as I had supposed. The mails were first taken on shore. After an impatient waiting of nearly an hour, the tardy custom-house officer made his appearance, accompanied by a man with a plate of paste and a handful of labels. The search was far less rigid than I had anticipated.

It came my turn. "Your name, sir?" This was hastily written in a book he carried in his hand. "How many packages, sir?" "Two, sir." I had two traveling bags. "Got any tobacco or ardent spirits?" "No, sir; don't deal in such commodities. You can see what I have, sir." Taking out my keys, I was about to open my bags. Without waiting for this, he took hold of each, gave it a nervous pressure between his hands; and, as if comprehending, by intuition, the character of the contents—"All right, sir; let them pass." The paste-man clapped a label on them, by virtue of which they went through the gangway, and I followed after.

The search was most rigid after tobacco, ardent spirits, and —if the traveler had books—for American reprints of English works. The former pay heavy duties; and the latter is considered a kind of literary piracy, that meets with no favor. If such books are found, they are committed to the flames without the least compunction on the part of the officers, or of compassion to the owner.

A few minutes more, and I was enjoying the comforts of an excellent hotel, named Victoria, in honor, I suppose, of her

Royal Highness. I found the accommodations excellent, at an expense of about eight shillings sterling (or two dollars) per day.

Liverpool is noted, principally, for its shipping accommodations and fine docks. Of these, it has now seven miles in length, all walled in, and protected by massive gates, like the locks of a canal. This renders the shipping very secure. The city is a place of great business, but it has few attractions for the visitor. The only building of special note is St. George's Hall. It is said to be the finest public hall in the kingdom.

LIVERPOOL TO LONDON.

January 25th. I left the depot at Liverpool at nine o'clock A. M., on the Great Northwestern Railway, for London. I am now taking my first views of England and English scenery. To an American, the absence of timber, and the high state of cultivation bestowed upon the soil, are striking features of the landscape. The houses all look old. They lack the architectural lightness and beauty, and the neatness of appearance, that characterize the farm-houses of our own land. All the main roads are macadamized. Land is more valuable than with us, and far less is appropriated to highways. Many of them are very narrow. All railroad crossings go either over or under, thus securing safety to passing trains. Every thing bears the stamp of age. Evergreens are seen in abundance; while the ivy, finding a congenial home among the moldering ruins of age, is seen climbing every where—shrouding, with its beautiful festoons of living green, the decay and ruin of death. Numerous villages dot the country. Multitudes of great black smoke-stacks, amid slender steeples and heavy church-towers, side by side, rise in majesty towards the heavens. Thus the indications of religion and industry are generally found in close proximity. With the smoke of the furnace goes up the incense of worship; with the hum of machinery is mingled the anthem of praise. England looks like a finished country. Has it reached the zenith of its power and prosperity? How long will it retain its present high position?

A ride of one hundred and seventy-five miles in nine hours, at an expense of seven dollars, and I was

IN LONDON.

London! the great metropolis of England and the mart of the world. I was set down at Euston station, and a cabman immediately transferred me to a commercial hotel, near the post-office, in the very heart of this great Babel—a perfect labyrinth of streets and squares, warehouses and stores, churches and palaces—where near three millions of people, of all classes, grades, and conditions, find a home; a city that covers seventy-eight thousand acres of ground—where, every year, they consume fourteen million bushels of wheat, eat up two hundred and fifty thousand bullocks, two million sheep, thirty thousand calves, forty thousand pigs, and fish, and game, and vegetables in proportion; a city where, besides all other drinks, fifty million gallons of porter and two million gallons of ardent spirits are annually poured out in libations to unnatural and voracious appetites—where it takes twenty-five thousand tailors to make their clothes, thirty thousand shoemakers to take care of their feet, and forty thousand milliners and dress-makers to attend to their *habits*—where an army of more than twenty thousand servants are daily employed, and the smoke of their coal-fires darkens the country for more than thirty miles around.

The immediate design of coming to London now, was to make the necessary

ARRANGEMENTS FOR MY JOURNEY.

Before leaving home, I had, of course, procured from Washington a passport for foreign travel. This ran as follows:

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA: *To all to whom these presents shall come—Greeting:* I, the undersigned, Secretary of the United States of America, hereby request all whom it may concern, to permit safely and freely to pass the Rev. D. A. Randall, a citizen of the United States; and in case of need, to give him all lawful aid and protection. [Then follows a description of the bearer's person.]

Given under my hand and the impression of the seal of the Department of State at the city of Washington, the 14th day of December, A. D. 1860, in the 85th year of the Independence of the United States.

This was duly sealed with the American Arms, and signed, Lewis Cass.

In going into England, no passport is needed; but other European countries cannot be entered without one. Between France and England the passport system has recently been abolished for citizens of the two countries, but not for others. I decided to take the route to Paris, Marseilles, and thence to Alexandria, in preference to a long sea voyage from Southampton, through the straits of Gibraltar; the former being quicker and easier. Having decided to enter France, the first thing was to have my passport properly recognized—or, as it is called, *vised*; that is, a certificate upon it, that it has been examined by the proper authorities, and that the person who bears it is permitted to proceed on his journey. The first was a visit to the American consul, who gave it his official recognition and seal. Services gratuitous. This prepared the way for a visit to the French consul, whose indorsement made it good for France. Fee one dollar. Your passport must be countersigned in the country you are about to leave by a consul or embassador from the country to which you are going. The next thing was my

FINANCIAL ARRANGEMENTS.

If money in Solomon's time answered all things, much more will it with the modern traveler. He can do nothing without it. It is the Aladdin's lamp to bring what he wishes, the talisman to open hearts, and unlock doors. Every step of his way must be paid, and every hand lifted for him must be crossed with silver.

Most of the large banking houses of London have agents in the principal cities of our States, through whose agency funds can be transferred to London without risk or loss, and sometimes with gain, if exchange happens to be, as is often the case, in our favor. A certificate of deposit from Baring Brothers' agent in Boston gave me ready admission to their extensive business house in London. From them I received a "Letter of Credit," addressed to the various banking houses in the cities through which I expected to go. This letter certified

that I had deposited so much money with them, and that my draft would be honored to any amount not exceeding that sum. On this letter I could draw money in any city I visited. This is a great convenience to the traveler, as it entirely obviates the necessity and risk of taking a large sum of money with him. In one city he can draw just what he needs until he gets to the next, and can draw in the currency of the country in which he happens to be. Similar arrangements can also be made with American banking houses. Another method of transmitting funds has recently been devised, of great convenience to the traveler. What is called circular notes of five or ten pounds sterling are issued by several of the banking houses of London. These notes form a very safe and convenient kind of letter of credit. Arrangements for cashing them are made in all the countries of the East, so very simple and efficient as almost entirely to exclude the possibility of fraud; and if they are lost or stolen, they are useless to the person finding them, and the owner can have them replaced by others.

Should a person be disposed to carry any amount of specie with him, he should take the gold sovereigns of England or the Napoleons of France. In Egypt the sovereigns answer as well. In Syria, Turkey, Greece and Italy the French Napoleon is better known and preferred. These arrangements made, we are ready to proceed immediately on our journey. We have some other general directions to give travelers, but will defer them till further experience has increased our stock of knowledge. We cannot leave here till Monday next, and we may improve the time in

A WALK ABOUT THE CITY.

I have not the time or space to give the reader even a glimpse of the many wonderful things that can be seen in one brief walk in this great metropolis. I should like to take him to the top of some of the tall monuments that overlook the city—to the palaces and the museums; to walk with him among the massive fortifications of Old London Tower—through the rooms where nobles, princes, kings and queens have been incarcerated; to stand with him on Tower Hill,

where the scaffold and the executioner's block tell their dark tales of treachery and blood. I should like to go with him to Westminster Abbey—a wonderful pile—a venerable old church, and the great sepulchral home of England's honored dead. It is worth a journey across the Atlantic to take a stroll through its cold, damp aisles and chapels; to stand amid its costly monuments and moldering dust, where death for many long centuries has been gathering his trophies, and his dark garlands have been interwoven with the adornments of human skill and genius. We have in a very brief space of time treasured many an interesting fact and story for our readers, but we must defer their recital until our return, for we hope to see these things again. But we have a Sunday to spend in London before we can leave, and we will go and hear some of the celebrated preachers of the place. Among them are several whose fame has reach our own side of the water. At 11 o'clock this morning

THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON

Preaches in Exeter Hall. We will go and hear him. Though this is the most capacious room in the city, capable of accommodating several thousand people, we must be early or we shall not get a seat. See the crowd come pouring into the great reservoir. Every seat, from pulpit to the remotest corner, from lower floor to highest gallery, is filled, and many are compelled to remain standing in the aisles.

The secret of this preacher's popularity is a problem upon which many have speculated and a great variety of opinions have been advanced. He was invited to London in 1854, and was then only twenty years old. He immediately attracted public attention, and crowds thronged to hear him—the largest audience rooms failed to accommodate the multitudes. When he preached in the Crystal Palace more than twenty thousand persons were in attendance.

He arises to commence the service. The attention of the vast audience is at once arrested, and a profound silence prevails. He is a man of medium hight, thick set, and has a very short neck. His face is full, round and smooth, and when in repose his lips so drawn apart as to show the two upper

front teeth, which have an ivory whiteness. He carries a pleasant countenance, and his complexion is very fair and ruddy, reminding me of the description given of the youthful David when Samuel was sent to anoint him king. One prominent element of his power is in his voice; orotund, clear and full, it possesses great volume, and is mellow and sympathetic. Very few preachers have a voice of such power and distinctness. Yet gifted as he is in this particular by nature, art might do for him much more. In modulation, depth, and especially in pathos, it might be made much more effective. The enunciation and number of the first hymn, and the reading of the first lines, were distinctly heard to the remotest extremity of the great hall. He reads well—even his hymns are read with effect, which can be said of very few preachers. His hymn read through, he returned, as is his uniform practice, and re-read a verse at a time, directing the singing—a chorister standing at his side—now soft, now slow, now with force and energy; and when a whole vast congregation joined, it was singing such as we seldom hear. But his voice alone would not give him popularity. I have known preachers who were far his superiors in this, who failed to attract attention.

His sermon was not a great one. In systematic arrangement, brilliancy and concentration of thought, and power of illustration, I have heard many better ones in our own land. But there is something about him that attracts, pleases and fixes the attention. His language is plain idiomatic Saxon. His elocution of the most easy and natural kind, like the converse of friend with friend. He stands among his audience as though he was one of them. As you look at him you instinctively feel that you are in the presence of one who feels for you, can sympathize with you, and wants to do you good. You feel a confidence in his power, and are willing to be instructed and led by him. Other elements of his popularity are found in his vivacity of thought, his dramatic mode of presenting his subjects, the variety he manages to introduce into almost every sermon, and in the fact that his messages come fresh and earnest from a warm and feeling heart.

Though I say his sermon was not a great one, still, I can say

I was not disappointed. But whatever any individual opinion of him may be, it will not do to deny him the credit of being a great, a popular, and a useful man. We must measure men, not so much by what they seem to be, or by any detached, or single effort, but by the aggregate, and the results of their labors. You can no more measure a structure by a few of its stones, than you can measure a man by a few of his deeds.

The man who, commencing in mere boyhood, and yet but a young man, preaching several years in succession in the same place, and in the very metropolis of learning and civilization, can continue to attract crowds to hear him; whose extempore sermons, as they fall from his lips, are fit for publication, and volume after volume, as they come from the press, can be sold by thousands, and are read with eagerness and profit on both continents; to whom not only the common people but the loftiest minds listen gladly, and hang with rapture on his glowing words; whose labors have been blessed to the conversion of thousands; whose resources as a preacher seem never to be exhausted or diminished; who from a small nucleus has raised up around him a church of more than two thousand members; by whose efforts funds have been raised, and a new house of worship nearly completed at an expense of $150,000; and whose influence is felt in all protestant christendom, must be a gifted and wonderful man, even though critics, in the analysis to which they subject him, may be puzzled to discover the constituent elements of which that greatness is composed. In the evening after hearing Mr. Spurgeon I had the privilege of hearing the celebrated

DR. CUMMINGS.

His books have been extensively read in America, and he is reckoned among the most popular preachers of the land. The house which would seat ten or twelve hundred was about two-thirds filled. Strangers stood in the aisles or about the doors, until after the singing of the first hymn, to give pew-holders and regular attendants an opportunity to occupy their seats. Then they were at liberty to take any unoccupied seats, as it was presumed the owners would not be present. The singing,

as in most of the dissenting chapels, was congregational, the chorister occupying a place in front of the speaker's desk. The preacher is a tall, heavy man, rather coarse features, a high forehead and well balanced head, with a mild and pleasant countenance, beaming with kindness and benevolence. In several respects he is the antipodes of Spurgeon, while both have many excellent qualities. There is nothing stirring or enthusiastic in his manner—he is calm, dignified and attractive. To a mind gifted by nature he has united a refined taste, and the adornments of a finished education. Rich in his conceptions and lucid in his illustrations—language elegant and copious—voice low, soft and musical as the tones of a flute, he charms and instructs his audience, and holds them often in breathless silence. I do not look upon him as one of the greatest, but as one of the most accomplished and useful preachers of the age. Seldom have I spent an hour of greater interest than I passed in his church, and I shall long remember it with pleasure.

CHAPTER III.

London to Paris—Paris to Marseilles.

We have seen but little of the great city, London, but we must hasten our departure—I hope we shall see more of it on our return; so now away to Paris, the metropolis of gayety, beauty and fashion.

There are several different routes from London to Paris. The quickest is by the Southeastern Railway to Folkstone, Dover and Calais. On this route the journey is accomplished in a little over ten hours, at an expense of about ten dollars. The best route for economists, both of time and money, is from London to New Haven by rail, thence across the channel, about seventy miles, by steamer to Dieppe, thence by rail to Paris—first class fare about seven dollars and a half, second five dollars.

We left London Bridge Station at 20 minutes past 10 o'clock in the evening, and at 9 o'clock the next morning were in

DIEPPE, FRANCE.

Here we had to pass the custom-house. Our baggage was examined, and our passport received the official signature of the police, to be produced in any emergency as evidence that we were lawfully in the country. We had a stroll of a couple of hours about the town before leaving for Paris. The city is an antique looking place, of about sixteen thousand inhabitants. It has a fine harbor, commanded by a citadel, and a formidable and picturesque old castle. The only thing I saw worthy of special note was a venerable old stone church of fine architecture, massive, moss-grown walls, and ivy-decked towers. At 11 o'clock we were again on our way. A railroad ride of one hundred and twenty-five miles, and our train stopped in a spa-

cious and magnificent depot, the door of our car was thrown open, and the conductor called out

PARIS.

I could not pride myself upon any superior knowledge of French, and now that I was among Frenchmen, I felt a strong reluctance at attempting to speak in tongues. I stood, traveling-bag in hand, a dozen natives around me. "Any one here that can speak English?" said I. "Vat you vants, zur?" said an attractive little Frenchman. "Vants ze a hack, zur?" "Yes, sir." He politely accompanied me to a stand, asked my destination, exchanged a few words with the driver, saw me in, bowed politely, and I tossed him a "thank 'e sir" in return. On went the driver, I know not how far, through street after street, among long rows of buildings, and by many a splendid mansion, until at last he reigned in his steed, threw open the door and announced

GRAND HOTEL DE LOUVRE.

Paris boasts of its splendid hotel accommodations, and of these the Louvre ranks among the first. It is said to be the largest and most splendid hotel on the continent. This and other hotels of Paris are a kind of a mixture of the American and English. You pay a fixed price for your room. This is proportioned to the distance up—on the second floor, say three and a half francs, or about seventy cents a day, and an additional frank a day for servant's attendance. The tables have fixed rates for every thing you call for—coffee, and bread and butter, thirty cents; two boiled eggs, ten cents; beefsteak, forty cents; and so on. There is a public table for dinner at 6 o'clock, to which all that choose may come at a cost of seven francs for each person. If you choose to take your meals at some other house you can do so, and in that case you pay only for your room.

The uninitiated traveler calculates the expense of his room, and adds his table fare, and concludes his expenses are quite moderate. Wait a little till your bill is presented. You go to your room—no gas, no candles. You ring for a servant.

"John, bring me a light." He comes in with two fine sperm candles. "John, I see there is no soap here; bring in a cake." You sit down, your room feels damp and chilly. Another ring of the bell: "John, light a little fire for me, it seems cold here." The time of settlement comes; you call for your bill: Room and service, four and a half francs—all right. Restaurant—all so. Two sperm candles, two francs. "Why, you don't charge for candles?" "Certainly, candles are always extra." One cake of soap, half a franc. "What, charge for soap?" "Yes, monsieur, soap is extra." One basket of wood, two francs. "What, wood extra, too?" "Certainly, always, sir."

Thus the American who has been accustomed at a home hotel to pay so much per diem, and have every comfort and luxury included, is surprised to find his bill largely increased by a long string of extras, though he may not have burned an inch of the candles, or washed the gloss from his cake of soap. And what is more vexatious, the customs change with almost every city, and you are constantly surprised and vexed at the ingenuity of your host in bringing in such an endless variety of extras. At a hotel in Marseilles where I was eating at the public table, not wishing to drink the wines furnished with the dinner, I called for a cup of coffee, and was surprised to find in my bill, "Dinner, eighty cents; coffee extra, twenty-five cents;" and when eating in Athens, and calling for a cup of tea, the bill involved an extra charge for the tea, another for the milk, and another for the sugar, and I wonder they had not made an extra charge for the water. But the traveler soon learns how to manage these things. In traveling on the continent, carry your candles and soap with you. But enough of hotel arrangements. Let us take a look at this

BEAUTIFUL CITY—PARIS.

Paris is all of France, and is justly the pride of the nation. It is fifteen English miles in circumference, and contains about one million two hundred thousand inhabitants. It is, indeed, a city of magnificent buildings, splendid palaces, large and costly churches, and beautiful parks and ornamental fountains. No other city of the continent can compare with it in the ex-

tent, richness and beauty of its adornments. It is not excelled, probably not equaled, by any other city in the world.

But I am not here to spend time among the attractions of the place now; I have only two or three days to make a hasty visit to some of them, and complete arrangements for the continuance of my journey. I expect to return here on my way home, and then, if the limits of our book will permit, I will furnish the reader with a notice of some of the prominent and attractive localities of the place.

A SUNDAY IN PARIS.

I have a Sunday to spend in Paris. Where shall I attend church? Now I begin to realize that I am in a Catholic country. All around me are massive churches, with tolling bells, and open doors inviting to worship, but my heart is not in sympathy with them. Costly pictures, sculptured statues, burning tapers and golden crucifixes, however much they may inspire devotion in those educated by them, for me had no attractions. I turned from them all to the little American chapel in Rue de Berry, built in part by contributions from my native land. Here I found a neat Gothic structure, capable of accommodating three to four hundred persons. About two hundred American and English were in attendance. The Church of England service was being read. With a devout heart, and a cheerful voice, I joined with the worshiping assembly. This was immediately followed by a non-liturgical service, with preaching by a stranger, whom, on stopping to speak with after service, I found to be Rev. Dr. McClintock, of the Methodist Church, New York City. Returning from church, our way lies through

THE CHAMPS ELYSEES, OR ELYSIAN FIELDS.

It is certainly appropriately named. It is a beautiful and extensive park, a continuation of the garden of the Tuileries, and facing that splendid palace. On one side of it flow the waters of the Seine. Nature has scattered over it her beauties with a lavish hand, and art has done still more to enrich and adorn the place. Here are beautiful groves, shady walks, a pro-

fusion of statuary, gushing fountains, songs of birds and odors of beautiful flowers. It was a strange sensation that came over me, I cannot describe my emotions, or find words to express the reflections that crowded upon me, as I stood upon the now lovliest spot in all Paris,

THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE,

An open space between the garden of the Tuileries and these Elysian Fields, and was told that here had been enacted some of the bloodiest tragedies that have characterized the history of this fickle and restless people. Just where I now stand, just where these costly and elegant fountains, surrounded by elaborate and gigantic pieces of statuary, are making music by the gush of their dashing waters, was erected the guillotine of the bloody revolution. Here the head of Robespierre was severed from his body; here the blood of nobles, kings, and emperors has reddened the earth. Flow on, thou gushing waters. Bathe with thy pure and limpid streams this memorable spot. Alas! thou canst never wash away the crimson stains.

Monday, Feb. 4th. Interesting as it would be to take you to the churches, palaces, gardens, museums and picture galleries of Paris, we cannot linger here. We must hasten on to other lands, where we can visit, not the magnificence and splendor of the present and the living, but the ruins and monuments of the past and departed.

My arrangements are now all completed. An English steamer leaves Marseilles on Wednesday morning for Alexandria, and I must be there. I had to get the *vise* of the American consul to my passport, also a *vise* of a French consul for Egypt and Syria, and a clearance from the chief of police. These official favors cost one dollar and seventy-five cents. At 11 o'clock I was at the depot of the Paris and Lyons road, ready for a ride of five hundred and forty miles to Marseilles, nearly due south. For this ride a first class ticket costs twenty dollars; second class, fifteen dollars; and if you choose to ride still cheaper, third class about ten dollars.

As we whirled onward I was constantly on the alert to catch

every passing view of this, to me, new and strange country. On leaving Paris a dense fog hung over the land, and a cold night had clothed trees and shrubbery with beautiful decorations of a frosty whiteness. Soon the fog cleared away, and the cheerful sun unrobed the landscape of its silver drapery. Our course lay for some distance along the valley of the Seine. The face of the country was beautiful, but the soil was much more shallow and unproductive than I had expected to find it. Wherever the surface of the hills was broken, they presented the same white, chalky appearance as is seen at Dieppe and Dover. In this

RIDE THROUGH FRANCE,

We were rapidly leaving winter behind. The fields gradually assumed a green and spring-like aspect. Soon we came upon the vineyard plantations. Acres and acres of vines clothed the hillsides in every direction. The country is highly cultivated. Occasionally a village in the valley by some running stream, or upon the hillside, gave life and charm to the landscape. At one time we passed through a large tract, covered with a stunted growth of timber, looking much like some of our dwarf oak openings. One thing that arrests the attention of an American, is the small amount of land appropriated to public roads, and the small number of carriages or wheeled vehicles seen. These are luxuries the farming population cannot afford. Their land is tilled in the most economical manner, and every possible retrenchment is made. But little timber is seen, and of that little the most is made. If a tree is cut down, every chip and piece of bark is saved. Even the minutest twigs are gathered up by the children, tied in little packages about the size of one's wrist, and sold in the cities for lighting fires. This close economy in fuel, soil and produce, to one coming from a land where we annually waste enough to support an empire, seems like unnecessary carefulness; but it is one of the necessities of a thickly populated country. France, like England, looks old—the gray hairs of age are upon it. A ride of three hundred and sixteen miles brought us to the city of Lyons, the chief manufacturing city of France, with a pop-

ulation of about two hundred and seventy-five thousand, at the junction of the two great rivers, the Saone and the Rhone.

Darkness gathered over the scene and hid the view of hill and valley and ever varying landscape, and shut us up to the solitude of our own reflections. Just as morning opened the eastern gates, and poured her floods of light upon the world, our eye caught a distant view of

MARSEILLES,

And—we were there. This is the ancient Massilla, and is now a city of one hundred and eighty-five thousand inhabitants. Situated on the Gulf of Lyons, it is the chief French port of the Mediterranean, and has a safe and spacious harbor, capable of accommodating nearly two thousand vessels. The old town is hoary with age, dating as far back as six hundred years before Christ. The streets are narrow and crooked, running up and down steep side hills. The new town is better laid out and better built—fine streets, buildings, fountains and squares. A beautiful hill adjoining the town is finely ornamented as a park, and commands an extensive view of the harbor and surrounding country.

I found here good accommodations at the "Grand Hotel Des Empereurs," with plenty of extra charges, making a little over three dollars a day. My first business was to secure my passage on one of the steamers of the Peninsular and Oriental Company for Alexandria. This costs one hundred dollars. My passport having been *vised* for Egypt and Syria, I had only to go to the chief of police, report myself as wishing to leave the country, and pay him two francs for his official permit stamped upon my passport. Very comfortable accommodations can be secured on these boats, in second cabin for fifty dollars. The French steamers carry for less than the English. A company of three persons together on the French steamers can get a reduction of twenty per cent. from regular rates; and, if they choose to take second cabin passage, which I afterward tested, and found as good as one could desire, it very much reduces the expense of the passage. My arrangements are now all completed for my journey to Egypt.

CHAPTER IV.

MEDITERRANEAN VOYAGE—ISLAND OF MALTA—VARIOUS INCIDENTS—ARRIVAL AT ALEXANDRIA.

WEDNESDAY morning, February 26th, 1861, at 9 o'clock A. M., the steamer Valetta left the port of Marseilles, bound to Alexandria. She was one of the boats of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, known all through this region as the P. & O. Company. This is a wealthy English company, formed for the purpose of transporting passengers and merchandise to the Indies, China and Australia, by the way of Egypt, Suez and the Red Sea. They have in constant employ upwards of fifty fine steamers, carrying an aggregate of near seventy-five thousand tons. They have a regular line from Southampton, England, a boat leaving every week, and another from Marseilles, France, leaving each week. From Southampton their vessels reach Gibraltar, eleven hundred and fifty-one miles, in about five days; here they stop from six to twelve hours, and proceeding reach Malta, nine hundred and eighty-one miles further, in about nine days. The ordinary stay at this island is about six hours, and the whole voyage to Alexandria is completed in about thirteen days from Southampton, making a distance in all of twenty-nine hundred and fifty-one miles. Passengers embarking at Marseilles reach Malta, six hundred and fifty miles, in about two and a half days, and Alexandria in about four more, making a run from Marseilles to Alexandria of fourteen hundred and sixty-nine miles.

This company's lines of communication extend to Suez, Aiden, Ceylon, Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, Mauritius, Hong-Kong, Shanghai, and many other parts of the eastern world. The rates of passage from Southampton to Alexandria is, for first cabin, one hundred and fifty dollars; second cabin, about ninety-five dollars. Unless one wishes to see the straits and rock of Gibraltar and other places on the ocean route, it is econ-

omy of time, money and comfort to go from London or Southampton by railroad to Paris, thence to Marseilles. The letter mail from London to the East goes by this route. There are eight or ten opportunities every month to go from Marseilles to Malta and Alexandria.

As we passed out of the harbor the sky was clear and pleasant; the air balmy as summer. Indeed, the glory and beauty of spring were upon all the landscape. The Gulf of Lyons, over which we had first to pass, is noted for its turbulent winds, and we did not wholly escape. Thursday morning, upon going on deck, I found we were just passing the Straits of Bonifacio—Sardinia upon the right, Corsica upon the left.

Friday, Feb. 8th. This morning we had a high wind and heavy sea, producing much sea-sickness among the passengers. About 9 o'clock we were in sight of Sicily. We strained our eyes as we passed, in the direction of Ætna, anxious to catch even a distant view of his majestic form. But though he lifts his smoky summit ten thousand feet above the sea, the clouds that hung over the island, wrapped him in their ample folds and hid him from our view.

A run of six hundred and fifty miles brought us to Malta, and we entered the harbor of Valetta, after which our steamer was named, about 5 o'clock in the morning. Breakfast over, we had a couple of hours to spend on shore.

THE ISLAND OF MALTA,

So far as it can be seen from the harbor, is a rocky, barren looking place; but the cultivated strips here and there were so green and flourishing, and in such contrast with the desolate winter of the northern climes I had left behind me, they presented a most charming and beautiful appearance. The length of the island is about sixteen miles, the breadth about nine. Small as it is, its location and the important events that have transpired here, have invested it with more interest than often attaches to such a limited extent of territory.

The Maltese are of African origin. They have a swarthy skin, nose somewhat flattened, and frizzly hair. They are said to be a frugal and industrious people, and good seamen, but

generally poor, ignorant and superstitious. The base of their language is Arabic, but both the race and their language have become much intermixed with foreign elements.

VALETTA

Is one of the best harbors in the Mediterranean, and strongly fortified. It is shut in by land on every side, and is capable of accommodating about five hundred vessels. The town is built of stone, and the houses rise tier above tier along the steep hill-side that overlooks the harbor. The streets are steep and narrow, many of them stone stairways cut in the solid rock, and not unfrequently arched overhead. I was surprised to find the city so much of an English town. The English garrison here has wrought a great change in the manners and language of the people. A large share of the inhabitants can talk English, English names are on the shop-boards, English faces are seen in the stores, English soldiers promenade the streets. The occupation of this island by the British and the strong fortifications they have erected here, is only another evidence of their sagacity and foresight, for this island is the key of the Mediterranean.

THE HISTORY OF THE PLACE.

Its importance has made it a scene of contention for thousands of years. Many different nations have looked upon it with covetous eyes, and many a bloody battle has been fought for its possession. In 1530 it was occupied by the Knights of St. John, the Turks having expelled them from Rhodes. Its chief city, Valetta, was founded by the Grand Master of these Knights. It soon became noted for its great strength, and the richness and magnificence of its buildings. One of the most venerable and interesting piles of the place is

THE OLD CHURCH OF ST. JOHN.

It has a very ancient look, and was built in honor of the patron saint of the Knights. It is two hundred and forty feet long and sixty wide. The sides are broken into various chapels, and when I entered it devout worshipers were kneeling

here and there, bowing and crossing themselves, while gloomy looking monks and nuns, with ghost-like apparel and silent tread, were wandering about its immense corridors.

The most curious part of this church is the floor. Beneath it many of the old Knights are entombed, and above them the armorial bearings of all the Grand Masters of the order are inlaid in mosaics of various and beautifully colored marbles. In the chapel of the Madonna was formerly erected a massive and curious silver railing. Gladly would the French in their conquest have confiscated this rich treasure, but the wily monks covered it with a heavy coat of paint, and soldier after soldier passed it, and perhaps leaned upon it, without ever suspecting what a treasure was thus escaping their rapacity. The hand of time has faded and crumbled the fine fresco paintings of the dome of this venerable structure, but the elaborate mosaic work of the floor is still the wonder and admiration of every visitor. Among the curious things I noticed here was a novel method of

SELLING MILK.

The milkman brings his flock of goats to some convenient stand; takes one or two at a time, and leads them from door to door, and fills the vessel of each customer with the unadulterated beverage, smoking warm from the generous udder. This mode of transportation is a great convenience, for among these narrow streets and rocky stairways, no other milk-cart could possibly be taken through. In some instances I saw these novel milk-carriers ascending to the upper stories of the houses, leaving a portion of their useful freight, and descending with all the gravity and dignity of one conscious of having performed a meritorious deed. Another curious mode of livelihood is followed by a class of persons known as

THE MALTESE DIVERS.

One of them came off to our steamer, with a boy to manage his boat, while he should be left free to exercise his strange vocation. His entire dress consisted of a light pair of flannel drawers, short at both ends, and a loose woolen shirt drawn on over his head. Bringing his little craft alongside, where sev-

eral of us were looking over the railing, and divesting himself of his upper robe, he stood before us in his simple dress of a single garment, and commenced in a supplicating tone of broken English, "Sixpence, me dive for sixpence, gentlemen, get him quick, get him sure, one sixpence, gentlemen." Curious to see the operation, I tossed a shilling into the water, about fifteen feet from his boat. I knew the water was very deep, and supposed he was going to the bottom for it. But his experience had taught him an easier mode. He watched it with the eye of a hawk as it descended from the railing of the steamer, saw it strike the water, and poising himself a moment upon the bow of his boat, like a marksman taking aim, head first into the sea he went. The water was sufficiently clear to see the whole process. Down he went like an arrow shot from a bow, outstripping the money in the race for the bottom. Before it had sunk fifteen feet, such were the celerity of his movements, he had his hands beneath it, clasped in the form of a bowl; the shining piece dropped into the receptacle; he clapped it between his teeth, rose to the surface, climbed into his boat, and exhibited the prize with the air of a conqueror. This was repeated several times, and at every trial, with unerring certainty, he caught the prize. He then proposed, if any one would toss a quarter into the water on the opposite side of the steamer, he would dive under the boat and bring it up. But no one seemed willing to risk the money, yet I was assured by those accustomed to their operations, that he would as certainly get it as it was committed to the water. To the biblical student, this island is a place of great interest as the scene of

PAUL'S SHIPWRECK.

While yet the island was in the hands of barbarians, before chivalrous knights had made it a home, or huge fortresses of stone had reared their frowning fronts, this great apostle to the gentiles, a prisoner for his faithful testimony to the cause of Christ, was on his way to Rome to plead his own cause in the palace of the Cæsars.

On this voyage that terrible shipwreck recorded in the twenty-seventh of Acts overtook him. For many days neither sun

nor stars appeared. At last, after a terrible night of suffering, daylight broke upon the distressed mariners, revealing a little creek and harbor. Taking up their anchors, and loosing their rudder bands, they hoisted their main sail, and ran their boat on shore. They struck the sand where two seas met, and their frail craft was dashed to pieces. What an hour of peril was that! Yet the prediction of the apostle proved true, for on "boards and broken pieces of their ship *they all got safe to land.*"

They found themselves upon the island of Melita. The place of their landing is still shown, about seven miles from Valetta. I regretted that the shortness of our stay prevented my visiting the place. It was, however, an interesting thought that I was passing over the same waters, and was so near the scene of one of the most striking events in the life of this illustrious apostle. I recalled his interview with the barbarous inhabitants, the kindness shown him, the fire kindled from a bundle of sticks, the venomous viper that leaped out from among them and fastened upon Paul's hand, the hasty conclusion of the ignorant islanders that he was some bloody criminal, who, though the gods had allowed him to escape the perils of the sea, they still pursued with vindictive justice upon the land. They looked for him to swell up with the virulence of the poison and fall down dead. But when they saw him shake the venomous reptile back into the flames, receiving no harm, they changed their minds, and said he was a god, and would have paid him divine honors. How fickle are the multitude!

Publius, the chief man of the island, received him, and lodged him three days courteously. As a kind return for his hospitality, Paul laid his hands upon his sick father, and restored him from a dangerous illness. Others came and were healed of their diseases, and after having preached to them Christ he was sent away, laden with many honors, and with such things as were necessary for his comfort in continuing his journey to Rome.

At 9 o'clock we left the harbor; the island like a little blue cloud in the distance faded away, and again the trackless waste of waters stretched like a boundless expanse around us. Sunday at half-past 10 o'clock the passengers and crew assembled

in the cabin, and the Church of England service was read, and a sermon preached by a clergyman on his way to the Indies. Sabbath on the ocean brings but little change; the rattling machinery thunders on, the sails swell with the passing breeze, and the boatswain's sharp whistle calls the men to their accustomed work.

Tuesday. Have been now three days between Malta and Alexandria. We should have been in harbor to-day, but have been retarded by head winds. To-night we had one of those beautiful sunsets for which the Mediterranean is so renowned. Nothing could exceed the majesty and splendor with which the king of day sunk into his watery bed, transformed by the touch of his own kindling rays into a molten sea of gold. To-morrow I shall be in Alexandria, stand upon the soil of old Egypt, walk over the ruins of the ancient home of the Ptolemies. What an animating thought!

Wednesday, Feb. 13. Expecting to enter port this morning, I was early on deck. We were already in sight of land. On the right the long, low line of the African coast was visible, scarcely rising above the level of the sea; not far ahead the outline and prominent features of the harbor of Alexandria lay before us. My heart beat high with expectation as the eye caught its first glimpses of the land of Ham, the Mizraim of the Hebrews, the field of wonders, in which so many of the mighty miracles of God had been wrought. What a luxury it will be to wander over those old fields, gaze on those ancient monuments, mark the traces of the great hand of God in the fulfillment of prophetic declaration!

As we neared the shore, one of the first things that caught my attention, was the large number of wind-mills standing upon the high sand-bank along the coast. They lifted their tall circular forms, and stretched out their huge sheeted arms like giant spectres keeping sentinel along the coast. Water-power cannot be obtained, and fuel is too scarce and expensive to make steam, so the winds are pressed into service to turn their machinery. The entrance to the harbor is a tortuous and difficult one; vessels cannot come in at all by night, nor by day without an experienced pilot.

ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT.

The city, that at first looked like a white line upon the low, flat coast, began apparently to lift itself upward, and assume definite form and shape. The houses stood out more distinctly; domes, minarets and spires stood up against the sky. We were straining our eyes to catch the first glimpses of aught that was curious or wonderful. There, just upon that projecting point of land we are now passing, where you see an insignificant light-house, stood

THE ANCIENT PHAROS.

It was one of the "*Seven Wonders of the World*"—a famous and costly tower, bearing upon its top, as it lifted its colossal form above the waves, a beacon light to guide the mariner to his port. It is said to have been so lofty it could be seen a hundred miles at sea. This gigantic tower was a square building of white marble, erected by order of Ptolemy Philadelphus, three hundred years before Christ.

A curious story is told of the builder's inscription placed upon it: "KING PTOLEMY, TO THE SAVIOR GODS, FOR THE USE OF THOSE WHO TRAVEL BY SEA." Sostratus, the builder, wishing to secure the glory to himself, chiseled in the monumental stone, "*Sostratus of Cnidos, the son of Dexiphanes, to the Savior Gods, etc.*" Over this he placed in hard stucco the inscription bearing the name of Ptolemy. In process of time, the stucco fell off, and future ages read the name of Sostratus. How fickle a thing is fame, and in how many ways men are cheated of their worldly honor and glory.

To me, there was an instructive moral lesson in this, as my thoughts, in comparison, glanced to HIM, the true Light, lighting every man that comes into the world. How many a moral builder would secure a temporary fame by putting himself foremost—engraving his own name upon the rock, and hiding the honor of Him who alone can rear the enduring fabric! But such builders will perish, and their proudest and most enduring monuments, like this mighty Pharos, will become a mass of buried ruins, while the work of the Great Master Builder will forever stand, having a name above every name—the glorious moral light-house of the universe.

But here we are safe at our moorings. How strange every thing looks. There are the hulks of a number of great old ships rotting away and falling, stick after stick, into the water. They were once the Viceroy's fleet. The flags of many nations float from the masts around us. There is a boat approaching, manned by a number of marines in blue jackets. What pennant is that flying at her bow? The stars and stripes! Hail! flag of my country! The boat is from the United States war ship Susquehanna, now lying in harbor. They have sent a lieutenant to our steamer for English papers and American news.

Our paddle-wheels were scarcely quiet before we were surrounded by a shoal of small boats, manned by a strange looking set of men, of all variety of shades, swarthy, brown and black, with turbanned heads and long loose robes, chattering away in a strange jargon of sounds, as unintelligible as the hieroglyphics of the ancient monuments. Parleying was of no use—to make a bargain was out of the question, for I had no interpreter. I passed down my traveling bags, followed after them, and was transferred to the shore, and landed in a little enclosed area that opened into the custom-house. I handed the boatman a quarter of a dollar; he clamored loudly and gesticulated furiously, and declared in broken English he was not half paid. I passed on without giving him any reply, for I knew he was well paid, and that he would have been just as importunate for more if I had given him four times the amount. These boatmen are an insolent and rapacious set of fellows, and you have to hold them in check with a bold look and a firm hand. The next thing was to go through

THE CUSTOM-HOUSE

At Marseilles, I was required to give up my passport to the officers of the steamer, and was told that I would find it at the office of the American consul in Alexandria. With a traveling bag in each hand, I came to the door of the custom-house. A liveried servant in Turkish costume guarding the door, politely bowed me through, and I stood before the receiver of customs. He wore a rich Turkish costume, a great turban on his head, a

gold-hilted sword dangling at his side, and he was evidently conscious of the dignity of his official position. He addressed me in English: "Your name, sir?" "Randall, sir." He glanced at a list of names in an open book before him: "All right, sir; you can pass." I saw several passports lying upon his desk, and understood at a glance how it was. They had been sent in from the steamer, and he was already posted as to the number and names of the passengers. No other questions were asked, no examination of my baggage was made. Personal baggage, I afterwards learned, is seldom examined at this port. I moved on, and as I was bowed in by a liveried door-keeper on the sea side, I was bowed out by another on the land side, and suddenly found myself in one of the streets of Alexandria. And now came

ANOTHER STRUGGLE.

I had scarcely passed the door, before I was surrounded by a regiment of donkey boys, in dirty blue shirts and red tarbooshes. They began pulling and snatching at my baggage, and clamoring for the privilege of taking me to a hotel. Luckily, an omnibus—a modern European innovation—from the very hotel I had selected, stood at the roadside, with open door, and I made a sudden and fortunate retreat into it. My disappointed pursuers, seeing me beyond their reach, gave up the chase, and returned to spend their importunities on some less fortunate victim.

A crack of the driver's whip, and we were whirling through the dirty, narrow streets of the Turkish quarter of the city. As I looked around I said to myself, "How can I stop in such a miserable, filthy, suffocating place as this?" But soon we emerged into the English part of the town, and a magical change came over the scene. A fine open square, ornamented with fountains, and walled in with great stone-front houses, presented a more inviting and home-like appearance.

THE EUROPEAN HOTEL,

At which I stopped, was kept by Cyprian Meurat, a Frenchman. The business of the hotel was mostly conducted in French,

though one or two of the clerks could talk English. The house, like most others of the place, was substantially built of stone and brick, but little wood being used. The stairways are all of stone, rough in appearance, while the floors are laid in a coarse lime cement, which gives them a very cheerless appearance. The floors and walls are constantly crumbling, scattering, like a great pepper-box, their sand and lime upon clothes and furniture, and affording plenty of hiding places for bugs and fleas. Of the presence of the latter I immediately had positive demonstration. But fleas in Egypt are as common as sunshine in the tropics, and the traveler may as well make up his mind, from the start, to pay the tribute of blood demanded, without protest, and with the resignation of a martyr. Still the house was quite a comfortable place, more so really than I had expected to find. I followed the porter—he deposited my baggage in No. 45, and vanished. I shut the door of my room, threw myself into a chair, and was soon absorbed in

A TRAIN OF REFLECTIONS.

And here I am in Egypt! How often in my far off home I have pronounced that name! What strange things have transpired around me! Here was the early home of civilization—the birth-place of literature—the cradle of science and arts—the garden and garner of the world! Here I am in Egypt—the land of the Pharaohs, of pyramids, of catacombs, of mummies and obelisks—of Israel's bondage and Moses' mighty miracles. The land where Heroditus, Strabo and Tacitus came to study history—where Plato, Lycurgus and Pythagoras went to school. A land of the wonderful creations of human power and genius, that has long been, and long will continue to be, a place of interest and curiosity to the learned; a land to which travelers resort from all parts of the civilized world!

We are now to visit some of its renowned localities. Before we begin, let us recall a few of the leading incidents in its history.

THE EVENTS OF ANTIQUITY.

Egypt is itself a book of history. It is one of God's great monumental records, on the face of which he has written with

his own hand many of the strange events of the past. It is astonishing how he has left his imprint upon her enduring monuments. We shall see, as we proceed, how remarkably he has perpetuated the record of creation, and the early history of the world—how strange have been the instrumentalities employed. We shall see it in the lengthened lives of the patriarchs, in the dispersion of the race, the journeyings of Abraham, and the cotemporaneous monuments, that the ravages of war and the wreck of time have failed to obliterate. Over all we shall see a superintending Providence, beneath all his guiding hand, around all his protecting presence and almighty power.

Egypt is supposed to have derived its name from Ham, the son of Noah, and hence, in the Bible, it is frequently called the land of Ham. The Hebrews invariably called it Mizraim, from one of the sons of Ham. The Arabs, to this day, call it Mizr, a contraction of Mizraim. The Copts call it Khemi, the Turks El Kabit. The etymology of the common name, Egypt, is involved in much mystery, and for the application of the name to this country, various reasons have been assigned. Seyffarth derives the name Copts, now applied to the existing remnant of the ancient race that once possessed the land, from the word Egypt—Gyptus, Gypts, finally perverted into Copts. With this allusion to the name, we pass to a brief notice of

ITS HISTORY.

The early history of this land was long lost in the mists and obscurities of ancient fable and tradition. Mistaking the chronological inscriptions of its monuments, some had been led to assign to it a remoteness of antiquity completely astounding to believers in the Mosaic record. But these absurd notions of its great antiquity have been corrected. Recent researches among its tombs and ruins, the discovery of the key to its hieroglyphics, are all lending their aid to lift the vail that so long concealed what multitudes had so earnestly desired to know. The strange characters upon the obelisks, the inscriptions upon their sarcophagi, the papyrus rolls of their charnel houses, the hidden chambers of their gigantic pyramids, have all been made to speak. The stern reality of truth is rapidly

dissipating the absurd fables with which these ancient records had been invested.

THE FIRST GREAT HISTORICAL PERIOD

Reached from the creation to the flood—from the beautiful garden, and flaming sword and cherubim of Eden, to the dark and dismal waste of waters that entombed a world. The bright bow of promise spanned the heavens with its radiance, when Noah came forth from the Ark and walked the renovated earth. It was the morning of a new day.

The confusion of tongues interrupted the impious work upon the heaven-defying tower of Babel. The new race of men commenced their wanderings over the face of the earth. The sons of Shem chose the fertile valleys of the east. Japheth and his descendants spread themselves over the continent and islands of Europe. Ham wandered toward Egypt, and his son Cush, with his children, went southward and westward into different districts. One of these was the land of Ethiopia, beyond Egypt. Mizraim peopled the land of the Nile, and was the father of the Egyptians. The Nile and the Euphrates, with their broad fertile valleys, early became the theatre of important events. Egypt and Shinar were the starting points of two great streams of history that have flowed on cotemporaneously for thousands of years. But who have reigned here, and who have been, during a long succession of years,

THE MASTERS OF THE LAND.

It has had many masters. This narrow strip of green earth has been fattened by the blood of many a hard fought battle. According to the best established chronology, the dispersion of the nations from Babel, and the origin of dialects, took place about 2800 before Christ. Immediately after this, Menes, the same as Mizraim, left Babel and went into Egypt. After the death of Menes, the country was divided into several rival states, whose jealous and war-like rulers, long before Abraham left Ur of Chaldea, were contending for the mastery. Busiris laid the foundation of mighty Thebes; Osymandes built many magnificent cities; and Uchoreus, his successor, built Memphis,

which afterwards became a great city, more than seven leagues in circumference, and the capital of the Egyptian Kings. Then came Mœris, the artificer of the renowned lake, in which was treasured the waters of the Nile—one of the most wonderful pieces of workmanship in all the land, outvieing, in the estimation of some, the labyrinth and the pyramids. He was followed by the Shepherd Kings, who conquered and reigned in Lower Egypt. Under their reign, it is supposed, the land was honored by a visit from Abraham, the great ancestor of the Hebrew nation.

The Thothmes and Rameses succeeded, under whom Joseph was brought here by the Ishmaelites and sold as a piece of merchandise. These were the Pharaohs that enslaved the Israelites. Under them Moses was born, and reared and educated in their court at Memphis, and the mighty miracles of the deliverance were wrought.

After this arose Sesostris, a mighty man of war, whose ambition aimed at the conquest of the world. He enriched himself with the spoils of vanquished nations, was the founder of a hundred temples, the builder of embankments and canals. He improved, fortified, adorned and enriched his country. But the splendor of his success dazzled and blinded him. In his wild excesses, the weakness, folly and depravity of human nature triumphed. He harnessed kings and princes of conquered nations to his car, glorying in his grandeur and their humiliation. After having reigned thirty-three years, blindness came upon him, and he died as the fool dieth—by his own hand!

THE ETHIOPIAN CONQUEST

Followed, and they held dominion over the land. Then Cambyses marched over it with the thundering tramp of war. He murdered their king, and plundered Memphis, the chief city. He slew their holy bull, Apis, with his own sword, and scourged their priests with rods. Following this was the conquest of Alexander the Great, the founder of the city in which we have now landed. He adorned it with the trophies of his brilliant conquests, and here, no doubt, expected to spend the evening of his life in pleasure and luxury, but his dissipations

ended his career in the meridian of his days. Here his body was interred, and he became the recipient of divine honors. Alexander was succeeded by the prosperous

REIGN OF THE PTOLEMIES.

During their administration the land recovered something of its former prosperity and splendor. For nearly three hundred years it was noted as the seat of wealth, learning and power. Such was its strength, it survived the ruins of the Assyrian, Babylonian, Persian and Macedonian empires. The reign of the Ptolemies ended with

CLEOPATRA.

She poisoned her brother, aged fourteen, to secure an undisputed possession of the throne. She reigned twenty-two years. At the age of thirty-nine, overcome by Julius Cæsar, and determined she would not submit to the humiliation of gracing his triumphal procession, she resolved to escape by a voluntary death. A splendid banquet was prepared by her own order. The executioner she had chosen was brought in by a faithful servant, concealed in a basket of flowers. At the appointed time, she desired her attendants to leave her—took the poisonous asp from its hiding place, and provoked it to inflict the deadly wound. She immediately expired, and Egypt became

A ROMAN PROVINCE.

The Romans held possession of it from thirty years before Christ, till six hundred and forty years after. During this time, the religion of Christ was preached among the inhabitants. The ancient systems of idolatry gave place to a purer form of faith. Alexandria became one of the principal seats of literature and theology. Many eminent Christian scholars found a home here. Six hundred and forty years after Christ came

THE INVADING SARACEN.

Amrou, under the Caliph Omar, took Alexandria by assault, and Egypt was subjected to their rule. During this period, it was under the rule of several celebrated men. Among them was

the heroic Saladin. They were a brave, daring, reckless race, having neither taste for adornments or veneration for the magnificent structures of antiquity. With ruthless hands they burned and plundered, and decay and desolation marked their course. But the dynasty of the Caliphs was also to have an end. They were overthrown and succeeded by

THE MAMALUKES.

These were so called from the Arabic name for slave. They were of Caucasian origin—prisoners of war carried into slavery. Many thousands of these captives were taken into Egypt. After a time, a large company of them were formed into a corps, and instructed in military arts. But they were not the race of men to bear quietly the yoke of servitude. The Egyptians, desirous of making gain of human servitude, were unconsciously nursing a powerful enemy at their own firesides. These slaves soon manifested a spirit of insubordination and rebellion. In 1254 they mutinied against the government, assassinated the Sultan, Turan Shah, and made one of their own number Sultan of Egypt. Their dynasty had no birth-right succession, but they usually appointed the bravest of their own number leader; and thus, by their craftiness and superiority, held control of the government two hundred and sixty-three years. Their rule was brought to an end by Selim First.

He took Cairo by storm in 1517. Selim appointed a Turkish Pasha over Egypt, but the twenty-four Mamaluke Beys, who governed the different provinces, still retained a large portion of their power. This singular class of persons continued to maintain their number by fresh importations of slaves from the regions lying between the Black and Caspian seas. Such was the political state of Egypt for about two hundred years, when it was found the Mamalukes had gained such ascendency that the Pasha appointed by the Porte was obliged to conform entirely to their wishes. At this period came

THE CAMPAIGN OF NAPOLEON.

This wily commander, aware of the importance of the East India trade to England, conceived the design of planting him-

self between them and their rich eastern possessions. In 1797, he landed with an army of thirty thousand men, and with surprising celerity commenced his operations. At the head of his army he marched upon Alexandria, which was taken July 5th, and immediately fortified. At the same time Rosetta was taken by General Marmont, and July 6th, Bonaparte's whole fleet was moored in the roads before Aboukir. Thirty thousand men immediately marched in five divisions towards Cairo, the capital. Near the pyramids of Gizeh, Murad Bey intrenched himself with twenty thousand Mamaluke infantry, several thousand Mamaluke cavalry, and forty pieces of cannon. But the Mamalukes could not stand before the superior discipline of the French soldiery, and they fled in wild confusion to the contiguous deserts. Three thousand of the enemy were left dead upon the field. All their cannon and four hundred camels fell into the hands of the French.

The victorious Bonaparte immediately marched upon Cairo. Ibrahim Bey, who was to have defended it, was driven over the deserts to Upper Egypt, and Napoleon was master of the land. But English jealousy and interest would not allow him to hold undisputed possession. A severe struggle followed, and he in turn was displaced.

Among the subordinates, schooled in these protracted conflicts, was a young Turkish officer. He commenced his career as a poor orphan, unlearned and unknown, but his humble origin was no bar to his success. Nature had stamped him with the impress of a leader, and he was destined to act a conspicuous part in the subsequent history of this blood-stained land. This was

MOHAMMED ALI.

He was a bold, sagacious, ambitious man. Possessing these traits of character, he raised himself from an humble station to that of a sovereign, who successfully met and repelled English invasion, and dared even to defy his master the Sublime Porte. In 1806, he was promoted to the Viceroy of Egypt, which he governed upon European principles. He expelled all enemies from his country, and subjected neighboring provinces

to his rule. He established armies and fleets, built fortifications, carried on an extensive series of internal improvements, established telegraphs, re-opened the canal between Cairo and Alexandria. He interested himself in the improvement of agriculture, established commerce, and promoted manufactures. He formed favorable alliances with other nations, protected strangers and foreigners, tolerated other religions, encouraged learned travelers, and rewarded merit in the arts and sciences. The most powerful nations of Europe sought his friendship—the Sultan became jealous, and even alarmed at his increasing power. Under his rule, Egypt enjoyed rest and prosperity. But although he did so much for the improvement of the land, he ruled with a rod of iron. As a private man, it is said, he was kind, generous and humane; in his public capacity, he never seemed to spare his people. He extorted from them money, and imposed upon them many heavy burdens. He died in 1849, and his fourth son, Said Pasha, is now Viceroy, who continues the liberal plans and improvements of his father. Such is a brief synopsis of the history of this land, in the midst of which we are now to enjoy a temporary sojourn.

CHAPTER V.

PRESERVATION OF KNOWLEDGE—DONKEYS AND DONKEY BOYS—SIGHTS IN ALEXANDRIA.

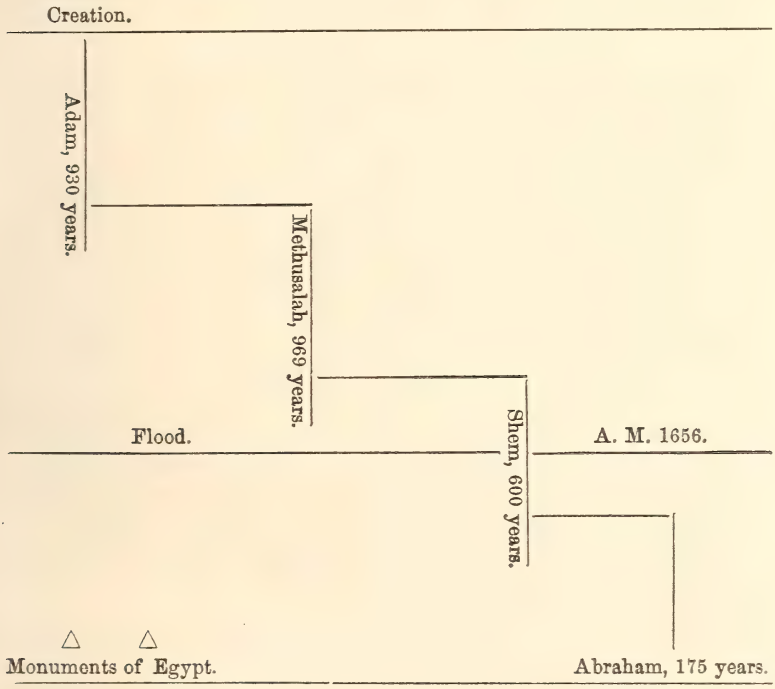
HERE we stand upon one of the world's great battle-fields! Here Pagan, Mohammedan and Christian nations have contended for the mastery. These wars have been, first, the executioners to destroy, the sextons to bury, and then, in God's appointed time, the resurrection power to bring to light, at the time their testimony was most needed, the buried records. Had we time to look through this eventful and bloody history, to trace causes and mark results, we should see the footsteps of Deity, and read His handwriting in many of these events.

AN ANTEDILUVIAN HISTORIAN.

The old patriarch, Methusalah, was one of the world's great historians. Why did the Lord protract his life nearly *one thousand years?* When Adam was six hundred and eighty-seven years old, Methusalah was born. With Adam he lived and conversed two hundred and forty-three years. He was one of Adam's pupils, and from him he learned and treasured in the store-house of memory the wonderful history of the creation, the entrance of sin, the expulsion from Paradise, the defection of Cain, and all the other interesting events in the first chapters of the world's history.

Methusalah lived to the very year of the flood. One hundred years before the flood Shem was born. For a whole century he had Methusalah for his teacher, with full leisure to learn all the history of the past. Shem survived the flood five hundred years, and lived about thirty-five years with Abraham, and Abraham was cotemporary with the early monuments of Egypt, that are now unfolding their historic treasures.

Of so much importance do we consider this, we have prepared the following diagram, showing how the lives of four persons have been linked together, and made to extend over near *two thousand two hundred years* of the world's history, reaching from the creation across the flood, down through the life of Abraham to the time when God made selection of his chosen people, and made them the depositories of the early history of the world, by whom the record was most sacredly preserved:



Keep these historic links in mind—Adam, Methusalah, Shem, Abraham. Thus Methusalah stood, before the flood, God's Great Historic Ledger, reaching one hand back to Adam, receiving the record from him, and with the other reaching forward, and handing it down to Shem. Then Shem, living upon both sides of the flood, reaches back and takes the record from old Methusalah and hands it down to faithful Abraham, who teaches it to his children, visited the Egyptians, and was cotemporary with their inscribed monuments and written records, from which we are now learning chronology and history. As

we move among the ruins of this ancient land, how time seems annihilated, and how closely we seem to be linked to the venerable forms of the earliest ages of the world! How near we get to the fountain-head of history! We here stand by the side of monuments under whose shadow Abraham rested. Abraham! who spent his boyhood with Shem, who saw the world before the flood, and lived a hundred years with Methusalah, whom Adam dandled upon his knee, and who had seen the unsullied beauties of a sinless world!

Again, for another illustration of God's overruling Providence, look at Bonaparte's campaign in this land. Think of his long-continued and bloody struggles, the millions of treasure squandered, the thousands of lives lost! What doest thou here, O Corsican! and who hath sent thee? A company of these French soldiers, in throwing up an intrenchment at Rosetta, lifted from its burial place in the earth a singular looking stone. It was black Syenite basalt, covered with strange looking inscriptions. This was the famous

ROSETTA STONE.

The stone found its way to the British museum, where it still can be seen. It attracted the attention of scholars, and many an hour did they gaze upon its strange, mysterious face. The upper lines of the inscription were hieroglyphics. The second was a strange character of an unknown kind, the third and lower one *was Greek.*

The Greek was soon deciphered, and was found to contain a recognition of the highest honors of the Pharaohs, in the person of Ptolemy Epiphanes, by the Egyptian priesthood. This stone, which dated back nearly two hundred years before Christ, furnished a key to the mysterious hieroglyphics, that had so long puzzled the scholars of the world. And what results have followed! A long sealed book of history has been opened—mute monuments, that have braved the storms for thousands of years, have been made to speak—chronology has been incontestably settled, the truth of scripture records confirmed! If that campaign had done nothing more than this, God in his inscrutable wisdom has wrought out by it a result in which all future

generations will rejoice. This land, too, has borne a conspicuous part in

PROPHETIC DECLARATION.

Most remarkably have these prophecies been fulfilled. Some of the judgments denounced fell upon the people in ancient times; the fulfillment of others are clearly seen in the present condition of the country. Hundreds of years before the appearance of Christ, the pen of inspiration had written her history, and the unerring prescience of God pronounced her doom. "They shall be a base kingdom. It shall be the basest of kingdoms. Neither shall it exalt itself any more among the nations; for I will diminish them, that they shall no more rule over the nations. And there shall be no more a prince of the land of Egypt." Ez. xxx. 5, 7, 12, 13. "Behold, I am against thee, and against thy rivers, and I will make the land of Egypt utterly waste and desolate, from the tower of Syene even unto the border of Ethiopia. * * * And I will make the land of Egypt desolate in the midst of the countries that are desolate, and her cities among the cities that are laid waste." Ez. xxix. 10, 13.

And now we are to walk over the soil of this wonderful land, wander among its monuments, and meditate upon its ruins. And what shall we see? Every where the marks of ruin and desolation—from Syene to the borders of Ethiopia, and along the whole course of the Nile, we shall find the fulfillment of prophetic record—that God has been against her, and against her rivers; that he has made her a base kingdom, and her land desolate. Let us walk abroad and commence our view of the land.

THE CITY OF ALEXANDRIA

Was once an appropriate monument of the genius and enterprise of the great Macedonian conqueror. The desolating storms of human passion have swept over it, and sadly has it felt their influence. It is said there was an Egyptian city here called Rhacotis, long before the son of Philip extended his conquests into the land. On the ruins of this, three hun-

dred and thirty-two years before Christ, Alexandria was founded. The site was wisely selected, and Alexander designed it to be the capital of his empire, setting the boundaries of the walls with his own hand.

This city is still a place of great interest to the scholar, the historian and the antiquarian. Within it and around it has transpired many renowned events. Here was the home of the Ptolemies—the seat of learning. Here came scholars from all parts of the world, and the Alexandrian age occupies a prominent place upon historic pages. Here was the great

WORLD-RENOWNED LIBRARY.

It was established by Ptolemy Soter, and is said to have contained seven hundred thousand volumes—four hundred thousand in the library of the Museum, and three hundred thousand attached to the temple of Serapis. A copy of every known work was reputed to be deposited there. In the storming of the city by Julius Cæsar, the shipping in the harbor was set on fire—it reached the houses of the city, and spread to the Museum. The building was saved, but the great library, which had been accumulating for ages, and on which so much labor and wealth had been lavished, was lost forever.

The Romans considered this city next in beauty and importance to their own capital. When taken by the Arabs, in the year of our Lord 640, the Lieutenant Amer, in making his report to the Caliph, says: "I have taken the great city of the West. It is impossible for me to enumerate the variety of its richness and beauty. I shall content myself with observing that it contains four thousand palaces, four thousand baths, four hundred theatres or places of amusement, twelve thousand shops for the sale of vegetables, and forty thousand tributary Jews." In this city stood

THE GREAT TEMPLE OF SERAPIS.

Serapis was one of the Egyptian deities, supposed to be the same as Osiris, said also to be the same as Apis. A splendid temple had been built for him at Memphis, and another costly and magnificent one existed here. This temple stood long

after Christianity became the prevailing religion of Egypt. It was the last stronghold and refuge of Paganism. The ancient religion of Egypt gradually crumbled before the aggressive power of a new faith, and about A. D. 389 the votaries of the cross triumphed.

The temple of Serapis, Gibbon informs us, rivaled the pride and magnificence of the capital. It stood upon the summit of an artificial mount, raised one hundred steps above the level of the surrounding parts of the city. The interior was firmly supported by arches, and distributed into vaults and subterranean apartments. The consecrated buildings were surrounded by a quadrangular portico. The stately halls and the exquisite statues displayed the triumph of the arts. In the decline of Paganism and the triumph of Christianity, this temple was utterly destroyed.

Besides this temple, the city contained many other magnificent works—an extensive circus for chariot races, and a gymnasium six hundred feet in length, covering a space of an eighth of a mile, costly temples of Pagan deities, and princely palaces of rulers. It is the ruins of these gorgeous and massive structures that now compose these unsightly mounds we see around us, over which the traveler often climbs unconscious of the noble monuments that are entombed beneath his feet.

THE MONUMENTS OF THE PAST.

But little is left, and yet that little is of great interest to the modern traveler. They are the links that connect him with the past, through which he catches faint glimpses of the former magnificence of the place. But as we are among strangers, and ignorant of the language, we shall need a guide and donkeys. Guides are plenty, and rapacious as wolves. They hang around every public house, and pull you by the elbow at every corner of the street. Indeed, they commenced their importunities as far back as Malta, several coming on board our steamer and offering, for a consideration of course, to go the whole journey with us. We had scarcely dropped anchor in the harbor of Alexandria, before three or four were on board, presenting their credentials and importuning for employment. If ever

you visit Egypt, do not hire a dragoman at Malta. He will be an expensive and useless incumbrance to you on the voyage. Do not hire one even at Alexandria, except for occasional excursions. You will not need one permanently until you are embarked in some long excursion, as going up the Nile, or of tent life in Syria, or the Sinai desert. I employed a guide for the day, and now we shall have occasion to introduce to you a very useful and noted little animal,

THE EGYPTIAN DONKEY.

He is a small animal, usually about three feet and a half high, much lighter built than the Shetland pony. Though now abused and degraded, he claims an honored ancestry. He is said to be a descendant of the onager or wild ass of the mountainous deserts of Tartary—an animal renowned in history, sacred and profane, for the fiery activity of its disposition, the fleetness of its course, and still highly prized in that country, and in Persia, as better fitted for the saddle than their best breeds of horses. The ancient patriarch, Job, has introduced him as a specimen of God's noble works.

> "Who sent out the wild ass free,
> And who loosed the wanderers' bands?
> Whose house I made the desert,
> And the barren wastes his abodes.
> He mocks at the clamor of the city;
> The driver's shouts he hears not;
> The range of the mountains is his pastures."

Noble amimal! how hast thou been debased, and what degrading changes ignoble slavery has wrought in thy free, wild nature! Though so small in size, and destitute of the ardor and impetuosity of the horse, though so stultified by the rigors of taskmasters hard as Israel ever knew, I do not see how Egypt, the desert, or the Arab could do without him. He is content with a much smaller quantity and coarser quality of food than supplies the horse, and is far better adapted to mountainous regions and these sandy plains.

It is astonishing how useful the Egyptians contrive to make this insignificant little animal. He is horse, chariot, cart and

dray, and I had like to have said family companion, for he may often be seen domiciled with the children in the huts of the fellahs. His ears are long, erect, and inclined forward; his head, with its sleepy-looking eyes, like that of the schoolmaster's horse, described by Irving, is set on to the neck like a hammer. He is grave, sedate, looks wise, and minds his own business—is patient, and bears insult and abuse even to a fault, but when forbearance ceases to be a virtue, his resentments are kindled by the slumbering spirit of his ancestry.

His pack-saddle is quite ornamental, variegated with party-colors of red and black, with a broad, stuffed, easy seat for the rider. His riding-bridle is usually a double rein, with a large bundle of polished brass rings strung on them, which answer the double purpose of ornament and of making a kind of tinkling music when the animal is in motion. Camels are used for heavy burdens, but the donkey is the great institution for the transportation of persons, and all kinds of smaller wares and merchandise. Is a trunk or chest to be moved, it is clapped on to the back of a donkey, and held there by two or three bare-legged Arab boys; is water to be carried, he is loaded down with a curious looking freight of leather bottles; is a cellar to be dug, a troop of donkeys, each with a pair of baskets strapped across his back, are seen wheeling in and out, carrying the dirt with the patience and precision of a grain elevator in one of our large flouring mills, while great stones for the walls are packed on to his back in the same manner; is a pleasure excursion to be made, these faithful little animals are at once brought into requisition. And now for our first experience in

DONKEY-RIDING.

We were no sooner at the hotel door than our wants were anticipated, and a score of donkey boys came shoving their animals athwart our path. With their hair shaved close to the skin, and only a long tuft left upon the extremity of the tail, a huge saddle, that nearly covered them up, they certainly present a very ludicrous appearance. It was also amusing to see the earnestness with which the boys, in broken English, pre-

sented the claims of their respective animals. "Have a donkey, sir? Good donkey—one ride sixpence. Have a donkey? Good donkey." Seeing me examine one as if about to make a choice, "Dat boy's donkey? He bad—no good donkey—he tumble over head. He, he, hee! My donkey good donkey—he go like steamboat. You take him, sah? Sixpence, only sixpence." The usual charge to foreigners is an English sixpence for a short excursion, or from fifty to sixty cents if hired by the day.

Abdallah, my guide, made the selection, and I confess I felt a sympathy for the little beast, as I was about to place myself astride his puny form. He was so small a strong man could easily have shouldered him, and it seemed to me my weight would crush him to the ground. The moment I was on his back, my sympathy vanished, and my fears turned to wonder and admiration at the strength and fleetness with which the little fellow bore me, moving off in a canter, with the ease of a horse, my feet almost touching the ground. It is astonishing what burdens they will carry. I have sometimes seen two persons upon the back of one at the same time, and the meek little animal trudging along with as much patience as though he supposed himself destined to bear all the burdens his exacting taskmasters could lay upon him. If you have a donkey, you must have a

DONKEY BOY.

These boys are numerous and important enough to form a distinct class in the population of Egypt. They are usually from twelve to twenty years old, sharp and intelligent in all matters pertaining to their business, and possessed of great power of endurance. Their simple dress consists of a blue cotton frock or shirt, reaching from the shoulders to a little below the knees. A belt is drawn around the waist, and the frock being open above this in front, the bosom constitutes a pocket or receptacle into which all kinds of articles, nuts, bread, oranges, dates, etc., are stowed. This constitutes the lad's entire wardrobe, except it be a tarboosh, or sort of skull-cap for the head, which, most of them being Mohammedan boys, and having

the cranium closely shaved, except a single tuft upon the crown, makes a necessary appendage. No provision seems to be made for a change of clothing; one robe answers till it is worn to tatters, and then another is substituted; the independent boy never gets in debt to the wash-woman.

The donkey is seldom taught to be guided by the bit, as we use our horses, but the donkey boy runs behind him and guides him with a stick right and left, or urges him forward, as becomes necessary. In this way he runs behind you all day long, if necessary, and seems to have as much power of endurance as the donkey himself. They carry a heavy stick in their hand, with which they hammer and cudgel the poor beast most unmercifully, the hams of many of them being actually hard and callous from the constant infliction of these heavy blows. Like the beasts they drive, they are accustomed to a coarse and simple fare, and if they get small wages, it costs them but little to live. They are adepts in their business; dealing so much with foreigners, and such a mixed multitude congregating in this part of the world, it is no uncommon thing to hear the same boy answering with equal facility in English, Arabic, French, Greek or Italian, and driving his bargain with astonishing shrewdness. At first I felt much commiseration for them at what seemed to be their hard lot in following my donkey hour after hour, but when one day one of them had run after me between thirty and forty miles, my donkey, some of the time, on a full gallop, I asked him if he was not getting tired. He seemed indignant at the bare insinuation, and answered me with a contemptuous tone: "Tired? No! Donkey boy never get tired."

But here I am in full canter on a donkey, boy behind, and guide before. What shall I show you first? Passing out of the gate on the southern side of the city, you have only eighteen hundred feet to ride, when you reach an irregular eminence, upon the summit of which stands

POMPEY'S PILLAR.

It is an old and renowned monument, of pedestal, base, shaft and capital, all of which have been minutely examined by the

curious and scientific. The pedestal is a huge block of granite, about ten feet square, on which is laid a thinner and broader stone, constituting the base of the column. From this shoots up an elegant shaft of red granite of Syene, round and smoothly polished, on which rests the capital, of a different kind of stone, and of inferior workmanship. The diameter at the top of the capital is sixteen feet six inches, and on it is supposed to have formerly stood an equestrian statue. This beautiful and magnificent shaft, rising in lonely and solemn grandeur from the ruins of a buried city, is all of one piece, seventy-three feet high and twenty-nine feet eight inches in circumference. The whole hight of the column from base to capital is ninety-eight feet nine inches.

This interesting relic of antiquity has long been left unprotected. The lower end of the shaft and portions of the base have been much defaced by travelers, who have chipped off portions of the granite as mementoes of their visit.

Returning to town, we passed through an extensive Turkish cemetery. The oblong white-washed monuments that covered the grounds are so different from any thing we see in our own country, they present a very novel appearance; but the grounds were all open to the common, the tombs were in a dilapidated condition; no shade trees, grass-plats or shrubbery; the whole place had a desolate and cheerless aspect, contrasting strangely with the beautiful groves of palm trees, and the gardens of oranges and citrons about it. We passed through the city, and directed our course to

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLES.

These are found at the northeast angle of the city, just within the walls and near the sea shore. Of these remarkable obelisks there are two, one standing, the other has fallen down, and is now nearly buried in the ground. They are of the same material as Pompey's Pillar, red granite, from the quarries of Syene, a town of Upper Egypt. It is said they stood originally at Heliopolis, before the Temple of the Sun, and were brought to Alexandria by one of the Cæsars. The name of Cleopatra has become connected with them, but it is not known she ever

had anything to do in their erection. The fallen one lies close to its pedestal, which stood on two steps of white lime-stone. The length of this one, in its mutilated state, is sixty-six feet, and was given, many years since, by Mohammed Ali to the English government, as a token of gratitude for the assistance received from them. He even went so far as to offer to put it on board any transport they might send to convey it to England. For some reason the offer was not accepted, and now it is so much mutilated, and the inscriptions so defaced, the project of its removal has been entirely abandoned. It will soon be buried from sight, another entombed memorial of the massive monuments of an extinct race. These two obelisks stood about seventy paces apart, gracing the entrance to some magnificent structure, probably the grand Temple of Cæsar, the ruins of which have now entirely disappeared.

The standing obelisk is about seventy feet high, seven feet seven inches in diameter at the base, and tapering towards the top to less than five feet. Three long lines of hieroglyphics stretch from base to apex along each side of this huge shaft. It was the first Egyptian monument I had met inscribed with these strange characters, and long and earnestly I gazed upon them. Upon two sides of the monument these characters have been much injured by the action of the winds and drifting sands, but the cuttings of the other two sides still retain a remarkable freshness, and one wonders how they could so long and so successfully have resisted the corroding power of time.

The awe with which one looks upon these strange characters is now much diminished, for the awful vail of mystery that once enshrouded them has been lifted, the patience and perseverance of modern investigation has triumphed, the secrets of the obelisks, tombs and pyramids have been unfolded. The central line of hieroglyphics is found to be much the oldest, and fixes the date of the king in whose reign it was first erected. Wilkinson finds here the name of Thothmes III, a monarch who reigned fourteen hundred and ninety-five years before Christ. In the side lines are the ovals of Remeses the Great, the supposed Sesostris, 1353 before Christ.

With what feelings of wonder and reverence one gazes upon

these monumental records of men and cities that have long since passed away! Nearly thirty-five hundred years ago these immense blocks of stone were chiseled and carved with exquisite skill, transported hundreds of miles, and by herculean power set upon their strong foundations. Did not God permit them to be constructed, and has he not preserved them as precious leaves in his historic books, that the knowledge of the past might not be entirely obliterated? From Cleopatra's Needles we turned to visit

THE CATACOMBS.

We have been traveling over the ruins of the city of the living, gazing upon its monuments, and trampling upon the crumbling ruins of temples and palaces. This is *Necropolis*, THE CITY OF THE DEAD! A ride of a little more than two miles and a half towards the coast to the westward of the city, brought us upon the confines of these wonderful subterranean structures, which, it is said, more than any thing else, attests the greatness of the former city. The grounds near the entrance were once covered with the costly habitations and beautiful gardens of the suburbs of the city. It is not only the vast extent of these underground tenements that excite admiration, but the architectural symmetry and beauty found in many of them, the more wonderful from the fact that they are all chiseled in the solid rock. One chamber has a Doric entablature and moldings of the Greek style, there being nothing like it in any other part of Egypt.

In one place my guide took me into a small rock-hewn temple entirely under ground. There was an altar and seat for the officiating priest, and a ledge of the native rock left around three sides, in the form of the settees or divans in oriental buildings, intended for seats. From it doors opened into several other chambers, with numerous niches cut in the rocks, intended as receptacles for the bodies of the dead. It was evidently intended, and used in former days, for the performance of sepulchral rites. I could not but reflect, as I stood in this subterranean chapel, how awfully solemn and impressive must have been the obsequies of the dead in these lower regions!

The profound stillness, the dim light of the flickering lamps, the solemn chant and funeral wail, all the gloomy associations of the place must have added intense solemnity to the scene, as mourners and friends gathered around the bier in this lone charnel house. In these tombs generation after generation deposited their dead. Egyptians, Persians, Greeks, Romans and Saracens have, no doubt, in turn used them, and different nations, the rich and the poor, the lordling and the slave, have here blended in common dust.

Most of these tombs are now empty; through chamber after chamber scarce a bone can be found. Some of them date back to an early Egyptian period, and in them have been found sarcophagi, mummies, gold and silver ornaments, vases of different materials and of curious workmanship, which have been taken to enrich the museums of Europe and America.

But we must close our visits to these monumental records that link the present with the past. Ancient Alexandria, with all her magnificence and splendor, is now nothing but heaps of ruins. The modern city stands upon the ruins of the past, like a monumental stone upon the burial vault of the dead. Here costly palaces of kings and gigantic temples of deities have fallen and crumbled, and over their ruins the desert sands have drifted, and on the accumulated piles of broken shafts, capitals and entablatures, the rank weeds flourish and the careless villager roams. The wild Arab came with his sword and spear, and rolled the desolations of war over the place. The monuments of splendor, wealth and art wasted before him—ruin and death were in his path. Pompey's Pillar and Cleopatra's Needle alone are left, lifting their giant forms against the sky—enduring monuments, marking, like grave-stones, the site of a dead and entombed city.

CHAPTER VI.

A Night in Alexandria—Ride to Cairo—Sights and Scenes Along the Way.

There is but little in modern Alexandria of interest to the traveler. The European population have exerted great influence upon the place; the streets have been named and the houses numbered. The population is a mixed multitude of many kindreds, tribes and tongues, and not famous for their morality or integrity.

The Frank square, supposed to occupy the very site of the ancient docks, is by far the most inviting place in the city. In this square stands a small obelisk of oriental alabaster, presented to the city by Mohammed Ali. Around the square the English church, the principal hotels, and the offices of most of the foreign consuls are found. The city is now a great commercial place, and many of the Franks and Greeks are quite wealthy.

The streets of the Turkish quarter are narrow, irregular and dirty, there being no appearance of plan or order in the arrangement of them or the houses. Occasionally, a fine latticed window or an old Saracenic arch will arrest attention, while the bazars present a most novel and curious scene to one who has never before visited a city of the Orient. After a ride through the bazars, along the harbor, by the canal among the multitude of boats, piles of merchandise, long lines of storehouses, and queer looking laborers of all colors, tribes and tongues, Abdalla took me to

THE VICEROY'S PALACE.

This was built by Mohammed Ali, when Alexandria was raised to the distinction of sharing with Cairo the honors of

the capital. It is a fine residence, combining the European and Oriental styles of architecture. It stands upon an eminence facing the harbor, commanding a most enchanting view of the port and the shipping. The entrance was through a small garden into a large inclosure, with high walls on all sides. The ascent of a Turkish staircase brought us to the entrance of the principal rooms, at the head of which we found two Arab servants, keeping watch over the place. A backsheesh, of course, could only open the doors of this sanctum of royalty. The fee was paid; Abdallah slipped off his shoes and left them at the head of the stairs; the servants, having no polluting incumbrance of the kind, had no preparation to make, while I, being a Frank, and not expected to observe the usual forms of sanctity that characterize the place, was allowed to walk on, with hat and shoes, unmolested. The style is Oriental and gaudy in the extreme. Some of the rooms are magnificently furnished, enriched and ornamented with costly presents from the different sovereigns of Europe. One of the most remarkable of these, is a splendid round table of Roman mosaic, representing the most interesting monuments of the Eternal City—a present from the Pope. Near the palace, just across the public highway, and also facing the sea, is

THE HAREM.

This, of course, we were not allowed to visit, but the gate of the outer inclosure standing open, we were witnesses of a very novel, but I cannot say interesting, scene. Just without the gate, three swarthy looking fellows had an Ethiopian servant, naked down to the hips, prostrate upon his face, one holding him by the hands and head, another by the feet, while the third was laying a rope's end upon his naked back as though his very life depended upon the vigor with which he applied it. The poor fellow groaned, writhed and yelled, but there was no mercy for him. Seeing a crowd rapidly gathering, the executioner paused, made a pass at them with his rope's end, scattering them in double quick time, while the two assistants jerked their victim within the inclosure and slammed to the gate. Instigated by the curiosity common to our race, I told Abdallah

to step up to the gate and see if he could learn what crime the poor fellow had committed for which he was so severly handled. He returned in a few minutes, stating that the fellow had stolen money and lied about it, and that they were going to get salt water to dip the rope in and continue the beating. O, Justice! if this is the rigor with which thou dealest in the harems of Pashas, I should choose to incur thy displeasure in some place where thine exactions come with a slower and lighter hand! The day closes, and our excursion ends. To-morrow morning I am to leave for Cairo, to see more of the wonders of this land, to catch the first glimpses of the mighty pyramids, and walk the streets of the old city of the Caliphs.

NIGHT IN AN EGYPTIAN CITY

Is a gloomy place; no gas-light, business suspended, stores and shops all closed, no amusements, no meetings, no windows next the streets to shed even a little light upon the gloomy alleys; if the moon does not come out to relieve the scene, all is literally involved in Egyptian darkness.

I sat down to review the day, my first among the scenes of the Orient. That dragoman! who had so kindly urged himself upon me as guide, seemed to stand like a spectre before me. Let me see—how much am I indebted to him? I had to pay fifty cents for a donkey for him, and a backsheesh to his donkey boy; he made me pay double backsheesh to a ragged old Arab at Pompey's Pillar, who pretended to take care of it, and another at Cheopatra's Needle, when neither of them had a right to a single para, and had no business there only to beg from travelers; asked me for a shilling to buy a wax candle with which to go into the catacombs, when he knew the old Turk in attendance would furnish a torch and make me pay roundly for it, and he would keep the candle for his own use when he got home; asked me to give a backsheesh to the old Turk and a few pence to each of half a dozen ragged children he called his family; made me pay fifty cents to those rapacious servants at the Pasha's palace, when half that amount would have been more than enough; helped me to do a little shopping, and connived with the salesman to make me pay double price for every

article; then charged me only one dollar and a half for his services, and got through time enough to go all around again and gather up half the backsheesh as his share of the spoils! All this when I could just as well have dispensed with his services, taken a donkey boy, that could talk English, and done the whole of it with the aid of my guide-book. O, Abdallah Suleiman! I must record thy name in my book as a type of thy profession. I see I have many things to learn—I shall be wiser when I get to Cairo.

The morning light found me wakeful, as I had been through the night. Darkness was upon the city, but silence held no dominion. Dogs are among the notable things of this land and city. They go trooping about in packs like wolves. They are a gaunt, hyena-looking breed, acknowledging no master, and yielding obedience to no law but that of their own savage nature. They make night hideous with their howlings, and get up numerous fights, which seem to be a part of their regular business. In addition to this, we had

THE WATCHMAN'S CALL.

Every fifteen minutes a yell rung through the city as if a hundred men were prompted by some impending calamity to rouse the sleeping denizens. I learned in the morning these were the watchmen. Every fifteen minutes the leader of a division, taking an assigned stand, gathers himself up for the effort, and commences a long, shrill cry; each watchman catches the key and prolongs the sound. It goes from street to street, from square to square, till every dome, turret and battlement rings with the echoes. A calm of fifteen minutes succeeds, and again the prolonged shout assures the waking citizen "all is well." Then came, as a strictly Mohammedan peculiarity of the place,

THE MUEZZIN'S CALL TO PRAYER.

Five periods are set apart in each day as special seasons of prayer. These every good Mohammedan is expected to observe, but they are often neglected, and many persons, it is said, do not pray at all. But this neglect does not arise from the

want of an admonition. From the minarets of their mosques the call is regularly made. One of these calls is just after midnight, another about the break of day. At the appointed hour the muezzin ascends to the gallery of the minaret, pitches his voice to a monotonous chant, and commences: "God is great, God is great! Prayer is better than sleep. I testify that there is no deity but God. I testify that Mohammed is God's apostle. Come to prayer, come to prayer." The call varies upon different occasions. Sometimes quite long exhortations are given. The time for the morning call is just as the light is dawning, at the very moment, say their books, that a man can distinguish between a black thread and a white. Most of these pious watchmen have very harmonious voices, and as they come breaking in melodious sweetness upon the still air of night, there is in them a simple and solemn melody at once peculiar and touching.

OFF FOR CAIRO.

The present facilities for reaching Cairo can only be appreciated by those who have been familiar with the former slow locomotion of canal and river. Then, it was by the toilsome process of wind, sails and oars; now, a first class railroad of one hundred and thirty miles in length connects the two cities. There are three rates of fare, ten, five and a half, and two dollars nearly, when reduced to our money. At 9 o'clock A. M., the last signal whistle was given, the motley crowd that had gathered around opened right and left, and we struck out into the great delta of the Nile. Upon our right, as we pass, is lake Mareotis, an immense sheet of water, renowned in old Egyptian history. It was formerly connected by canals with the river, its banks were thickly inhabited, and it was adorned by several beautiful and fertile islands. The gravelly nature of the soil of these islands peculiarly fitted them for the culture of the grape, and the Mareotic wine was celebrated above all others for its exquisite qualities.

Away to the left is the harbor of Aboukir, where Nelson with his fleet met the French in 1798. The conflict was a bloody one—the English losing in killed and wounded eight

hundred and ninety-five men, the French fifty-two hundred and twenty-five. His victory was complete; all the French ships except two were captured, and the victor was rewarded with the title, *Baron Nelson of the Nile.* And now may be seen the long-pointed lateen sails of the boats upon

MOHAMMED'S GREAT CANAL.

This canal is about sixty miles in length, connecting Alexandria with the Nile at Atfeh. It was formerly the main thoroughfare for travelers, and still continues to be for large quantities of merchandise and produce. There was a canal here in ancient times, but Mohammed Ali found it in a ruined condition, a portion of it having been choked up for centuries. This energetic but exacting prince found it necessary to repair it, to consummate his plans for making Alexandria the commercial capital of his kingdom. He made a compulsory levy upon the villages of the land for workmen. It is said that twenty thousand men were employed on it without pay, driven to their work like beasts of burden. These were relieved from time to time by fresh relays, each working a certain number of days. Such was the energy with which the work was prosecuted, it was completed in six months. And yet such was the fatigue and exposure of the workmen, poorly fed, and unaccustomed to the low and swampy grounds, it is estimated that from twenty to thirty thousand of them perished. So level is the country, there is not a single lock the whole sixty miles from Alexandria to Atfeh. It is a long, muddy, dirty ditch, twelve to fifteen feet deep, and fifty to one hundred wide.

Much of the land in the vicinity of Alexandria is low and wet, too much so for cultivation. As we passed on, the fertility of the land seemed to increase. The immense green plain stretched out upon each side of us as far as the eye could reach. The second crops since the inundation were now growing, the first having been harvested about two months since. Crops of some kind are raised all the year round, except when the soil is covered with water from the inundation of the Nile. There is no frost or cold weather sufficient to prevent the growth of vegetation.

Every thing as you pass has a strange and oriental look. Manners, costumes, modes of building, living and working, are all different from what we have been accustomed to see. Occasionally we pass one of

THE MODERN VILLAGES.

The present population, numbering about two millions, are gathered into the cities and villages. These villages of the fellah's are the most miserable places imaginable. The houses are small, dirty and uncomfortable, built of unburnt bricks, and cemented with mud. Most of them are only one story high, and have but one room. A few pieces of the palm tree are stretched across the top as beams or joists to support the roof, on which are laid millet stalks or palm leaves, and over these is daubed a covering of mud. A hole or two in the mud walls, sometimes grated, constitute the windows and answer for the admission of light and air. Glass is seldom seen. The door is low, often not more than three or four feet high, and this, in many instances, answers for both door and window. The floor is not unfrequently a foot or two below the level of the ground. A little elevation of earth, about a foot high and two broad, runs around a portion of the room in the form of a divan, answering the purpose of a seat by day and a bed by night, on which they spread a mat, if they are able to indulge in such a luxury; if not, the bare ground is used. Most of these houses have an oven, built, like the houses, of mud and brick, arched within and flat on the top. In cold nights the top of this is the family lodging place, a fire having been kindled within. As they have no extra clothing for the night, this arrangement often adds much to the comfort of the inmates. These villages they generally contrive to build upon a little eminence, formed generally by the debris of ruined towns, that they may escape the inundations of the Nile.

Their furniture is of the simplest and most economical kind. Think of it, O ye daughters of luxury, who go laden from your fathers' houses with a costly supply fit for a palace! A mat, if convenient, for a bed, if not, the mud floor, or the top of the oven, will answer; a little hand-mill to grind the corn, a skillet to cook

WOMEN OF THE LOWER CLASSES AND
MODE OF CARRYING CHILDREN.

it in, and a stone jar or two for water, and the young couple are ready to enter upon the fond enjoyments and responsible duties of the conjugal relation. No chairs, no bedsteads, no tables, no chest of drawers, no spoons, knives or forks, and as for a wardrobe—shade of Flora McFlimsey!—a blue cotton frock or chemise, the corner of which sometimes answers for a vail, the only dress by day and the only garment by night, defying the power of fashion to change its form or cast it aside till worn to shreds, its place is supplied by a fellow of its own likeness. And as for the little ones—what native simplicity! No waste of soap, no morning and evening chorus over the dreaded wash-bowl; and if you have no rags to cover them, they go rollicking about the door, or troop in herds about the village common, in costume such as Dame Nature alone bestows.

I am aware this will be thought an exaggerated picture, but I am dealing in grave realities. About Alexandria and Cairo, and along the line of the railroads, frequent contact with the Franks, and the introduction of European habits of tidiness, and attention to personal appearance, has produced considerable change. The habits of dress and modes of life have been much improved, and naked children are not as often seen. But in many parts of the land it is astonishing with what strange indifference the unrobed human figure is regarded. The proprieties of civilized life, among both male and female, are strangely disregarded. Nor have I overdrawn the cheerless, comfortless, destitute condition of their homes. They live mostly out of doors, and men and women, in their thin, dirty dress of blue, may be seen at all hours of the day, sitting around the outside of their miserable mud hovels, flat upon the bare ground, in the midst of filth and fleas, with their squalid children gathering around them. Chickens are abundant, and appear to enjoy uninterrupted ingress and egress to all the human apartments; while goats roam in unrestrained liberty; donkeys make a part of the family household, and savage, hyena-looking dogs roll in the dirt with the children, or lie basking in the sun on the house-tops, or, what is more common, come driving at you with open mouth and wolf-like fierceness. The fellaheen or villagers of Egypt may have a different stand-

ard of social bliss and the comforts of life from other portions of the world, but to one accustomed to the blessings and luxuries of civilization, they appear to be reduced to the most abject poverty and wretchedness. Of such degradation, filth and squalid misery, I had never before formed a conception. Neither Europe, in the abject poverty of factory operatives and miners, or America, with her delving slave population, can give any examples of the kind.

The men appear to be a lounging, indolent, easy set of fellows, more lazy than vicious. Some women of the lower class go entirely without vails, and are often seen engaged in the most menial drudgery; yet even in such ones the ruling passion for ornament shows itself; a row of small coins or coral beads will grace the neck, a massive bracelet adorn the wrist, and not unfrequently the ears, and sometimes even the nose, is graced with a pendant of clumsy jewelry. Some tattoo the arms and the face, and others stain their nails, eye-brows, and sometimes other portions of the body, with henna. The children of these poor peasants are a forlorn looking set. Their eyes, often affected with ophthalmia, nearly closed up and covered with flies, are never washed, for fear of increasing the virulence of the disease! They are often carried about sitting carelessly astride the mother's shoulder, apparently as much at ease, and having as little fear of falling as though they were snuggly tucked into a cradle. But after all the debasement and poverty to which the lowest class of the female population is subjected, bare-limbed and scantily clad as they are, there is often a dignity and grace in their movements, contrasting strangely with their personal appearance. To see one standing erect, with her child astride of her shoulder, or bearing a well poised water-jar upon her head without the assistance of either hand, as one has well said, no Andalusian could tread the earth with greater freedom or grace.

As you ride on, cast your eye right and left over the plain. The monotony of the green valley is broken here and there, not only by such a mud village as we have described, but occasionally a sheik's tomb, a little dome-like, white-washed structure, is seen amidst the verdure, and here and there the graceful

date-palm lifts its strait and elegant form into the air, shaking its graceful feathery foliage in the breeze. Where now so few villages are seen the land was once densely peopled.

THE PRESENT POPULATION.

The present population of Egypt is truly a mixed multitude; here are Moslem Egyptians, Christian Egyptians or Copts, Osmanlees or Turks, Syrians, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, and representatives of most of the European nations. The Moslem Arabs compose the main portion of the population, and though strangers and foreigners, they have overrun and possessed the land. Their number and influence have been such as to entirely change the language, laws and general manners of the country. A large mixture of Abyssinian blood, and of other African tribes has been introduced among them, so that they vary much in the color of their skin—some have a clear yellowish complexion, some are tawny, others quite black. The country people, or agriculturists, are called fellaheen, the singular is fellah. The language of the county is Arabic; this is taught in their schools, and made the general medium of communication for contracts, business and official transactions.

THE TURBAN.

We have spoken of the dress of the lower classes—that of the middle class is much better, and of the higher class often elaborate, rich and elegant. The turban is a Moslem institution, and worthy of special notice. The men all wear it while living, and a marble one usually adorns their grave when dead. Their method of shaving the head makes a head-dress more essential, not only to cover up the bald portion of the closely shaven pate, but also to conceal the strange looking tuft that crowns its summit. The uncovered head of one of these sons of Ishmael has certainly a very fantastic appearance, and would not fail to excite the mirth of any one unaccustomed to it; therefore, they are as careful of uncovering the head in company as a bald gentleman with us would be of lifting his wig.

A small, close-fitting cotton cap is drawn over the head; over this is drawn a "tarboosh," a red cloth or felt cap, also fitting

close, rounded upon the top to conform to the shape of the skull, and surmounted with a long, heavy tassel of dark blue silk. To complete the toilet, a long cashmere shawl, or piece of white muslin, or striped silk, or any other color to suit the degree of rank, religious sect, or fancy of the wearer, is wound several times around the head, and the ends tucked under. This is the turban. Mohammed wore it, and every Mussulman esteems and honors it, though it is a hot and cumbersome head-dress for a warm climate. Among the poorer class of boys, many, from poverty, wear only the cotton cap, and some add the tarboosh, without the cumbrous scarf adornment. A "shereef," or descendant of the Prophet, is permitted to wear a green turban, and may also sometimes be seen in a bright green dress.

Several different sects are distinguished by the color and form of the turban. The Druses of Syria wear a monstrous white one; the Jews and Copts, conforming to the custom of the country, wear them, but of a different color from those of the Turks and Arabs—those of the Jews almost uniformly being of dark blue. As an instance of the great respect paid to the turban, a story is told of a sheik who was thrown from his donkey in the streets of Cairo, and himself and turban sent rolling in the dirt. The bystanders pursued the turban, crying, "Lift up the crown of El Islam." The unfortunate sheik, vexed that his head-dress should receive more attention than his person, gathered himself up and cried out in anger: "Lift up the sheik of El Islam."

SLIPPERS, SMOKING, SIGNET RINGS.

Stockings are not worn, but cotton or woolen socks are sometimes put on in the coldest weather. The shoes are a low kind of slippers, made of bright red morocco, sharply pointed at the toes, and turned up like a sled runner. As these are always slipped off when one enters a mosque, or steps upon a mat or carpet, they are generally worn turned down at the heel.

Smoking is a national business; find an Egyptian if you can without a pipe in his mouth, and a pouch of tobacco in his bo-

som. They live and die amid the curling clouds and delicious fragrance of the Indian weed.

A signet ring or seal is carried by almost every person who can afford it. This is generally of silver, worn upon the little finger, or carried in the purse with the money. On this is engraved the person's name, and in all written contracts is stamped upon the paper as witness of the bargain, and is thus substituted for the written name of the person. This use of the seal is an ancient custom, dating back even anterior to the Hebrews, and often alluded to in the word of God.

WOMEN AND THE VAIL.

Whatever may be said of the squalid condition of the women we have before described, and the debasing influence of their condition in life, the middle and higher classes command far more respect. In build and feature, they are often models of beauty; in personal habits, tidy and circumspect. The Egyptian girl is a woman at the age of nine or ten, and at the age of fifteen or sixteen they have attained their highest degree of perfection. Their complexion is much like that of the men, varying, of course, by the degree of exposure to which they are subjected. The face is generally oval, in some instances quite broad. As they go vailed, a face is seldom seen. The eyes are generally black, large, shining and expressive, and their effect is much hightened by the concealment of the other portions of the face. The vail is as much revered among the women as the turban among the men. This article of dress has a date of high antiquity, for we read of it as long ago as the days of Abraham, but it seems not to have been worn among the ancient Egyptians, if we may judge from their sculptured monuments. The upper part and back of the head are the first objects of care, then the face. Most of them deem it more important to conceal the face than other portions of the body. If a poor woman has no vail, she will often lift the skirt of her scanty dress and cover her face while the traveler is passing. Of late, the constant presence of unvailed Frank women in their cities, is already making some inroads upon this rigid custom of the Egyptian ladies.

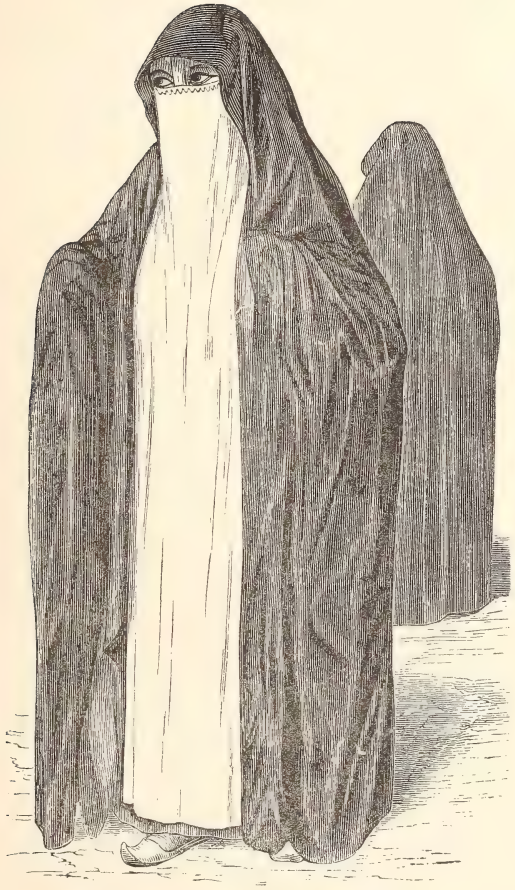
The walking-dress of the genteel class is certainly unique, and would much discomfit our modern belles, who go abroad not only to see, but to be seen. With an enormous white vail, reaching from the top of the nose to the feet, the head enveloped in an immense shawl, and over all a large flowing robe of black, they have much the appearance of immense walking bundles of black silk, a good representation of which may be seen in the accompanying engraving.

THE FIELD OF ZOAN.

But while we have been looking at these mud villages, and examining these strange costumes, we are coming in sight of a portion of the country intimately connected with the sojourn of the Hebrews in this land of their captivity. In one of the Psalms it is said, "Marvelous things did he in the sight of their fathers in the field of Zoan." Cast your eye over the broad, green country upon our left, reaching away down towards the Mediterranean behind us, and stretching many miles to the eastward, where it keeps up a continual warfare with the encroaching sands of the desert. Here was Zoan, called also Goshen, one of the most productive portions of Egypt. It is said to have received its name, Goshen, from the Arabic word "gush," signifying *a heart*, or whatever is choice and precious. The boundaries of the portion of the land thus designated, it is impossible now to tell; it must have been at least one hundred miles in length, and probably about the same in breadth. In addition to this fertile portion of the valley of the Nile, the Israelites probably occupied a wide range of the desert country towards the Red Sea and the land of Canaan, that during some portions of the year might have afforded pasture for their numerous flocks.

CHANGES THAT HAVE TAKEN PLACE.

This part of the country has undergone such changes during the last three thousand years, it is difficult to form a conception of what it might have been at that remote period. That the fertile land was much more extensive than now, is evident, as there has been a great failure of the waters of the eastern



LADIES' WALKING DRESS.

branch of the Nile. The main body of the river has been crowding more and more to the westward, and the channels on that side have deepened as the eastern have diminished. As the Nile has grown less, there has been a continual augmentation of the drift sand-hills along the plain, and much land, once productive as a garden, is now a waste and cheerless desert. This same encroachment of the sands is seen in other places in Egypt. Above Rosetta, on the west bank of the Nile, palm trees are now standing, fifty to sixty feet high, nearly buried in the sand.

Here were Pharaoh's pasture grounds—here the family of the Hebrews found a home. As I strained my eyes to see even the farthest portions of the land, I recalled

THE STRANGE STORY OF THEIR BONDAGE.

Jacob had hoped to live and die in Canaan. He came to Hebron, and built there an altar and offered sacrifices to the God of his fathers. In that cave upon the hill-side rested the ashes of his noble sires, Abraham and Isaac; there had been buried Sarah, Rebecca, and his own wife, Leah. A strange train of events called him away from his chosen home. As I looked out in the direction of Hebron, I fancied I saw the venerable old man on his journey to this land of strangers, impelled by the famine behind, and drawn onward by the strong affection of his heart for an idolized son whom he had long before given up as dead. How cheering and sustaining must have been that promise of God, "I am the God of thy father. Fear not to go down into Egypt, for I will there make thee a great nation, and *Joseph shall put his hand upon thine eyes.*" Gen. xlvi. 3, 4.

How affecting that meeting between the old man and his long-lost son! Joseph made ready his chariot and went up to meet him in Goshen; "and he fell on his neck, *and wept on his neck a good while.*" With what filial affection he watched over the old man's infirm and trembling age! Nearly a century and a half the old man had borne the burdens and cares of a laborious and eventful life, and now he must die. He called his faithful son Joseph, and exacted of him a promise, under the solemnities of an oath, that he would bury him with his fathers

in the cave that is in the field of Macphelah before Mamre, in the land of Canaan, which Abraham bought from Ephron the Hittite. The reason he assigns is full of poetic beauty and melting tenderness. "There they buried Abraham and Sarah his wife; there they buried Isaac and Rebecca his wife, and there I buried Leah." The last blessing was given, the last expiring sigh escaped the cold, pale lips, "he gathered up his feet into his bed and yielded up the ghost." Then it was that the promise was fulfilled; Joseph *put his hand upon his father's eyes* and closed them in death; then also he fell upon that rigid face, and wept upon it and kissed it. The body was embalmed; the forty days of mourning were ended, and Joseph went up out of Egypt with a great retinue of servants and nobles of the land, and chariots and horses, redeemed his oath, and laid his sire in the sepulchre of his fathers. How strange it seems to be, looking out upon the land where these early and interesting incidents of sacred history transpired!

Such was the beginning of a strange record, the wonderful events of which we shall recall as we stand upon the site of the ancient court of Pharaoh, ride over the waters of the Red Sea, travel in the wilderness, climb the mount of God, and traverse the Holy Land.

THE DAYS OF ADVERSITY.

Joseph lived one hundred and twenty years, and until he saw the fourth generation of his children growing up around him. His brethren prospered and multiplied exceedingly in the land. At last Joseph died, and all his brethren, and all that generation; and now commenced the afflictions of his people. Our best friends are often succeeded by our bitterest enemies, and ingratitude becomes the reward of our best services. Other kings arose, and Joseph and all his valuable services were forgotten, and Israel's pleasant refuge was made a place of bitter bondage. Their rapid increase was only the fulfillment of the promise of God, made hundreds of years before to Abraham, that he would make of him a great nation, and his seed should be as the stars of heaven for multitude; but this increase provoked the jealousy and aroused the fears of their ru-

lers. The king said unto his people, "The children of Israel are more and mightier than we."

Then commenced a systematic course of oppression. They set task-masters over them, and afflicted them with grievous and heavy burdens; they made them build great treasure cities —Pithom and Raamses; they made their lives bitter with hard bondage; they made them work in field and in city, and in *all manner of brick.* How we are reminded of this as we pass along! There is a company of men engaged just as these Israelites were three thousand years ago—a pile of clay upon one side, and a pile of straw, chopped and broken into small pieces, upon the other; the laborers are mixing the materials in due proportion and with proper care, pressing the old-fashioned compound into the requisite shape, and laying the bricks in the sun to dry—an old art handed down from remote ages, awaking vivid remembrance of Israel's bondage and labor; "they made them work in mortar and brick," and at last denied them straw, and sent them gleaning about the fields, yet demanding the full count of bricks. But all this rigorous oppression signally failed of attaining the desired end, for the more they afflicted them, the more they grew and multiplied.

Then came that cruel edict for the destruction of their children; and the earth, that had been watered with the sweat of their toil, echoed with the lamentations of fathers and mothers for the slain of their households. But there was an eye in heaven to witness, an ear to hear, and a hand to record and mete out justice. "For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise, saith the Lord." And the Lord did arise, as we shall have occasion to see in our visits to other portions of the land. Oppression never prospers. He who tramples upon human rights, sets his foot upon a Divine creation, and the recoil will assuredly pierce the oppressor with a fatal dart. The Lord did arise in a strange and mysterious way; his people were delivered, their persecutors punished, and the promises made to their ancestors hundreds of years previous fulfilled.

We have made our story long enough—we shall learn more as we proceed. Look out of the car window. We are coming to

a halt right in one of these Egyptian villages. Do you see that long, low line of water just by the side of us? It is

THE NILE.

The Nile! The Nile! How it awakened the memory of a thousand strange and interesting events! Can the most stupid and unimaginative gaze upon it for the first time and feel no rising of enthusiasm? A river that has a place in history by the side of the Euphrates and the Jordan; for thousands of years sending out a living flood from its mysterious and hidden sources, rolling onward through this great valley, and emptying itself, by its seven mouths, into the great blue sea; a river which runs a thousand miles without receiving a single tributary; a river which the Egyptians worshiped, and whose waters by the rod of Moses were turned into blood; a river the great size of which astonished the Greeks and Romans, and the annual overflow of which to them was a profound mystery; a river the waters of which have been extolled by the Egyptians above all others—of which the Mussulman says, if Mohammed had tasted its waters, he would have prayed heaven for a terrestrial immortality, that he might continue to enjoy it forever. But, enthusiasm aside, let us look at these moving waters, and learn something of this river's

CHARACTER AND HISTORY.

Born among the mountains of the Moon, and cradled in the depths of their mighty caverns, tearing its way through mountain barriers and granite rocks, dashing down cataracts, lashed into foam by narrows and rapids, it at last reaches the calmer, quiet life of the beautiful plain, and goes singing onward amid perpetual sunshine, scattering its blessings with a lavish hand, until it is sepulchered in its great ocean tomb.

Egypt is a desert-girt land, and ranges of barren mountains lock it in. On the east are the deserts of Arabia. South and west the vast expanse of the Lybian sands stretch away into the unknown interior of Africa. These immense wastes of sandy plains and rocky hills gather no clouds of moisture to distill in fertilizing showers on the valleys of Egypt. Rain

sometimes falls in the immediate vicinity of the Mediterranean, but very seldom in other parts of the land. During the spring and early summer season, the region of country south of 17°, about the sources of the Nile, are inundated with copious rains. These waters are collected by the river and brought down as by a mighty aqueduct to the plains below. Thus the fertility of Egypt is made to depend entirely upon the waters of the Nile. What a strange provision the beneficent Creator has thus made for them! This result is accomplished by its

ANNUAL OVERFLOW.

The rise of the waters begin the latter part of June, or just about the time of the summer solstice. The first indication is a change in the appearance of the waters—they become red and turbid. About the middle of July they burst the barrier of shore and banks, and spread themselves over the land, till the country looks like a great inland sea, dotted here and there by villages and towns. The latter part of September, the waters begin to subside, and by the end of November the banks hold in check the swollen stream. The rise is about four inches a day, and the decline at about the same rate. These annual inundations leave a rich alluvial deposit, brought down from the upper country, and from the fertile plains of Abyssinia. The great heat of the climate, operating on these fertilizing deposits, produces a most luxuriant vegetation.

It is said a rise of twenty-four feet in the time of Herodotus, was considered sufficient to secure a fruitful season. The continual deposit of the slime and mud for thousands of years has considerably elevated the soil. A rise of thirty-three feet is now said to be necessary to sufficiently inundate the land. In 1829, a rise of nearly forty feet produced great destruction among the villages, both of lives and property. Passing through this country as the waters are subsiding, you may still have a striking illustration of

A BEAUTIFUL PASSAGE OF SCRIPTURE.

Upon a shallow pond of thick, muddy water, you may see a husbandman casting handful after handful of seed. "What a

waste!" you say. "Better feed it to his lean and famishing cattle." Wait and see. The scattered seed mingles with the dark, turbid waters, settles down, and is buried in the new, rich strata of earth, and—"is lost!" No, no! The warm sun shines upon it; it shoots up into healthy, vigorous growth, and by and by the laborer comes with his sickle, and as he fills his bosom with the golden sheaves, rejoicing in the abundance of the harvest, he sings, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days."

But we must take our leave of the Nile. Flow on, thou wonderful and majestic stream! Thyself the same, what changes thou hast seen! Thebes, with its hundred gates, and Memphis, with its temples and monuments, have perished upon thy banks. Thou hast seen thy country the prey of Ethiopian and Persian, Macedonian and Roman, Saracen and Turk. Thou hast been witness of the afflictions of Israel, and of the astounding miracles of their deliverance. Still, calm and undisturbed, thy waters roll, and thou art now the witness how the curse has settled down upon thy land. Degeneration has crept over it, darkness has overshadowed it, and God has re-written the sentence recorded in His Great Book by the hand of Ezekiel: "It shall be the basest of kingdoms, neither shall it exalt itself any more among the nations. Her power shall come down. * * * I will make the land waste and all that is therein, by the hand of strangers. I the Lord have spoken it."

CHAPTER VII.

First View of the Pyramids—Arrival at Grand Cairo—Sights and Scenes of the City.

Our fiery steed bounds onward—over the Nile we go on a beautiful stone bridge, the workmanship of which is not excelled in any part of the world. Now we are straining our eyes to catch a first glimpse of the minarets of Cairo. See! There they are; and the walls and higher portions of the citadel can be distinguished. Now turn your eye to the right, and look away across the plain yonder. Do you see two or three dark looking objects rising up directly from the immense plateau? They are the pyramids! "The pyramids! What, those great haystacks?" Precisely such would be the first impression upon almost every mind. Unconscious of the great distance that intervenes, some fifteen to twenty miles, you see these mighty wonders of the world, Cheops and Cephrenes, looking like nothing else but a couple of great haystacks in a farmer's meadow in a hazy autumn day. But distance here lends no enchantment to the view. These impressions of diminutiveness will all be dissipated when we come to stand by their side, or climb their lofty summits.

ARRIVAL AT CAIRO.

At 4 o'clock P. M. we came to a halt in the depot of Grand Cairo. I knew my hotel, but had some anxieties as to how I should reach it, for I dreaded to run the gauntlet of saucy donkey boys and importunate porters. Nerving myself for a special act in some lively scene, I landed on the platform, amid the strangest crowd of human beings I had ever seen congregated. There was the dignified Turkish official, with his great loose sleeves and flowing robes, gold-hilted sword and turbaned head;

half-naked donkey boys; loathsome looking beggars; wretched women and squalid children. I had scarcely time to glance at the odd looking crowd about me, when a man in English costume and genuine English accent addressed me: "Shepherd's hotel, sir?" "Yes, sir." "All right, omnibus just here; take you right up, sir." In ten minutes I was snugly housed in a good hotel, with European fixtures and comforts all about me. The house I found to be entirely under English management, and much better kept than the one I have described at Alexandria. It is a spacious house, built in oriental style, with a large open court and garden in the centre; the terms, two dollars and fifty cents a day for room, board, lodging, lights, etc.

On being ushered into the dining-room, I was surprised to find myself in the company of from fifty to sixty English and American ladies and gentlemen. The table was set in home-like style; both it and the victuals betokened the abode of civilization. Familiar looking countenances were about me, a familiar language was spoken, and had it not been for the long-robed, swarthy-faced, turban-headed waiters, the Arabic words they exchanged, and the occasional call, Achmed! Hassan! Mohammed! there would have been nothing to remind me that I was in the Orient.

THE COMPANY I SAW THERE.

At one end of the table was a party of gentlemen and ladies, ten in number, from New York, just returned from a voyage up the Nile; on the opposite side of the table was a party of military gentlemen, from the United States ship-of-war Susquehanna, then lying in the harbor at Alexandria. By my side was an American gentleman, just returned from an excursion up the Nile. The United States Vice Consul at Alexandria, wishing to make the voyage, the Viceroy had kindly placed at his disposal a small steamer he keeps upon these waters, in which the journey was performed, my informant acting as the consul's secretary. He informed me there were at the present time at least sixty boats with pleasure parties up the Nile, of which one half at least were Americans. But these pleasure excursions are not always attended with cloudless skies. Afflic-

tions and sorrows steal along life's rosiest paths. At the falls above Thebes, a young gentleman from an English party insisted upon swimming the rapids, a feat sometimes performed by the Arabs. All warnings were in vain, and even the attempt of the Arabs to hold him was resisted; he leaped in, and almost instantly disappeared in the foaming waters. When the consul's boat left, they had been three days in an unsuccessful search for the body. A young lady of another party was taken sick and died at Thebes. The warmth of the climate compelled them to bury her there, and the sorrow-stricken parents laid the loved form under the shadow of those gigantic ruins to rest amid their solitude and silence.

Here also I met with a gentleman from Philadelphia, just arrived from Palestine, who gave me much valuable information to aid me in my contemplated tour. He also gave me a graphic account of the robbery of himself and friend by the Moabite Arabs, in his excursion to Jordan and the Dead Sea. They did not fare quite as roughly as the man in the parable, for they were not wounded and left half dead, but they were stripped of their raiment, and left to make the best of their way back to Jerusalem. I learned from this that eighteen hundred years have not materially improved the road from Jerusalem to Jericho, and I was admonished to be cautious when I made my visit to those localities. I was surprised to find so many English and American travelers here, and at once felt myself quite at home. A night's rest and we will take a walk about the place.

THE HISTORY OF THE CITY.

February 15*th.* The land I left is now fast bound in the icy fetters of winter. There the biting frosts, driving sleets and drifting snows rule the changing year; here the glory and beauty of summer are on the landscape. The sun is shining in the heavens, and the birds are filling the groves with their strange enchanting music. We were to have a walk about the streets of Grand Cairo.

This is not one of the ancient cities of the land. Hoary with age it would indeed be, by the side of our fresh American towns, but by the side of Karnac, Thebes and Memphis, it is a

mere child; and in one sense, these old towns are its mother, for they have poured in liberal contributions from their ruins to aid in its erection. It was founded by Aboo Tummin, a victorious conqueror, who invaded Egypt from Tunis about A. D. 970. It was called *Misr El Kahira* (victorious), which name, it is said, the Italians corrupted into Cairo. The city is of an irregular form, about two miles in length, and a little more than one in breadth, and is now surrounded by a substantial stone wall, built by Saladin. The population is estimated at about three hundred thousand. "But how," you ask, "can such a number find a home on so small a territory?" Come here and see how they live—how narrow their streets are—how closely their houses are packed together—how many of them live in the streets. What a place it would be—has been—for plague and pestilence to hold a carnival! Take the road along this shady avenue. This is

THE EZBEKIEH,

A public square, or city park, and is to Cairo what the Champs Elysees is to Paris. It is a beautiful plat of ground, checkered with walks, and covered with ornamental trees. Here citizens of all classes congregate beneath the inviting shade; here are numerous booths, stalls and drinking-houses, and every evening bands of music regale the listening ear. On the west of this park is the palace of the late Mohammed Bey, in the garden of which the unfortunate Kleber was assassinated; on another side of it are the houses of the Copt quarter, while here and there the office of a consul or the front of a large hotel is seen.

THE CLIMATE OF EGYPT.

They have but two seasons, spring, corresponding to our winter, and summer, lasting from April to November. During the summer season, they have a beautiful, clear sky, but the weather is often so very oppressive they are compelled to resort to every artifice to protect themselves from the scorching sun. No country in the world presents a more salubrious climate than Egypt during these spring months. Week after week,

days come and go, bringing a clear, cloudless sky and joyous sunshine. The atmosphere is dry, the nights cool and invigorating. If you wish to leave your home for an excursion, you have no fear of being drenched in a shower, and the only use you have for an umbrella is to screen you from the rays of the midday sun. Thus a large portion of the year is undescribably pleasant. The evenings are enchanting. There is a singular depth and hardness in the clear, blue sky that stretches above you. The moon looks down from those ethereal depths with unvailed splendor, robing the landscape with a bright and silvery whiteness. Planets and constellations walk the sky in dignity and majesty, looking out from their deep hiding places like radiant gems of beauty and glory. No wonder the ancient Egyptians were astronomers. They would have watched the stars from the very love of looking into those enchanting blue depths. But here we are in the

STREETS OF THE CITY.

Cairo is a pure Arab city. I am told they have no other city in the world so unmixed and free from foreign adulterations as this. The streets are numerous, narrow and crooked, there being but one in the business part of the town wide enough for carriages; this is the Muskay, a great public thoroughfare, having the enormous width of thirty-two feet; many of the others are not more than eight or ten feet. The houses are of very peculiar construction; the upper stories projecting over the lower ones, and the large, prominent windows, many of them with elegant, carved lattice work, projecting still beyond the houses. Thus the windows of the upper stories are brought so near together you could easily step from one into the other. These narrow streets and projecting rooms serve to protect the inhabitants from the scorching rays of the sun during their long, cloudless summers. But here are

THE BAZARS.

These are the principal market places, where all sorts of merchandise is bought and sold. The word is purely Arabic, and denotes *sale* or *exchange*. Some of these seem to extend along

whole streets, often covered over by laying poles across from house to house, and spreading mats or reeds upon them. Different portions of the bazars are appropriated to different classes of goods. In one place, almonds, figs, and various kinds of dried fruits; in another, cotton and woolen goods, beds and cushions; here you will meet with a row of merchants who can furnish you silk cord, gold lace and kindred articles; there, otto of rose and various perfumes.

These bazars are usually very busy places, and are thronged by multitudes of people. Through these narrow avenues there is constantly flowing a mixed and motley multitude. Here are camels, horses, donkeys, men, women and children, commingled in strange confusion, while the noise and bustle, the pushing and scrambling, the screaming and gesticulating, present a wild and unique scene that can be no where witnessed but in an Arabic city.

VARIETY OF COSTUMES.

Amid the strange medley and wild confusion we have described, may be seen a great variety of oriental costumes. Here turbaned heads predominate—the black one of the Copt, the dark blue one of the Jew, the green and white of the Moslem, are mingled in strange variety. There moves a lordly Turk, with all the dignity and gravity of his nation. There is the swarthy-skinned, half-naked fellah, and the grandee, with his rich, flowing robe of silk and lace—and one of these gentlemen, in full costume, certainly presents a very respectable appearance, though his dress is far more ornamental than convenient. There is a bare-faced, half-dressed, toil-worn, country-woman, with frightful looking tattooed lips, and by her side the dignified city matron, with long, close vail, all enveloped in an enormous loose robe of black silk. Now you meet an elegant Mamaluke dress of richly broidered cloth, and anon you are peering into the wild, black, flashing eyes of a genuine Bedawin just from the desert, with his head and shoulders enveloped in a strange costume, half bonnet and half turban. The Frank dress has become quite common here. I moved among these

A GENTLEMAN IN FULL DRESS.

varied costumes with my gray frock coat and tall bell-crowned hat without exciting any special attention.

THE STRANGE MODES OF RIDING

At once attract the attention of the foreigner. Though the streets are so narrow as to prevent the use of carriages, no one goes on foot who can afford to ride. Occasionally, a horse may be seen, and now and then a camel, bearing a bedawin or a fellah, almost blocking up the street, and pushing the crowd right and left; but these large animals are not adapted to these crowded thoroughfares. And now may be seen the great convenience of the little Egyptian donkey, so small that the mass of human beings have nothing to fear from him. He carries his burden of living freight or merchandise, picking his way through the crowd with all the gravity of a Turk, and precision of a mathematician. Sometimes dashing along under a full canter, you see him driving square against a woman with a huge water-pot upon her head, and just as you look to see the burden rolling in the dust from the force of the collision, the cautious little animal is sure to miss the mark, and slip by without even jostling the well poised burden.

The riding of the grandees and Turkish officials is an imposing ceremony, and calculated to impress the vulgar rabble with the dignity of their station. On horseback, if it is a crowded street, but most commonly in the vicinity of the Ezbekieh, or suburbs of the town, where carriages can be used, the ceremonial parade takes place.

Visitors here a few years ago gave ludicrous descriptions of the antique appearance of these carriages, which looked, it is said, as though they might have been imported from some museum of English or French antiquities. If so, recent intercourse with European nations has done much to elevate the standard of taste and improve the style, for I saw some fine carriages, and more beautiful horses no one would wish to ride after; but these are few in number, and usually belong to state dignitaries.

When any of these officials wish to take an airing, or go out on business, dressed in robes of state, chariot and steeds

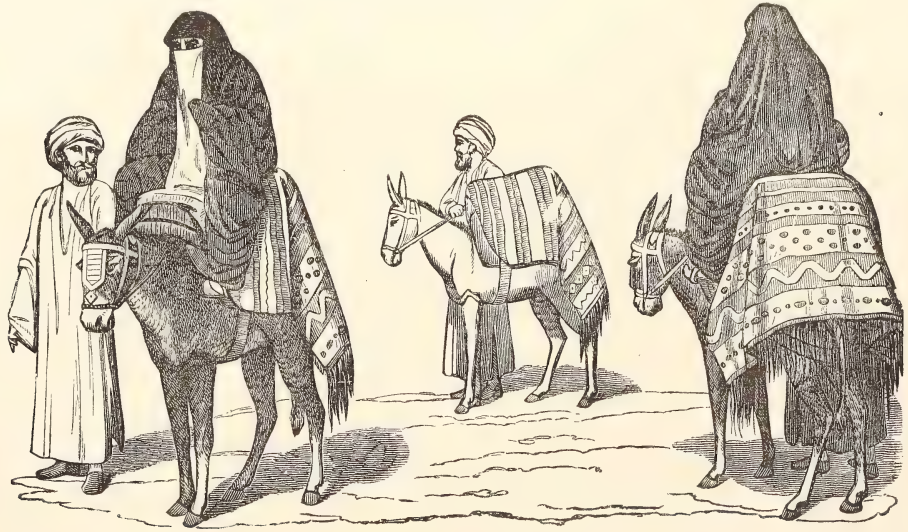
richly caparisoned, a liveried driver hold of the reins, and a footman, with a long white skirt and great turban, behind, they go rolling along with the dignity of a king. But what is most peculiar, a runner in Turkish costume, bearing a sword or staff of state, runs constantly two or three rods before the carriage, calling out for the way to be cleared, and thrusting any careless loungers right and left as unceremoniously as though they were so many swine. It is astonishing what speed and power of endurance these runners have, keeping their distance before the carriage even when the horses are in a fleet canter. The ladies usually ride the donkey; the custom is to ride astride, and the ample folds of their long vails and loose robes almost hide the little animals from sight, as may be seen in the accompanying engraving.

THE SLAVE MARKET

Was formerly a place of such novelty, and exhibited a variety of such strange scenes, as to attract the attention of visitors. This market, thanks to the reign of a humane policy, no longer exists. Whatever may be thought of the importance and necessity of slavery in more civilized portions of the world, Egypt, dark and barbarous as it may be, has thought best to dispense with it. Said Pasha, the present Viceroy, put a stop to the unnatural traffic in human flesh. No more persons are sold into bondage, and a system of measures has been instituted by which involuntary bondage will ultimately cease in the land.

THINGS IN THE CITY.

Cairo has a few substantial houses, well built, and comparatively clean and comfortable; but the most of the city is one vast mass of dirt and rubbish. The narrow streets we have described, are so crooked you can scarcely see ten rods in any direction. On these narrow, crooked streets, the shops and bazars are located. These shops are little dens or cubby holes in the sides of the buildings—little recesses, from four to eight feet deep, without windows; they are closed with a kind of folding doors, occupying the whole front, which are thrown open



LADIES RIDING UPON DONKEYS.

during trade hours, and here the occupants sit, sell, trade, work and carry on almost every conceivable kind of business.

In one of these places you see a dry goods merchant, with all his stock stored in a little space not more than six or eight feet square. The floor is elevated one or two steps above the street, and the tradesman sits behind a little bench or counter, that serves also as a kind of barricade to keep him in and all others out. There you will see a blacksmith with his bellows, anvil and a whole kit of tools in about the same space, himself sitting cross-legged in the dirt, working away with as much complacency and contentment as though he were lord of a locomotive factory; then a money-changer, with his little board of coin, a pair of scales to weigh his gold and silver, and an iron safe that nearly fills his whole room; next a scribe, with his table, pen, ink and paper, ready to exercise his professional abilities on any contract his neighbors may call for.

Of course, people are not expected to come into these shops. They stand at the open front, and all the business is done in the streets. Every one sits down; the merchant sits at his shop-board, the mechanic at his work. It would be too laborious a business for this indolent people to stand up. It is amusing to see what ingenuity they exercise in getting every thing—merchandise, tools and materials—within their reach, that they may not be under the necessity of changing their position.

Besides the shop-merchants, large numbers of men, women and boys parade themselves along the narrow streets with baskets of dates, lemons, oranges and other kinds of fruit and vegetables. The swarming multitudes of the city seem to live almost entirely in the streets. The shops I have described, apparently form the outside or rear part of their dwellings. Passing in at some narrow opening, you will find an open court, around which the rooms of their dwelling-houses are arranged. These are sometimes large, airy and clean; but the greater part of their houses are mere mud walls of unburnt bricks, most of them two and three stories high, with flat roofs. The people are compelled to do almost entirely without boards or lumber of any kind. Their floors are stone or clay, and having

no wooden ceilings for the protection of the walls, they are constantly crumbling and scattering their dirt every where. Nor does this seem at all to discommode the people. The lower or ground floor of their houses is seldom occupied. Nearly all the families live up stairs. The lower parts of the houses are given up to camels, donkeys, chickens, dogs and fleas.

We have before spoken of the miserable mode of life among the villagers. The poor of this great metropolis seem to fare no better; they sit in the dirt during the day, and lie down amid filth, dirt and fleas during the night. Egypt has many attractions, in its fine climate, the fertility of its soil, and more than all, in its monuments and historic associations; but the character of its inhabitants is the negative pole of the magnet, that repels rather than attracts. Strange, that this beautiful country, so green and fertile, bringing forth almost spontaneously all that human nature can crave, should be given up to the possession of so miserable and worthless a race of people. But while absorbed in these strange sights and scenes, the attention is suddenly arrested by the sound of music. A crowd of people are approaching. Stand a few moments under the shelter of this doorway and you will see

A MARRIAGE PROCESSION.

The preliminaries, which are many, have all been arranged, the contract completed, the dower paid, and now they are conducting the bride with great pomp and ceremony to her future home, where the bridegroom is waiting for her. These processions are differently formed to suit the taste of the parties, and the wealth and display is graded by the ability of the parties to defray the expense. The bride is generally preceded by some of her married friends, who are enveloped from head to foot in the great black silk robe before described. She walks under a canopy of silk, generally of some bright, gay color, carried by four men, by means of a pole at each corner. It is completely closed up on three sides but open in front. It is said she is generally richly dressed, but her rich clothing and jewelry are all concealed, for she is completely covered from head to foot, generally with a great cashmere shawl, so that no

part of her person can be seen. Two female friends walk with her under the canopy, one upon each side, while the procession is headed by a band of music—flutes, pipes, tambourines, and sometimes a kind of Arabic drum, beaten with the hands. The harmony of this music is terrible, and is sometimes accompanied by singing, clapping of hands, and various other strange demonstrations. Sometimes wrestlers and swordsmen go before, and entertain the crowd with various gymnastic feats and mock battles. For the sake of display, the procession generally takes a circuitous route, traversing several prominent streets of the city. The bride wears a sort of paper crown, and if wealthy, a costly circlet of diamonds and gold may be seen over the cumbrous muffling of silk and cashmere that envelops her. Connected with these processions, may often be seen another pompous display. It is the celebration of the

RITE OF CIRCUMCISION.

Between the music and the bridal canopy, a richly caparisoned horse carries a small boy, most gaily bedecked with gold and silver tinsel and jewelry. His hair is elaborately plaited, and sparkles with golden coins and gems. He carries in one hand a richly embroidered handkerchief, which most of the time he holds to his face, while two male relatives walk one on each side to support him. Other members of the family and friends join in the procession. This display and parading of children in connection with marriage processions, is resorted to by poorer families, who have not the means of gratifying their pride by creating a sufficiently pompous procession in any other way.

This rite of circumcision has continued in practice among all the Arab tribes since the days of their great progenitor, Abraham, from whom it was received. The law enjoining it was re-enacted by Mohammed, and is one of the indispensable ceremonies of his religion. Children here are generally circumcised at the age of about five or six years, and among the wealthy classes the performance of the rite is often attended by a splendid display of wealth and ceremony, little inferior to those of wedding occasions.

In these bridal processions, especially among the wealthy, many strange and often astonishing feats are performed. There seems to be a great desire, on the part of the family, to make the occasion a memorable and distinguished one; therefore, any one who can perform some extraordinary feat for the amusement of the spectators, is not only welcomed to the crowd, but is often rewarded with a handsome present. Lane mentions two noted incidents he says he had from eye witnesses:

When the Seyyid Omar, chief of the descendants of the Prophet, made a marriage for his daughter, a young man walked in front of the procession, who had made an incision in his abdomen, and drawn out a portion of his intestines, which he carried before him on a silver tray. The procession over, he restored them to their proper place, and kept his bed many days before he recovered from this foolish and disgusting act. On the same occasion, another man ran a sword through his arm, for the amusement of a crowd of spectators. In this position he left the sword for a long time, until several handkerchiefs were soaked in the blood.

The same author was also an eye witness of a herculean task of a water-carrier, a common feat, and often witnessed. One of these water-carriers, for the sake of a present, and the fame he acquires, carries a water-skin filled with sand and water, of a greater weight and for a longer period than any one else will consent to do. This must be accomplished without ever laying down the load, or even sitting down, except in a crouching position, with the burden still upon the back. In the case he witnessed, the carrier took up his burden, a skin of sand and water weighing about two hundred pounds, bore it the whole night, and all the ensuing day, before and during the procession, and did not lay it down until sunset of the second day—thus having borne it without intermission for twenty-four hours.

These processions can be seen almost every day, and sometimes two or three a day, in the streets of the city. Passing one on one occasion in the Ezbekieh, they halted near me, and I stepped close to them to witness the performance. A young man, stoutly built, and shabbily dressed, was the harlequin of the

A FUNERAL PROCESSION

occasion. He threw himself into a sort of trance, eyes closed, and apparently indifferent to all about him. In this condition he commenced a series of striking gymnastic exercises. Keeping time to the music, he threw his arms, legs and body into all sorts of attitudes, sometimes ludicrous, and sometimes graceful. As he proceeded, the main part of the procession gathered in a circle about him, and watched his absurd gesticulations with the utmost apparent satisfaction. He detained the procession about fifteen minutes. The strange exhibition over, he was greeted with shouts of applause, and the procession moved on to find another performer. But now the scene changes;

A FUNERAL PROCESSION

Comes treading closely upon the heels of the bridal throng, and the wailings of anguish succeed the songs of mirth. Thus changeful and varied are the scenes of life. The ceremonies connected with death and burial among the Egyptians, to us seem strange indeed. The victim must die with his face towards Mecca. While the death-rattle is yet in his throat, he is turned in that direction, and as the spirit takes its flight amid loud bursts of lamentation from wives and children, an attendant exclaims: "Allah! There is no strength nor power but in God. To God we belong, and to him we must return. God have mercy on him!" The shroud of the poor man is a piece or two of cotton cloth. Any color may be used but blue. Why this is interdicted in death, when it is so generally worn in life, I do not know. The colors generally used are white and green.

The preliminaries completed, the solemn procession is formed. The corpse of a small child is often borne in a tray upon the head of a woman; older persons, upon the shoulders of two or more men, as may be necessary. The adornments of corpse, hearse and bearers vary, of course, according to wealth and position; sometimes, in case of a rich man, three or four camels are marched at the head of the procession, laden with bread and water, to be distributed among the poor at the tomb. It is considered very meritorious to take part in a funeral procession, and aid in carrying the bier. The most imposing part of

these ceremonies are the wild lamentations that rend the air. The mourning of relatives on such occasions may be heartfelt and sincere, for the ties of affection and kindred bind as strongly, and the lacerated heart of the bereft bleeds as freely in Moslem as in Christian lands, but the procession is generally accompanied by a number of professional wailing women, hired for the occasion. Sometimes you will hear in a low, deep monotone: "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet." Then again these women may be seen wringing their hands, and with disheveled hair, shrieking at the top of their voices. To the stranger, there is something at first peculiarly solemn and impressive in these low chants and piercing wails. It, however, soon becomes so monotonous, and has so much of the appearance of a mere mechanical performance, as to beget disgust.

But we have walked and gazed till feet and eyes are weary. Let us return to our hotel, and rest ourselves under the shade of those great trees. Sit down here upon the terrace and look about you. There are a great variety of entertainments here, and now we are going to have

A STRANGE SHOW.

There comes a man with a tarboosh on his head, feet and legs bare, a ragged old sash binding his dirty shirt close around the waist, converting the loose folds of the bosom into a great pocket. What do you think he has got in there? He walks up with the air and assurance of a practiced performer, as much as to say, "Sir, I can show you a thing." First, he pulls out a greasy, filthy-looking bag, unties the string that holds the mouth, thrusts in his hand and pulls out a large knotted mass of living vipers. He rolls them over, and tumbles them round, as though they were as soft to the touch and as harmless in their nature as a bundle of velvet ribbons. Having displayed his ingenuity in entangling them still more, by winding their slimy bodies around each other, and tucking their venomous heads over, through and under, he tosses the writhing mass upon the ground. Each serpent form, with demon eyes and forked tongue, writhes and twists in horid evolutions to disen-

tangle himself from the gordian mass; and soon each separate viper is seen pushing his scaly form this way and that, to make his escape.

The operator keeps his eye upon them, claps his bare foot upon one here, seizes another by the head there, and tosses them back into the ring, playing with them like a child with his toys. "Is that all?" This is only the first act. With this brood of small serpents around him, he put his hand again into his bosom, and drew out—my blood curdled at the horrid sight—an enormous cobra capello, or hooded snake, four or five feet long, and cast him among the smaller ones. This is a serpent of the most venomous kind, found in all hot countries. He tossed the little reptiles on to him, and pinched his back to irritate him, when the enraged monster, after the fashion of his species, raised a foot or two of his body, so as to appear to stand erect, spread out and flattened the sides of his neck and head in the form of a hood, which gives him his name, and struck at his tormentor with all the fury of his venomous nature. Whether he had extracted his fangs, or was proof against them, I do not know. Having amused himself in this way for near half an hour, he tucked the slimy serpent back into his naked bosom, gathered up his little snakes, rolled and tied them into knots, thrust them into his bag, and laid them away by the side of their larger brother. "And had he done?" Done with the snakes, but not with you. Do you think he was so kind-hearted as to spend that whole half hour merely for your gratification? Turning his tarboosh into a contribution box, he passes among the crowd with the air of one who had performed a valuable service, calling for a backsheesh. "And how," I hear one inquiring, "did you enjoy the performance?" I sat through the first exhibition, partly from the strange character of the show, and partly spell-bound by the horror it excited. But I could never endure the sight again, and always afterwards left when the fellow came to repeat the performance, as he was sure to do each succeeding day.

It may not be one of the pleasantest things in the world to have snakes thus thrust upon one's attention, yet snakes have occupied a place in history from the time the serpent appeared

in the garden. The world is full of them, more varied and numerous than most persons suppose. There may be many a man who would turn with disgust from this serpent-charmer, that may still be harboring a more venomous brood in his own breast. Our Savior found himself in the midst of a generation of vipers. Better shun them all, whether they walk erect or crawl in the dust—those that tempt and those that bite—those that writhe and hiss, and those that lie in secret places—the serpent of discord, the worm of the still, and the worm that dieth not.

But we have seen enough for to-day. To-morrow we will make an excursion to the pyramids. This will occupy the day, and the plan must be arranged to-night. I remember how that dragoman cheated me at Alexandria; now I will turn dragoman myself, and see what I can do. Give me a donkey boy that can talk English, and I will manage all the rest. I stepped on to the platform of the hotel, and immediately had an audience of more than a dozen donkey boys. I engaged in conversation with them on the merits of their respective animals, and soon selected my boy, who could not only talk very good English, but whose donkey he declared "hab English name; he name Lily Bob." "And what will you ask to take me to the pyramids?" "Two and sixpence, sah; me go all day for two and sixpence." This was the common price, English money, not including the backsheesh. "Very well; be here in the morning at 8 o'clock." And now I hear you inquire: "What do you mean by

"THE BACKSHEESH?"

If you will only wait till you get among the Arabs, you will soon learn. It is an omnipresent word, and ever rings in the ear of the traveler, from his first landing in Egypt till his final leave of Syria. It means a gift or gratuity, something over and above one's just deserts. When one has performed a service for you, if he has done it faithfully and well, he not only expects the compensation agreed upon, but he also expects a *backsheesh*, or a small gratuity, by way of present. Servants and laborers all look for it; scores of loungers and hangers-on

are constantly watching for an opportunity to lift a finger for you, that they may claim a backsheesh; multitudes of beggars swarm around you continually, supplicating for a backsheesh; abject looking men and women, in supplicating tones, crave it; children run after you and clamor for it. I had often heard before I left home, it was a common word in Egypt and Syria, but I had formed no conception of the immensity of its use. All travelers of all tribes and tongues hear it and learn it, and it will become incorporated into every living language.

Our plan for to-morrow is formed, but now an unexpected obstacle arises. A party of English and Americans have just come in, in great excitement, with a frightful account of their treatment by the Arabs in charge of the pyramids, representing them as a rapacious, mercenary set, ready to extort every possible farthing from the visitor. They had a quarrel with them on account of the enormous backsheesh demanded; one of them had struck an Arab with his walking-stick, and it was with difficulty, according to their own account, they had escaped from their insolent usage. Here was a perplexity. Is it safe for me to venture, alone and unprotected, among these lawless men? It is eight or nine miles distant, upon the borders of the desert, far away from the protection of civil authority—shall I go? I am much at a loss to know what to do. I will retire and sleep over it, and see what the morrow will bring forth.

CHAPTER VIII.

VISIT TO THE GREAT PYRAMID OF CHEOPS—THE SPHYNX—INCIDENTS AND REFLECTIONS.

February 15*th.* The morning dawned bright and beautiful, as all the mornings of this uniform spring climate do. The perplexing question of last evening was still unsettled. Shall I go to the pyramids? I debated with myself the question, for I was inclined to go. "Shall I take my revolver along to defend myself if I am threatened?" O, no! I have no idea of shooting a man. "But, then," something whispered, "if it becomes necessary, you might just frighten him a little." "But, if I have arms," said I, "I might, in a moment of excitement, do what calm reflection would condemn, and, perhaps, what I might ever after regret." "Well, then," the same voice whispered, "take your unloaded revolver, with only caps, to make a show of defense." "And then I should be more ready to point it at an opponent, and, seeing what he would suppose a deadly weapon at his breast, he might be instigated to some desperate act himself." Such was the colloquy that, with the lightning track of thought, went through my mind. Peace principles triumphed. "I'll go the pyramids," said I, "go alone, go unarmed, trusting to common sense, the common generous impulses of the human heart, a common overruling Providence, and a—liberal backsheesh to help me through." Hassan! bring up the donkey." And now for

THE TRICKS OF A DONKEY BOY.

Hassan was older than most boys of his profession, full grown, well built, of fine countenance, light complexioned, but with a clear, deep, snaky looking eye. Moreover, he was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, so far, at least, as

tricks upon travelers are concerned. My nimble beast was soon upon a full canter, when looking over my shoulder, I saw Hassan, instead of running behind me with his driving stick, coming astride of a second donkey. "What! Hassan, are you going to take a donkey too?" "Yes, misser, long way—too long for all walk." "Do you expect me to pay for your donkey?" "Why," hesitating, and looking somewhat confused, "gemmen he pay both two donkeys." "I agreed to give you a half crown and sixpence backsheesh to take me there and back. That is all you will get. You may take as many donkeys as you please." This decision, and the firmness with which it was uttered, fell like a wet blanket upon the fire of his zeal. Hallooing to one of his companions, he surrendered his donkey, and in sulky mood followed on behind me.

Three miles brought us to Old Cairo, an old town upon the banks of the Nile, founded upon the site of the old Egyptian Babylon. It is two or three hundred years older than Grand Cairo. The new city absorbed its business, and it is now a miserable, dirty, dilapidated place, perishing under the shadow of its great rival. Still there are some antique places here, that well repay a visit. Here are the ruins of the old Roman fortress, besieged and taken by the Moslem invaders. The remains of the solid walls and great towers are yet standing, and in one place, under a pediment, may still be seen the Roman eagle. This fortress has now become a Christian village, and is dedicated to St. George, the patron saint of the Copts.

There are also three convents here. One is occupied by the Catholic Armenians and Syrian Maronites, another by the Copts, a third by the Greeks. In this Greek convent you are shown a room in which it is said the Virgin and the child Jesus had their abode during their sojurn in Egypt! Here, too, are some very ancient structures, said to have been built by Joseph, and used for treasure houses, in which corn was stored for the days of famine! In the old Roman fortress alluded to, in an upper chamber over one of the towers, is an ancient Christian record, sculptured on wood, in the time of Diocletian. It is a well preserved and curious device. The upper part of the frieze has a Greek inscription, and below

is a representation of the Deity sitting on a globe, supported by two angels; on either side of which is a procession of six figures, evidently the twelve apostles.

Just upon the opposite bank lies Gizeh, from which these pyramids are named, with a ferry at the upper end of the town. As we approached this, Hassan, who had been quite silent during our three miles' ride, again approached me. "Got change to pay de boat?" "Yes, how much will it be?" Reducing English currency to federal money, as I shall generally do—"Fifty cents, sah. Gib you me de money; I make de bargain for de boat; I know 'em best." "Fifty cents! It costs no fifty cents to get ferried over the Nile." "How much you pay?" "Don't know," said I. "All de gemmen he pay fifty." "I don't believe a word of it," said I. Hassan walked a few rods in silence. "You gib me twenty-five cents I make de bargain for boat." "I shall not pay the half of twenty-five, and I choose to make my own bargains." The deceitful rascal knew that I could not understand Arabic, and he had calculated upon making a few dimes out of me by the ferriage.

By this time we were on the river bank. No skill of words could portray the scene that ensued. It is a great thoroughfare, and hundreds of people throng the landing place; numerous boats of all sizes were waiting for freight; donkeys and their riders, camels with their huge burdens, horses and horsemen, ragged men and women, and squalling, dirty children, were mingled together on the shore, or crowded into the open, antique looking boats, in close proximity and strange confusion.

Hassan, sulky from the disappointment of making forty cents out of me on the ferriage, seemed disposed to take me at my word, and leave me to make my own bargain. We were soon surrounded by a wall of saucy, insolent boatmen, who seemed disposed to take us by force. One seized the little donkey, and commenced dragging him towards his boat; another pulled at Hassan, and others turned their attention to me. I saw they were governed by no law, and in the absence of police regulations, I was compelled to assume command. Using my umbrella for a weapon, I cleared a space about myself and donkey, and with threatening attitude, kept them at

a respectful distance. Glancing upon the crowd, I selected one whose appearance pleased me, took out an English sixpence, held it up to him and pointed to his boat. He seized the money, then laid hold of the donkey and beckoned us forward, and I supposed the contest was ended. Hassan now for the first time interfered, and declared the man's boat was too small to take donkey in. "He fall in de river, he do." I believed he was lying to me, for I saw him exchanging words with another boatman, and mistrusted a connivance for some selfish purpose.

Now came another contest. The man with the larger boat seized the arm of the one who still had the money in his fingers, and held him like a vice. He clung to the money with a deathly grasp, and refused to give it up. Again I had to assume a tone of authority and defiance. Seizing the obstinate fellow with one hand, I raised my umbrella in warlike attitude over his head with the other, and demanded the coin. The fellow, seeing my hostile attitude, yielded without a motion of resistance. Boatman number two, with an air of triumph, pocketed the change, literally pushed and lifted Lily Bob into his boat, and we were.

AFLOAT UPON THE NILE.

I at once forgot the perplexities of bargaining with boatmen, in the strange sensations that came over me. The river here is broad and shallow. Our boatman spread his rude lateen sail, that he might take advantage of both wind and current, and as the waters came rippling against our boat, they seemed speaking to me of the strange events of by-gone days. And this particular place, of all others, seemed calculated to awaken remembrances of the past. As we gained the current of the river, our boat floated directly down upon Roda, a beautiful little island, whose grassy banks and shady groves have long been the resort of pleasure parties from Cairo. On this island stands the celebrated Nilometer. This is a square room or chamber, built of stone, in the centre of which is a graduated stone pillar. By a scale upon this pillar, the daily rise of the Nile is ascertained. This is proclaimed every day during the

inundation, in the streets of Cairo, by four criers, specially appointed for the purpose. The pillar contains a scale of twenty-four cubits of twenty-one and seven-eighteenth inches each. Twenty cubits is a good rise, and the promise of an abundant harvest; twenty-four would be destructive to life and property. No wonder, then, that the rise of these waters is watched with intense interest by the inhabitants. By this island, also, tradition fixes the place of the exposure of

THE INFANT MOSES.

This, to me, was of more interest than all the rest, and the story of this great leader and law-giver in Israel was fresh in my mind. With what crushing weight that edict of an arbitrary and persecuting ruler, that doomed their children to death, must have fallen upon the hearts of the mothers in Israel! What an hour of deep, agonizing trial was that, when a daughter of Levi, under the pressure of that cruel decree, took an ark of bulrushes, and daubed it with slime and pitch, and put the child therein, and laid it in the flags by the river's brink! How vividly the picture passed before my mind, as I thought I could see the Hebrew mother, swayed by the conflicting emotions of hope and fear, wrestling with God, in the earnest struggle of a holy faith, that he would open a way for the salvation of her child! And I almost fancied I caught glimpses of that faithful sister Miriam, half concealed among the shrubbery of the bank, as she watched with anxious solicitude the fate of her infant brother! But an eye that watched with more untiring vigilance, and a hand that could direct a mother's plans and a prince's steps, was there! It was a wonderful beginning of a strange and eventful life! Is it possible, I mused, that I am standing so near the scene of these remarkable events? Are these the waters that went rippling by the ark of the infant Moses, and over which he afterwards stretched his wonder-working rod, transforming them into a terrific torrent of blood? How plainly the hand of God was seen in these wonderful events!

Now we are approaching the opposite shore. I watched the boatman in the collection of his tolls, for I was curious to know

how much the natives paid—probably not more than one cent; but Frank travelers are free plunder, and every one that comes in contact with them expects to make it pay. And yet these natives, so rude and lawless, so vehement in language and violent in gesticulation, are not a quarrelsome people. A single threatening motion from the hand of a Frank will overawe a dozen of them, and even if they get a blow from a superior, they will seldom resent it. They have far more knavery than courage, while deceit and falsehood are bred in the warp and woven in with the very filling of their nature. Landing from the boat, we were in Gizeh, an old, dilapidated town, the miserable wreck of what it once was. In the days of the Mamalukes, it was fortified and adorned with mosques; but fortifications and mosques are now crumbling heaps of dirt and stones. Here, if the traveler chooses, he can visit

THE RENOWNED CHICKEN OVENS.

From the time of the Pharaohs, even down to the present, Egypt has been noted for the multitude of chickens hatched by artificial heat. The eggs are stowed by thousands into great ovens; the heat graduated to a degree corresponding to the warmth of the parent hen, and in due time, though eggs are close things, the chickens do come out. This artificial mode of producing chickens seems to be a purely Egyptian notion. The business is principally conducted by the Copts, and is still carried on in both Upper and Lower Egypt, the proprietors paying a tax to the government for the privilege. The eggs are placed in the large ovens upon mats or straw, tier above tier. A building containing from twelve to twenty-four ovens is called a maamal, and receives at one time about one hundred and fifty thousand eggs. In 1831, an official report for the government gave, in Lower Egypt alone, one hundred and five of these establishments, using up annually over nineteen millions of eggs, of which about six millions were spoiled, and from the balance about *thirteen millions of chickens* produced! Thus saving more than a million and a half of hens the arduous task of three weeks' patient, self-denying incubation, and relieving them from

more than twice that amount of time in the anxious, toilsome labor of rearing their broods!

Passing along these streets, large quantities of oranges, dates and other fruits, with bread and vegetables, were exposed for sale. I had taken a lunch for myself, intending to dine on the top of Cheops. "Hassan," said I, "did you bring any thing along to eat?" "No, sah." Handing him three piasters, "Here, buy me three or four oranges, and get some bread and oranges for yourself." He took the money, looked at it a moment, and with a contemptuous toss of the head pushed it back towards me: "Shaw! couldn't buy any thing with dat." "Very well," said I, carelessly; "no matter," and put it back into my pocket. Again he looked disappointed. I knew it was twice as much as was necessary, but as he expected to pocket all the change, he was calculating I would increase the amount.

We were passing the last of the market stands, and a few minutes would end the chance of making a purchase. Hassan sidled up to me, and in a subdued tone said: "Please, sah, gib de money, I buy de oranges." I handed him a single piaster. He looked at it contemptuously, turned it in his hand, and was about to speak. "That or nothing," said I, sternly. He started for a stand, brought me four oranges, tucked four into his own bosom, bought bread enough for his dinner, and I saw the huckster hand him back several paras change. The truth is, these fellows are so much accustomed to make something from travelers at every turn and every trade, their rapacity is never satisfied.

We had now a ride of four or five miles to make across the open plain, the huge pyramids all the time in sight, but still so far distant one could form no just conception of their size. Indeed, the general impression of travelers, as they approach them, at first, is one of disappointment, but they should suspend their judgment till they have ascended their rugged sides. We passed two or three Arab villages on our way. The same appearance of indolence and haggard poverty is every where apparent. Lazy, lounging men, lying about upon the ground; uncouth females, sitting in graceless attitudes, their little ones rolling in the dirt about them. A dozen wolfish dogs, with bristled hair

and savage howl, were sure to herald our approach, while a troop of half-naked boys and girls would run after us, calling out in boisterous tones, How-ad-ge (traveler), how-ad-ge, backsheesh, backsheesh!

THE DONKEY BOY AGAIN.

As we neared the place, the persevering Hassan made another attempt to sponge something out of me, by the most solemn assurances that he understood dealing with the Arabs at the pyramids, and if I would give him the money he could make an advantageous bargain with them. After the unsuccessful attempts of the boy at the ferry and the buying of the oranges, I admired both his perseverance and his impudence, and though I thought they deserved a reward, I repulsed him rather rudely, telling him I chose to make my own bargains.

We now come to the boundary line, where the rich vegetation of the valley and the barren, changing sands of the desert, side by side, keep up a continual warfare. So marked was the line, it was but a step from one to the other. The gray forms of those great sepulchral monuments now lay just before us. Their huge proportions seemed rapidly to increase as we neared them. At a distance, they appear perfectly smooth and pointed at the top; as you approach them, they assume a more ragged outline, and the top of the largest one appears a little flattened. They stand upon a rocky eminence, their base elevated about one hundred and fifty feet above the plain, just at the foot of the range of hills, behind which lies the vast ocean of sands constituting the great Lybian desert.

We had forty or fifty rods of the desert to pass. My little donkey sank to his fetlocks in the sand, and moved with so much difficulty I dismounted, gave the reins to Hassan, and walked on. "Please, sah, gemmen he always give donkey boy sixpence, for buy he grass for he donkey." I did n't believe a word of it, but having no disposition for a dispute about the small sum, I handed him a dime, though I knew a penny would buy all the grass he wanted. He turned round, and walked back towards the luxuriant growth of vegetation we had passed.

I glanced back occasionally, to see the result of his care for his donkey. He loitered till I was a few rods ahead, then turned and brought up his creature without a particle of the comforts, and put the money, as I supposed he would, into his exchequer, to increase the aggregate of his day's wages. The eventful ride was over, and I stood at

THE BASE OF CHEOPS.

Before we commence an examination of these wonders of the world, let us look a moment at their history. There are five groups of these pyramids, numbering in all about forty. They are all in middle Egypt, extending up and down the valley for eight or ten miles. Most of them are comparatively small, while a few of them have such gigantic proportions as to justly entitle them to a place among the wonders of the world. They all stand upon the brow of the hills opening back into the great Lybian desert. The three most noted of these groups, are Dashoor, Sakkara and Gizeh, the ones before which we are now standing. Near the pyramids of Sakkara are the

IBIS MUMMY PITS.

Here large numbers of these sacred birds have been most carefully preserved—embalmed, sepulchered and honored with religious, yet superstitious care and reverence. Near them are also mummies of snakes, sheep, oxen and other animals. These were gods of the ancient Egyptians, and having no immortality of life, the attempts of their votaries to perpetuate their existence after death have proved a signal failure, for most of the stone pots in which they have been so carefully placed, on being opened, are found to contain only a handful of dust. Between the pyramids of Sakkara and Abooser is a great

APIS CEMETERY.

Here the embalmed bodies of their sacred bulls, after having received divine honors, were interred in great pomp and state. Here are long underground passages hewn in the rocks, on the sides of which are deep recesses, each containing a large granite sarcophagus. These are nearly thirteen feet long, between

seven and eight broad, and of proportionate hight. Here also were found inscriptions affixed to the walls, containing an account of the successive bulls, and the names of the kings in whose reigns they received divine honors. The remains of these gods have all been removed.

Before leaving home, I saw in Dr. Abbot's museum of Egyptian antiquities in New York, the bodies of three of these "Apis Osiris" divinities. These are the only ones that have been removed from Egypt. They are large sized animals, in a recumbent posture, saturated with embalming spices, bound around the body, head and horns, with many folds of mummy cloth, the whole well secured with numerous coils of well preserved rope. The ancient Egyptians honored these sacred bulls as an image of the soul of Osiris. When one died, the soul was supposed to migrate into the body of his successor. In looking upon these putrid, loathsome carcasses, I could but exclaim: "Is that a body in which a god might dwell?" I thought of what the Apostle Paul says of depraved men, who, professing to be wise, become fools, and "changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts and creeping things." The most renowned of all these pyramidal structures are the ones now before us.

THE PYRAMIDS OF GIZEH.

They are three in number, one is quite small; of the other two, one is called Cephrenes, the other Cheops, from the two kings by whom they are supposed to have been built. Cheops is the larger of the two, and to this one we will turn our attention, making a description of one suffice for all the rest. Of its vast size, one does not at first, even when he stands by its side, form any adequate conception. Standing, as it does, upon its firm foundation of native limestone rock, amid the perpetual sterility of bleak and barren sands, without tree or house or hill with which to compare it, there is seen no standard by which to test its magnitude. The figures of its present dimensions are easily given: Its present base is, each side, 732 feet; perpendicular hight, 456 feet; the angle of the sides is about

52°. But this is not its original size. The vandal hands of the Caliphs were laid upon it, the granite casement that constituted the smooth exterior torn off, and layer after layer of the huge limestone blocks removed to build the palaces and mosques of Grand Cairo. They seem to have quarried from it with as little reverence for its magnificence and antiquity as though it had been only a bed of native stone in the hill-side. Colonel Howard Vyse makes an estimate of its former size and hight as follows: Original base, each side, 764 feet; hight, 480 feet 9 inches. It covered an area of about 571,536 square feet. The solid contents have been calculated 85,000,000 of cubic feet; and that there is space enough in this mass of masonry, were it devoted to the purpose, for 3,700 rooms of the size of the king's chamber found within. At present, the base covers an area of nearly thirteen acres, formerly about thirteen and a half acres.

Still one may read these figures again and again, and form no just conception of the immense magnitude of the structure. It is only when we begin to calculate and make comparison with other hights and structures, that we can at all appreciate the mountain mass of stone that lies before us.

Let the farmer or any one who is accustomed to measure land, or estimate the size of lots, lay off in his mind a square piece of ground containing thirteen acres; and many a man who has thirteen acres thinks he has quite a farm. Let him imagine this great field all covered over with huge blocks of stone laid closely side by side. Then begin and pile layer upon layer, drawing in each successive tier a little, as he does his sheaves in finishing his grain stacks. On you go, piling them higher and higher, till you reach the tops of the tallest forest trees, and you have only, as it were, laid the foundation. Stone is added to stone—you have overtopped Bunker Hill Monument—you have reached the hight of the gold-tipped spires of the tallest church steeples in our largest cities, and yet the altitude of your cloud-towering pile is not half completed! Eighty feet makes a very tall tree, and yet six such trees standing one upon the other would only measure the hight of this enormous structure as it was left by the hand of those who reared it!

Herodotus, who visited Egypt 455 B. C., gives us some account of the herculean labor here performed. The stones were brought from the mountains on the opposite side of the valley of the Nile. The first work was a causeway or road over which these stones could be transported. Ten years, he says, one hundred thousand men were employed in this part of the work. After the building of the road came the leveling of the rocky hill, the cutting out of the subterranean chambers, and the elevation of the enormous masses of stone. This occupied three hundred and sixty thousand men twenty years longer! The first layer of stones were easily put in their places. The second were elevated by the aid of machines, or derricks. Thus, as the hight of the mass progressed, there were a series of broad steps corresponding to the number of layers of stone. Thus these machines were planted along the ascent, and the stones elevated from step to step. The apex reached, and the last limestone layer of the pinnacle in its place, triangular blocks of granite were fitted into these successive series of steps, beginning at the top and working downwards, leaving constantly a smooth surface above the workmen as they descended.

Such is the structure we have come to examine, and which now stands before us in all its huge proportions. What an immense labor! What countless years of human toil! What a story of crushing despotism and hard-handed slavish servitude! But they were built, and here they stand, and here they have stood for thousands of years, defying the storms of the desert and the lightnings of heaven; looking down in proud contempt upon the fiercer conflicts of human passion, as conquering nations have come to deluge with blood, and heap with carnage, those beautiful plains above which they lift their lofty heads!

MEETING WITH THE ARABS.

I had scarcely taken a survey of the great structure, when at least a dozen sturdy Arabs, with loose trowsers and short robes, suddenly made their appearance. I gave them a friendly salutation, speaking in English, to which one of them, apparently for himself and company, responded. "Want to go up de pyramid?" said one of them, in very good English. "Well, I

do n't know yet what I shall want." "Take you up, take you inside, all round, good." "How much you ask?" said I. "He's de sheik," pointing to one of the best looking among the crowd, who stood erect, holding the folds of his old striped blanket about him with all the dignity of a Roman senator; "he's de sheik, he make de bargains." I turned to him with a deferential air: "Have you charge of this place, sir?" "I am sheik here, sir; you want to go up to de top?" "Don't know; what you ask to take me up?" "Five shillings" (one dollar and twenty-five cents). "Five shillings! No, no! too much, too much!" "How much you tink?" "Some who came here yesterday only paid two shillings." "Dey berry bad men," said the sheik, shaking his head. "We take em up, dey no pay us. Dey strike one my men. Berry bad men, berry bad." I questioned him a little farther about their conduct, and was satisfied the visitors had themselves behaved very rudely, and refused to pay a fair compensation, and while they came home with such reports of the savage Arabs, I found they had left behind them no very high estimate of their gentility or generosity. iv

"Five shillings," said I again, "is too much." "How much you tink?" said the sheik. Murray's guide-book says four shillings (one dollar) is enough. "All de gemmens pay five shillings. Dat is de price. We hab all one price." "Very well, you have a good looking set of men here. These all your men?" "Yes, all good, all help." "Good looking men," continued I. "I think you mean to do right." I saw I was winning upon his good opinion. "All good," said the sheik. "Five shillings?" said I again. "Five shillings," said the sheik. "Five shillings and no backsheesh?" said I, inquiringly. "No backsheesh," said the sheik. This was an important point. "Very well, take me up, *bring me down*"—I was careful to put this in, for sometimes, if the bargain is made carelessly, they will take the traveler to the top, and then refuse to help him down without extra pay, saying they only agreed to take him up. "Take me up and bring me down, and take me inside and all around, and I will give five shillings, and no backsheesh." "Tieb, tieb!" said the sheik. "Tieb, tieb!" responded the men. That is, good, good! or, in Yankee phrase, all right! "Now, I

want two men and no more to go with me." Sometimes three or four will hang around a traveler, and then clamor for a backsheesh. "I want only two men, good ones," said I to the shiek. "All good, which you please?" I glanced round the company, fixed my eye on two good natured looking fellows, one of whom had frequently put in some very good English while I was talking with the sheik. "I'll have that man and that one." "Tieb!" And the two started out and led the way to the southeast corner of the structure, apparently pleased at being thus honored. And now for

THE ASCENT OF CHEOPS.

The removal of layer after layer of stones from the outside of the structure, of which we have before spoken, has reduced it to the condition of an immense stairway. In some places the stones have been taken out to a much greater depth than others, giving it a ragged and uneven appearance. These steps are from two to three feet high, corresponding to the thickness of the original layers of stone. Of these layers or tiers of stone there are two hundred and six. The ascent is not difficult, but quite fatiguing, especially if one attempts to hurry. Agile persons, accustomed to climbing, have been known to ascend to the top in eight to ten minutes, but the time usually occupied is from fifteen minutes to half an hour. My guides were anxious to impress me with the importance of their services, but I refused their hands and commenced the ascent alone, one running before me, the other behind. I found it indeed a giant stairway. The strides were long and fatiguing. Having reached an ascent of fifty or sixty feet, and gained a broad platform in one corner of the structure, I stopped to rest. My guides were very communicative, and we chatted together in great glee. Another ascent of about the same distance, and another rest. I looked out at this hight upon the broad plain that stretched away before me; there was something exhilarating in the air, and in the scene, and I shouted with my Arab companions in boyish glee. By this time I was quite out of breath, and was glad to avail myself of the assistance of my swarthy companions. One took my right hand, the other my

left, and stepping before me up the rocks, pulled me after them. On we went with great rapidity, they almost literally lifting me from step to step.

AN ARAB SONG.

As we got well under way, they broke out into a kind of a wild, extemporaneous song, a strange mixture of Arabic and English, highly complimentary and suggestive—the closing stanza winding up as follows:

Ya ah, ya ah, ya a ha!
Away, away, and up we go;
American gentleman berry good man,
Give us backsheesh, ya ah ha!
Yankee doodle dandy!

Thus up, and up, and up we went, occasionally stopping to rest, questioning and being questioned. I made quite free with my assistants, praised their skill and agility, and they in turn had compliments in broken English for America and American gentleman. On we went, occasionally their song breaking out in wild animation, sometimes with the variation of

"Jack and Gill went up the hill."

I found they were quite well posted in American literature, and had I been an Englishman, I have no doubt but that they would have sung "God save the Queen" with equal grace. I saw they were fully as anxious to please me as I was them, though our motives might have been very different; I was thinking of my personal safety, they, of the backsheesh. At last we were *on the summit!* A few moments rest and I began to look about me, pondering on the strangeness of my location, observing the magnitude of the stones, and the numerous names in many languages carved upon them.

The barbarian Caliphs that laid their ruinous hands on this noble structure, and quarried from its capacious sides, have not spared even the pinnacle of the enormous edifice. From thirty to fifty feet of its top has been torn away, and you are surprised to find that what from the ground looked like a point high in the air, too small for a man to stand upon, is a broad base or platform, thirty-two feet across. I was surprised at

the magnitude of the stones even at this great hight—two to three feet thick and several feet long. What an immense labor it must have been to elevate such masses of stone to such a vast distance from the ground!

REFLECTIONS UPON THE TOP OF CHEOPS.

Once upon the summit, I gave myself up to the emotions and the enthusiasm the place was calculated to awaken and inspire. First, like Moses from the top of Pisgah, I took a survey of the land, that, like a great panorama, lay in its variety and beauty at my feet. There was the green valley of the Nile, stretching away up and down as far as the eye could reach, opening its fertile bosom to the beautiful heavens, welcoming the floods of golden sunlight that came streaming down from a cloudless sky. Along the line of the valley could be traced for many miles the majestic and wonderful river, winding, like a great serpent, its voluminous folds in strength and dignity as it rolled onward to its ocean home. Away yonder in the distance were the Arabian hills, skirting the barren desert that lay in bleak sterility beyond. Nearer by, the Mokuttam hills and the quarries of Masarah, from whence the mountain of stone upon which I was standing had been chiseled, and the eye could trace the long, laborious distance over which the great causeway was built upon which these stones were transported. Nearer by, an attractive spot upon the landscape, was the great city, Grand Cairo, its walls, its great, gray, towering citadel, its mosques and multitude of minarets. Around my feet, and away to the south and west, was the vast expanse of the Lybian desert, presenting in its sullen and gloomy sterility a striking contrast with the fertile valley that bloomed by its side. Then I turned and looked down upon the battle-field where Bonaparte, with thirty thousand men, met Murad Bey, where the memorable "Battle of the Pyramids" was fought, where Bonaparte inspired his men with valor by pointing to these monuments, exclaiming: "Forty centuries are looking down upon you from those mighty structures!" The thunder of the battle ceased, the smoke cleared away, thousands were left dead upon the field, and the triumphant Bonaparte camped within the

walls of Cairo. I could scarce persuade myself that those green fields, now so smiling and beautiful, had been the theatre of such scenes of carnage.

Then History came and lifted the gates of memory, and opened long vistas through the winding and intricate mazes of the past. I saw the wandering tribes from Shinar emigrating to these fertile vales. Here, shut in by sea and desert, they could pursue their peaceful avocations. In their settled habitations, industry became a necessity, and of industry art and science were born. My imagination re-peopled their cities, rebuilt their ruined temples and altars, and I saw Egypt in her pomp and pride, splendor and glory. As I gazed, a change came over the vision of the valley, clouds gathered upon her glory, and beneath the devastating hand of ruin, her magnificence and splendor faded away. Alas! how changed, how fallen! Who cannot read upon her ruined cities, crumbling temples and plundered tombs, the handwriting of God? Who cannot read, deeply traced in unmistakable lines upon all around him, the fulfillment of the ancient prophetic declarations: "The sword shall come upon Egypt, and they shall take away her multitude, and her foundations shall be broken down;" "They also that uphold Egypt shall fall, and the pride of her power shall come down, * * * and they shall be desolate in the midst of the countries that are desolate, and her cities shall be in the midst of the cities that are wasted"? Ezekiel xxx.

A BOTTLE BOY.

My reflections were suddenly broken by a little, ragged urchin, a genuine sappling of Arab stock, who thrust an Egyptian pottery bottle into my face. "Water, sah? Water? Nile water, good water, sweet water. Got him right out de Nile." It was not the first time I had seen the little scamp. He started with us upon our ascent, bottle in hand, and most persistently perserved in offering me water every time I stopped to take breath, though I repelled him several times with absolute rudeness. It was certainly kind of the little barbarian thus to remember me, though I could not resist the impression that he was thinking

not so much of my comfort as of a backsheesh. I was not thirsty, but his interruption had the effect to recall my wandering thoughts and arouse me to the necessity of finishing my errand. I realized the strangeness of my position, yet I had made friends with my swarthy attendants, and felt quite at ease with them.

Cheops is a traveler's register, and many a visitor has inscribed his name upon the summit. The mania for this kind of immortality seems not to have been confined to actual visitors. When Chateaubriand was in Egypt in 1806, not being able to visit the pyramids, he says: "I requested M. Caffe, on the first opportunity, to inscribe my name, according to custom, on these prodigious tombs; for I like to fulfil all the little duties of a pious traveler." One of my attendants, anxious to make himself useful, smoothed with his rude knife a place upon one of the rocks, and I added my name to the many who have here "fulfilled the pious duty." Nothing now remained preparatory to a descent, but to have

A DINNER UPON THE TOP OF CHEOPS.

I had arranged to bring my lunch with me, and now spread the cloth with due ceremony. It was not altogether a solitary meal. My two attendants were close at hand, with expectant looks, and the bottle boy felt called upon to exercise himself in the duties of his vocation with unremitting attention. They shared with me; and not to be outdone in generous hospitality, one of them opened the loose folds of his shirt bosom, and drew out a small package of cotton cloth, that looked as though it had been dipped in a mud-puddle, and dried in a coal smoke, and unrolling several folds, brought out a large piece of goat's milk cheese, beautifully striped inside and out, commended its excellence, and invited me to partake. Its party colors of deep gray and dirty yellow were *prima facia* evidence of its unrefined manufacture, and anxious as I was to reciprocate every friendly office, I was under the painful necessity of politely declining to partake, fearing he "would rob himself." The repast was over; my associates were in good humor; the bottle boy had induced me to drink, and aware that he had gained an import-

ant advantage in his siege on my copper coin, his countenance wore a more cheerful aspect. Now came the decisive time for a direct and open assault, which, I have no doubt, my cicerones contemplated from the start, and for which they had cunningly prepared the way in the extemporaneous songs to the music of which we had kept time in our ascent. Laying aside all reserve, they openly broached the question, and without any circumlocution or figure of speech asked me for a *backsheesh*.

I had settled the question in my own mind before hand, notwithstanding my bargain with the sheik, that my attendants should have an extra fee; but not wishing to appear too willing, for sometime I evaded a direct answer. At last I said: "Why, I am to pay the sheik; I suppose you get your share of it? How do you manage that?" "I tell you," says one: "We be thirty men, all here to wait on de traveler. He, de sheik." "Who appoints the sheik?" said I. "De Pasha." "So the Pasha keeps you here to take care of the place and help travelers?" "Yes." "And who gets the money?" continued I. "Well, de Pasha he get some first, den de sheik he get some, den de rest he divide mong us all—so many no get much pay; gib us backsheesh, won't you?" "Well, you are two right good fellows," said I; "you helped me up all right. Now you help me down, take me inside, show me all around, and I will give you a backsheesh." "How much you gib?" "I give you one shilling (twenty-five cents) each." "O gib us more." "No, that's enough." "You gib him now?" "Not a single para till we get through," said I, firmly, "then you shall have him sure." "You wait till we get down, den de sheik he see; he take him all away, no gib us noting." "I'll take care of that; I'll see the sheik don't know it." This was satisfactory, and we were ready for

THE DESCENT.

I found the descent much more difficult and dangerous than the ascent, for there was constant danger of pitching headforemost down the awful declivity. Here, again, these treacherous Arabs often take the advantage of the timid traveler; for some persons, looking down from the fearful hights, become so dizzy

they are completely at the mercy of their guides. A day or two after my visit, they extorted from one man about eight dollars before they would consent to help him any farther. On his return to Cairo, he made complaint to the governor, the money was recovered, and the guilty parties punished.

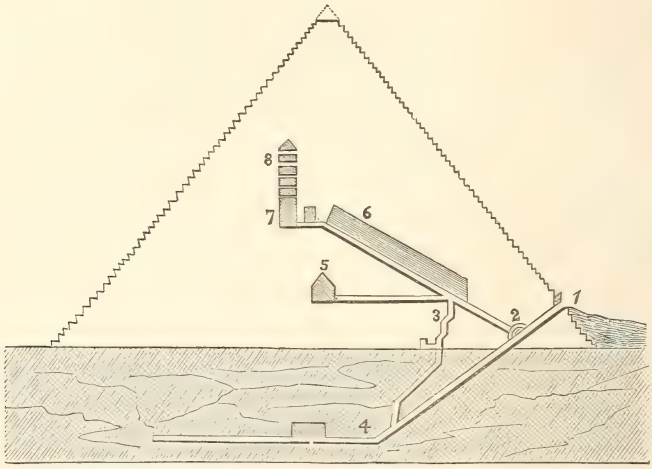
My guides, in this perilous position, seemed anxious to impress me with the importance of their services, and as we looked down the giddy stairway one of them said: "What if we let you fall?" "But you will not let me fall," said I, confidently, as I tightly clasped their hands. "Did any one ever fall here?" "Yes, one man he fall. He stingy. No pay for de guide. He fall down, down, down, way to de bottom. Smash him all in little pieces." I suppose this was their version of the story of an English officer, who, some years since, on his way home from India, visited this place. He ascended in company with a friend to the top, and was walking around near the edge of the upper tier of stones, when he suddenly fell. The attention of his friend was immediately arrested, he saw him roll down several steps, and as he caught for a moment, his friend met his upturned, imploring gaze. It is described as horrible beyond all description. He caught and hung but for a moment on this narrow stairway, then pitching headforemost over and over he rolled, never stopping till he had reached the bottom. Every bone in his body was broken, and he was literally pounded to a mass of jelly. It was supposed from subsequent developments the act was intentional.

VISIT TO THE INTERIOR.

Our descent, thanks to kind Providence, was made in safety. As we approached the base, my guides led the way to the opening that conducts to the interior. This entrance is on the north side, and about fifty feet above the base. It is certainly a low, miserable doorway for so magnificent a structure; but who expects any but a dark and dreary passage to the tomb?—for such is the place to which this opening leads—a tomb hidden in the most stupendous pile of stones the skill and labor of man ever erected.

For an understanding of the strange construction of the in-

ner rooms and passages of this mighty receptacle of the dead, the annexed diagram will do more than whole pages of description:



A section of the Great Pyramid of Cheops, showing the Interior Passages and Chambers.

No. 1. Entrance on the north side. 2. Forced entrance to the passage leading to the king's chamber. 3. The well. 4. Continuation of passage in the rock under ground. 5. Queen's chamber. 6. Grand gallery. 7. King's chamber. 8. Entresols or chambers above. More particular explanations are given in the text.

The shaded part of the drawing represents the native bed of limestone rock upon which the pyramid is built. We will now enter at No. 1, following the passages through, describing them as we go. The entrance is a low one, and we have to stoop nearly double. Death humbles all who visit his dominions. The masonry over this entrance is worthy of notice. Two huge blocks resting against each other form a pent-roof arch. The design of this is supposed to be to take off the superincumbent weight of the stones above. We had entered but a few feet when we found ourselves involved in darkness. It was rather a strange sensation that came over me, as I stood in this dark, lone passage to the sepulchre of the dead, with only two reckless, for aught I knew, treacherous Arabs for my companions, whose only desire was to get as large a backsheesh out of me as possible. We had entered but a few feet

when the last glimmering ray of light from the narrow opening died away.

We stopped in the darkness of the passage, and one of the guides said to me, in a tone somewhat of surprise, as though we had met an unexpected difficulty: "Did you bring any candles with you?" I had posted myself with regard to all the tricks of these wily fellows, and had learned that one of them was, when they got into the interior, to suddenly extinguish the candles, and refuse to light them without a backsheesh. So I had put into my pocket some matches, and two or three small wax tapers, about as large as a pipe-stem, with which I knew I could find my way out, and thus bring them to terms, if they attempted to desert me. I immediately drew one out and lit it. At first, they looked a little perplexed, then they set up a laugh, and made sport of my puny little candle. Declaring it "no good," they drew from their pockets a couple of pieces of large sized sperm candles, and having lighted them, we started down the narrow, dismal passage.

We went down this inclined pathway, at an angle of 27°, about eighty feet, till we came to No. 2. Here your attention is arrested by the marks of violence upon the stone work of the interior. Those who opened the way to these inner chambers, here found the upward passage closed by an immense granite stone, that had evidently been fitted in from above. This stone they could not move, so they forced a passage around it. Continuing the descent down the same inclined passage a few feet farther, you come to where it is cut in the solid rock. Descending still two hundred and twenty-five feet from No. 2 to 4, you come to the lower mouth of what is called the well, a crooked passage leading upward. You still continue downward till you strike a horizontal passage, and when fifty-three feet from No. 4, you stand in an open subterranean chamber, cut out of the solid rock. From this chamber a small, unfinished passage extends fifty-two feet farther—the object of which is unknown. Beneath this room there is also a deep well or pit, which has been excavated to the depth of thirty-six feet, but nothing of interest was found. In this chamber you are one hundred and five feet below the base of the pyramid. Herodotus mentions a

subterranean canal, by which the water of the Nile was brought into these deep underground apartments, but no traces of any such canal has been discovered.

Returning now to No. 2, we take the ascending passage. The angle of this is the same as the other, 27°, and all these passages run due north and south. Ascending a short distance, the low, narrow passage along which you make your way, suddenly expands near No. 3 into a large, majestic hall, called the "Grand Gallery." Just as you enter this, another low passage branches off in a horizontal direction, leading to what is called the queen's chamber. This chamber is smaller than the one above it, and is directly in the center or under the apex of the pyramid. The passage leading to this chamber is less than four feet high, and only three feet five inches wide. Here you are seventy-two feet above the level of the ground, four hundred and eight feet below the original summit, and seventy-one feet below the floor of the king's chamber. Returning again to No. 3, just where the passage branches off to the queen's chamber, you find the mouth of the well, which descends in a zigzag course to the subterranean passage, No. 4. Here also you see how the upward passage at this point has formerly been closed by four huge portcullises of granite, sliding in grooves of the same kind of stone. These ponderous gateways closed and concealed the upward entrance. These obstacles have now been removed, and you may continue your ascent upward along the grand gallery, No. 6, until you enter No. 7,

THE KING'S CHAMBER.

This is the grand apartment, and, no doubt, the great sepulchral room of this astonishing structure. The length of this chamber is thirty-four feet four inches; the breadth, seventeen feet seven inches; the hight, nineteen feet two inches. The upper ceiling is flat, composed of huge blocks of granite, laid across from wall to wall; the sides are also cased with granite slabs, finely polished, and the joints very closely fitted together. Immediately over this chamber are several smaller ones, No. 8. The ascent to them is by means of small holes cut into the wall at the southeast corner of the great gallery. These rooms are

only three or four feet high, and their only use seems to be to relieve the roof of the king's chamber from the heavy pressure of stone that would otherwise rest upon it from above. In these small chambers are found the only inscriptions that have yet been discovered in any part of this great edifice. These are hieroglyphics painted on the stones with red ocher. They were evidently written upon the blocks before they were laid in their places, for some of them are turned upside down, and in some the inscriptions are partly covered by the other stones about them. These inscriptions settle a question that has sometimes been disputed; they prove that the hieroglyphics are older than the pyramids. Among them is found the name of Cheops, after whom this pyramid is named, and by whom it is supposed to have been built.

THE AGE OF THE PYRAMIDS

Has also been a disputed question, and some have assigned to them an astonishing antiquity. Dr. Seyffarth, who has bestowed almost a lifetime upon Egyptian antiquities, and who reads the hieroglyphics with great facility, gives us some new and interesting facts about names and dates. Lepsius placed the building of the pyramids before the flood! Manetho, as some interpret him, assigns to some of these monuments an antiquity completely astounding, giving us a line of kings and a series of events reaching over more than thirty-six thousand years from the creation to the Christian era! How then, it has been asked, can the Mosaic record be true? Some of the conclusions reached by Seyffarth in his investigations, and for which he finds good authority, are as follows: That the antediluvians had a written language, and were acquainted in astronomy, with the present zodiac, and that the knowledge of these were transmitted by Noah to his posterity; that all the languages in the world were derived from the Hebrew, the original language, as can be proved from the names and forms of the letters of different ancient alphabets, and from the language of the ancient Egyptians; that Noah re-arranged the original alphabet, causing the letters to correspond to the plan-

etary configuration of the zodiac at the time of the deluge; thus incontrovertibly fixing the time of its occurrence.

These planetary configurations found upon the interior of tombs, the walls of temples and other monuments, are among the wonderful discoveries that have recently been brought to light. It consisted in recording the date of an important event, as, for instance, the dedication of a temple, the reign or death of a king, by simply tracing upon the walls of the temple, or over the figure of the king, or on the sarcophagus, the position the constellations and planets occupied in the zodiac at that particular juncture; and as every astronomer knows, so slow are the revolutions of those fixed stars, they have occupied such position but once since the creation, and will not occupy such position again for thousands of years to come; and any one accustomed to calculate the movements of these bodies can tell precisely the date of any such given configuration. A few years since, Dr. Seyffarth lectured upon Egyptian antiquities in St. Louis, Missouri; Professor Mitchell, one of the most celebrated astronomers of the day, was present. He heard the Doctor state that he found on an Egyptian sarcophagus in the London museum a planetry diagram, by which he knew the burial took place in the fall of 1722 B. C. Professor Mitchell, on returning home, commenced an astronomical calculation, and made a diagram of the position of the stars for the autumnal equinox of 1722 B. C. Doctor Seyffarth received it, compared it with the one upon the Egyptian sarcophagus, and found that the position of the heavenly bodies in the two corresponded in every particular!

But to go on with his enumerations: That more or less of the original revelations were preserved among all ancient nations, and that the true God was for a long time worshiped, but that the worship of inferior creatures ultimately relapsed into total idolatry; in confirmation of which, he gives us extracts from ancient papyrus rolls, taken from the oldest tombs of Egypt, containing the ancient sacred books of the Egyptians, abounding in such passages as the following—a translation from an old papyrus roll taken from an ancient tomb and now in a museum at Turin. *Title:* "This is the book of prayers for the praise

of the Lord Lord, who has resolved to create servants serving the eternal counselor, the creator of all things." *Selections:* "There is a Most-Holy one, a creator of the fullness of the earth, a ruler of days. I am the God of gods, the exalted maker of the planets, and of the hosts which are praising me above thy head, and the creator of the exalted race of the mighty princes and governors; (I) who sit in judgment; the Most-Holy one who condemns the wicked." "I am myself the world, the judge of every deed; myself the light (i. e. the sun) that convicts the evil doer; myself the king, the preserver of the laws of Egypt, who dwell at On, the City of the Sun." "I am the light, the son of the primeval light; I dwell in the exalted land of light, and was born in the land of light (with me there is no night)." "The government is mine, who am the Lord, who have made my arm, my right arm, to be dreaded; the Most-Holy one, who hath trampled under foot the abode of the wicked; who hath destroyed (in the deluge) the polluted race of the world; who hath made the children of the deceiver, (Satan,) and the insolent of the habitation of wickedness upon the earth, to tremble." These are a few extracts from many translations made by him, showing the doctrines of these ancient religious books of the Egyptians, taught more than four thousand years ago—light breaking from the ancient tombs! Doctor Seyffarth further shows that these sacred books, and the knowledge of the early history of our race, were known among all the nations of antiquity, and were the source of the traditions of creation, the fall of man, the flood, etc., that are now found scattered among the different races of men over the face of the whole earth, even where the Bible has been unknown. He also proves by fourteen of these planetary configurations, found upon different monuments, that Menes did not take possession of Egypt until 2781 B. C., during the life of Phaleg, six hundred and sixty-six years after the deluge—the chronology of these configurations corresponding with the Septuagint. He also enumerates all the particularly remarkable kings, from Menes down to Herodotus, for which, also, he has the authority of that celebrated historian—Mœris, 1777 B. C.; after him his son. Sesostris (Osymanda), 1731 B. C.; then Pheron (Rameses

the Great), 1694 B. C.; then Proteus, at the time of the Trojan war; then Rhampsinit; then Cheops, the supposed builder of this structure; then Chephren, who built the pyramid that stands by its side. This chronology, Seyffarth assures us, is confirmed by the astronomical observations and planetary configurations recorded, and which can now be seen upon Egyptian monuments.

If these chronological conclusions are right, then many former perplexing errors are corrected, the dates of important events are incontrovertibly settled, the fables and marvelous legends with which some had invested the early history of this land are cleared away, Manetho's thirty thousand years are all brought within the limits of our established records, and we learn, also, that the pyramids were not built before the creation! they were not built before the flood! they were not built before writing was invented! they were not here when Abraham visited Egypt, and this one, at least, was not built by the children of Israel, indeed, was not erected until about the close of the Trojan war, and about the time that David was king over Israel. Thus it is that light seems to be springing up from the ruin and darkness of the past; from these moldering remains of antiquity, voices are heard vindicating the revelations of God to man.

I trust I shall not diminish the interest with which we look upon this wonderful structure, by thus clipping off a few thousand years from its antiquity. It is still a venerable and hoary pile, and we contemplate it with awe and reverence. But I forget where we are; I am detaining you too long in this dark chamber, with its suffocating atmosphere and its gloomy associations. There is but one thing more for us to notice particularly—

THE OLD GRANITE SARCOPHAGUS.

It is the only piece of furniture the chamber contains—a chest of red granite, chiseled from a solid block. It measures outside, seven feet five inches in length, three feet two inches in breadth, three feet three inches deep, and its sides between four and five inches thick. Its size is just about equal to the doorway, but

larger than the passage leading to the room, so that it must have been placed here when the room was built. Was it for this sarcophagus this stupendous pile of stone was erected? That this great monument was intended for the dead seems evident, and this is the only tomb found within it. And what has become of the lordly occupant? When, and by whom was it filled, and when did it give up its treasure? There it stands, in mute and mock defiance of every effort to ascertain the history of its owner. I turned again and again to view that curious old granite chest. Like the tomb of Joseph after the morning of the resurrection, it was empty; the stone had been rolled away from the door, but no angel sat upon it to give the anxious visitor tidings of its occupant. Whose dust was deposited here, and what ruthless hands had invaded the sanctity of the tomb? I stood by its side, laid my hands upon it, and gazed into it with a long, deep, earnest look!

One of my guides seeing me thus interested in the old tomb, ventured to speak: "You like to hab piece ob dat?" I looked at it. Rude hands had hammered at it till every edge and corner had been rounded off by the perpetual chipping. "What sacrilegious visitants," thought I. "But, then, what harm? and why may not I share with others? When I set up my little cabinet of curiosities away near seven thousand miles from this, will it not be pleasant to add to the collection a little splinter from this old granite sarcophagus—a little bit of the tomb of Cheops, from the great valley of the Nile, transported to the great valley of the father of waters in the West, where, too, are buried cities and monumental mounds, still wrapped in profounder mystery! Ah! little did that great monarch think, when he built this mighty mausoleum, with its secret winding passages and intricate chambers, and had his mortal remains so carefully laid away and wonderfully walled in, that curious travelers, from a then far off and unknown world, would come and gaze upon his empty sepulchre, and wonder who had been its occupant!"

Thoughts like these passed rapidly through my mind, while the tall Arab stood leaning towards me waiting for my answer. "I'd give a dime for a piece of it," said I, as if awaking from

a reverie. He vanished into a dark corner of the chamber, and immediately appeared again with a stout bowlder in his hand; tapped the chest gently at first to show how clear and musical, like a bell, it would ring; then he pounded away at it with as little compunction as though it had been a piece of rough granite in the quarry. The reverberations rung like a death-knell through the lofty chamber and along the arched galleries. I almost trembled, as if expecting some slumbering genii of the place would be aroused, and come with demon fury to avenge the insult to the shades of the departed. The work was completed; a small bit of the red granite was placed in my hand, and I passed back the promised pledge. He took the dime, rolled it in his fingers—a thought struck him. "We got no small money. We can't divide him. Gib us another, will you?" Surrounded by so much greatness, I was not disposed to stand upon trifles, and I handed him the second dime. I was now ready to go, but my guides had another act in the drama to perform. They wanted to show me the wonderful

ECHO OF THE CHAMBER.

One of them uttered a long, clear, musical note. It reverberated from side to side, from roof to floor, and floor to roof; and came back, echo after echo, from the long gallery, until it seemed as if a hundred voices had conspired to prolong the sound. Then the two set in for an extemporaneous song. It was in part like the one to the music of which we had ascended the outside, except an addition to the chorus, not only complimentary, but intended to remind me of my backsheesh pledge. It closed as follows:

American gentleman berry good man,
Give us backsheesh, *not tell sheik*,
Yankee doodle dandy.

THE EGRESS.

My visit was over. Along the close and suffocating pathway we climbed, and just as the light of day came stealing into the gloomy recess, my guides again stopped. "De sheik he no pay us for dese candles; we get em oursef. Gib us dime."

This seemed reasonable, and as I had started with the intention of paying my way through, and making friends with these genii—no, geniuses—of the place, I promptly paid over the coveted dime. Again we stood upon the outside steps. I took long, deep draughts of the fresh, pure air, and rejoiced at my release from the dark and stifling chambers within. Again I opened my purse, and each Arab received with a bow and a thank 'e his promised shilling—backsheesh. A few minutes more, and we were face to face with the sheik, at the corner of the great pile where we first started on our strange expedition. He met me with a dignified air and pleasant smile: "How you like him?" "Very well," said I; "great place; very good men. I owe you five shillings." "Yes." I placed the silver in his hand; he received it with a complacent smile, and transferred it to his purse, and to my great surprise, and true to his agreement, put in no claim for a backsheesh—the first, and I believe the only Arab I dealt with, that was content with his stipulated wages.

Taking out my memorandum book, "Now," said I, "I am going. I want the names of these two men and your own, that I may remember you when I get to America." At this they seemed much pleased. "Your name?" "Abdallah Said." "Yours?" "Abbara Said." Then turning to the governor, "Sheik Allah, superintendant," said he. I saw he was proud of his title and position, and so I put it all down. We shook hands and parted good friends, and the remembrance of my visit to the great pyramid, and my reception and treatment by its Arab attendants, will ever be accompanied with pleasant associations. It was so different from what most travelers report, I am almost persuaded to believe that the poor fellows are either greatly libeled, or that travelers are greatly at fault in their own conduct. As I turned away, another question occupied my mind:

WHY WERE THESE PYRAMIDS BUILT?

There has been much speculation upon this subject. That they were built for tombs is very evident. The place where they stand—in the very midst of a city of tombs—the sar-

cophagi found in the inner chambers, and other reasons that might be mentioned, all seem to indicate that this was their primary design. But while this was their main object, they might, as has been suggested, have served for other purposes. Some say they were intended to aid in astronomical observations. They do not, however, appear to have been intended for observations, for the tops were pointed, and the outsides covered with a smooth casing, to prevent access to them. They stand exactly due north and south, and the observation of the sun's shadow might have served to fix the return of certain periods of the year.

If they are simply tombs, why built at such enormous expense of time, labor and money? We can give no answer, only, "To gratify the foolish ambition of kings." How much religious superstition, and false notions of the future well-being of the soul, as connected with the preservation of the body, had to do with it, we cannot tell. Certain it is, there seems to have been some most powerful motive, more so than any mere earthly ones could exert, to preserve the body from destruction. But these questions are locked in the impenetrable secrets of the past. Another question arises,

BY WHOM WERE THEY OPENED?

This is another of those mysteries that would gratify our curiosity, and yet might minister but little to our fund of useful knowledge. This piece of vandalism is attributed, like many others, to the Caliphs. They understood that secret chambers existed in these structures, and that valuable treasures were often interred with the kingly occupants of these places. Caliph Mamoon has the credit, or discredit, of opening this great pyramid, about eight hundred and twenty years after Christ. His engineers commenced in the center of the structure, and forced a passage by immense labor about one hundred feet. The cunning builders, supposing a passage would be looked for in the center, had placed it about twenty-three feet towards one side. In the efforts to penetrate the interior, the workmen, having forced their way about one hunded feet, accidentally struck the real passage.

Access was at last obtained to the hidden chamber and tomb, but alas! the coveted treasures were not to be found. Some earlier explorer had entered before the Caliph, and if the tomb had ever contained any thing valuable, it had been taken away. It is said the Egyptians themselves plundered many of the tombs of Thebes, and this one probably did not escape their rapacity. It is also the opinion of some that these immense piles contain secret passages and hidden chambers that have not yet been discovered, and that future explorations may yet be rewarded by valuable and important discoveries.

THE SPHINX.

I now turned my attention to a few other interesting objects in the immediate vicinity. I had often read of the sphinx, but I found I had formed a very imperfect conception of it. Come with me then, and look at this great monster. But first let us talk about the sphinx in general, and then examine this one more particularly. The Sphinx has a prominent place in Grecian as well as in Egyptian mythology, but the Grecian Sphinx appears to have been quite different from the Egyptian; theirs was a cruel, fabulous monster, partly animal, partly human, sent by Juno among the Thebans to punish them for some of their misdeeds. It kept a portion of the country under continual alarms, by propounding difficult enigmas, and devouring the inhabitants if they could not explain them. But this cruel monster had one vulnerable point. It was whispered that she could not survive a defeat. She would put an end to herself if one of her riddles was explained. At last came this enigma: "What animal walks on four legs in the morning, two at noon, and three in the evening?" The terrified inhabitants offered a crown and the daughter of a king for a wife to any one who would solve it. At last one Edipus made the discovery that *man* walks on his hands and feet when young, or in the morning of life; at the noon of life, he walks erect; in the evening of his days, he leans upon his staff. The Sphinx, chagrined at being thus defeated, threw herself from a high rock and expired.

Such being the end of the Grecian Sphinx, we are not to look for its resurrection in these Lybian sands; this is an Egyp-

tian Sphinx, with disposition and qualities quite different from the one we have been contemplating. Of these singular statues, the Egyptians had many; they stood as sentinels along the magnificent avenues that led to their temples. They were the head and shoulders of a man upon the body of a lion, supposed to represent the union of intellect and strength. They were of all sizes, from that of a small animal to the mighty colossus that now stands before us. Many of these sphinxes have been removed from Egypt, and now adorn the museums of Europe. One of them I saw in the Louvre at Paris, twenty-two feet long, carved from a single block of red granite; but this one is as unmovable as the solid rock of the hill from which it is quarried. Let us approach and examine it.

We are first struck with its peculiar formation. It stands seventeen hundred feet due east of the second pyramid, and about one thousand feet southeasterly from the southeast corner of the great pyramid. The great pyramids under whose shadows it rests, no doubt, much diminish the awe and reverence its gigantic proportions would otherwise inspire. As you come up from the east it stands directly facing you, looking out towards the eastern sky, as if to catch the first glimpses of the golden sun of the morning. It is one hundred and twenty-eight feet long; from the rock on which it rests its lion-like breast to the top of the head, is fifty-five feet nine inches, while that massive head measures round the forehead eighty-eight feet seven inches. It is, like all others of its species found in Egypt, in a recumbent or crouching posture, and it stretches out its enormous paws fifty feet in front of its capacious breast.

This unwieldly monster, except the paws, is a monolith, that is, it is of one piece, cut from the native rock of the limestone ledge of which it forms a part. On the back, where the original rock appears to have been defective, pieces of stone have been fitted in. This imposing head was adorned with a covering much resembling a wig, the flowing hair of which can still be seen projecting from each side. Time, the driving sands of the desert, and the hand of violence, have left their wasting influences on this noble piece of art. The nose has been nearly destroyed, the emblematic horns that adorned the head have

been broken off, deep furrows have been plowed in the neck and sides of the face; but there it stands, still grand, noble and majestic.

Several years since, some scientific gentlemen, making explorations here, had the sand and rubbish cleared away, that for centuries had been accumulating over it, and beneath which it was nearly buried. It was found to rest upon a smooth, rocky platform, an altar standing between its giant paws. On this platform were scattered about fragments of altars, lions, tablets and other sculptures, clearly indicating that here had been a sanctuary to which funeral processions had come, where sacrifices had been offered and sepulchral rites performed. It is supposed that it is the remaining one of a pair of sphinxes that once stood as guardian deities, gracing the entrance to a magnificent avenue leading to the pyramids. On one of the granite blocks found near the feet of the sphinx, Thothmes IV. is represented on one side offering incense, on the other, pouring out a libation to the figure of a small sphinx. Pliny says this great Sphinx was a local deity, and treated with divine honors, not only by priests, but by strangers who visited the spot. The sands of the desert have again destroyed every vestige of these laborious excavations. The lone divinity has been re-entombed, and now stands with only his head and shoulders above the ground, like a lone guardian of these sepulchral regions.

The Greeks of ancient days evidently had access to this divinity of the tombs, for when the excavations alluded to were made, a Greek inscription was found cut upon one of the paws, which has been translated as follows:

"Thy form stupendous here the gods have placed,
Sparing each spot of harvest-bearing land;
And with this mighty work of art have graced
A rocky isle, encumbered once with sand,
And near the pyramids have bid thee stand:
Not that fierce Sphinx that Thebes erewhile laid waste,
But great Latona's servant, mild and bland,
Watching the prince beloved who fills the throne
Of Egypt's plains, and calls the Nile his own;
That heavenly monarch, who his foes defies,
Like Vulcan, powerful; and like Pallas, wise."

But while this Sphinx has Egyptian records on his tablets, and names of kings on his altars, and carved lessons in Greek on his paws, has he no homilies for us? That Sphinx is

A GRAVE OLD PREACHER.

There is something solemn and impressive in those time-worn features; marred and scarred as they are by the lapse of weary centuries, we gaze upon them with strange interest. Come and sit down here on these drifting sands, beneath which he lies nearly buried, and let him talk to us.

"Once I was a deity. The crown of honor was on my head; a majestic temple opened for me its sculptured portals; the emblems of worship were at my feet; the smoke of burning incense enveloped me in fragrant clouds; oblations and sacrifices were laid upon mine altars, and costly libations were poured out by adoring multitudes. Alas! how changed! My temple has fallen into ruins about me. My altars have been broken and desecrated by ruthless hands, and I have been powerless to repel or punish the sacrilegious act. The patrons of my shrines have perished around me. I saw them borne to yonder great monumental piles, and I could administer no consolation, nor cheer the dying hour with a single ray of hope. I saw the monuments where they had hid themselves plundered before my eyes, and I could lift no hand to smite the heartless invaders of the realms of death. I have been the derision of the conqueror, the scoff of the plunderer; sacrilegious hands have smitten me; the storms have plowed deep furrows upon my face; I am fast yielding to decay, and the ruin that has fallen upon my companions and predecessors is settling down upon me. The winds of heaven are sounding my requiem, and the sands of the desert are weaving over me a tomb. I am no divinity! I, too, must perish! I have not saved others; I cannot save myself!"

Venerable relic of the past! thou hast been taught lessons few have ever been able to learn. Thou hast been taught to know thyself—the knowledge of thine own weakness, insignificance, mortality—and thou art humbled. But is that all? Tell us, thou ancient chronicler! as thou hast seen the mighty

tide of centuries sweeping by, hast thou no treasured wisdom for us children, who come and sit at thy feet? What words of warning and instruction hast thou? Where shall man look for light and life? In what divinity can he trust?"

"Children of a day, what sights I have seen! What sounds I have heard! What lessons I have learned! I saw all the gods of this land confounded and overthrown! I saw the workings of that invisible hand that was stretched out in Almighty power! I saw yonder majestic river rolling through those fertile plains in torrents of blood! I saw those fearful flashes of lightning, heard those awful thunders, and felt the power of that fierce storm of hail that smote man and beast! I heard the wailings that came up from cottage and courtly palace on that ghastly night, when the angel of death unsheathed his sword and walked in terror through the land; our gods were stripped of their divine honors, our magicians confounded, our priests put to confusion! I heard from the imperial palace of yonder ruined city, the confession these wonders and judgments extorted! It was the triumph of the King of kings, the exaltation of the Lord of lords. Yes, the Lord he is God. He dwells not in reptiles, birds and beasts. He is not in the hissing serpent, the sacred ibis, the royal bull, nor yet in sculptured stone—alas! how these things have perished around me! He fills heaven above you with glory, and the earth is full of his works. He is more enduring than the Sphinx, greater than the pyramids, sublimer than the mountains, infinite in glory, majesty and power." His sermon was ended. Farewell! venerable Mentor! Well hast thou spoken. Long-remembered and useful be the lessons that have fallen from thy mute yet eloquent lips!

OTHER TOMBS.

These pyramids are only great tombs among the myriads of smaller ones with which they are encircled. The whole western bank in this vicinity of the green valley of the Nile, for miles and miles, has been consecrated to the repose of the dead. Here are the sepulchers of kings, mummy pits, ibis tombs, and rock-hewn chambers, for the magnificent sarcophagi of Apis

bulls. Here countless thousands have been gathered unto their fathers, and the sands of the desert are every year burying them deeper and deeper.

The bottle boy had been a close companion—had followed me in all my walks—stood by my side when I gazed on the Sphinx, and waited patiently for me through all my reveries. He was master of a little English, and very kind and considerate in his attentions. He not only invited me to drink, but seeing my hands soiled by climbing the rocks, offered to pour water upon them; picked up fossil shells and specimens of stones for me, and withal was so gentle, he won upon my affections, and I was pleased to have him with me. His chances for a good backsheesh were already decidedly favorable. Turning away from the Sphinx, he called my attention to a wonderful tomb that had just been excavated. It was only a short distance from the Sphinx. The top of the ground had been cleared away, the sand and rubbish all removed, leaving the entire vault open to inspection. A large, square pit, about twenty-five feet each way, was cut directly down into the rock to the depth of about twenty feet. Around this pit there was cut, also into the solid rock, a trench about ten feet wide, and a few feet deeper than the central pit—thus leaving a room completely surrounded by a heavy wall of solid rock. In the center of this inner pit or room was a large granite chest, cut from a solid block, very much like the one I have described in the king's chamber of the pyramid. This was covered by a heavy lid of the same material. This lid had been carefully lifted off and set one side. Within the chest lay the coffin or real sarcophagus. It was, in shape, very much like our metallic burial cases. It appeared to be carved from black basalt, and was covered over with hieroglyphical figures and inscriptions, and was looking as clean, fresh and perfect as when first deposited. It had not yet been opened. Whether any thing would be found to reveal the name and character of the occupant, and when he lived, was yet uncertain. Within that sculptured chest was undoubtedly sleeping the mummied remains of some distinguished personage. For thousands of years he had enjoyed here the quiet sleep of the tomb, among his fathers and

kindred; but now his long, long repose must be disturbed, and in some far off museum, inquisitive strangers would gaze upon his blackened and withered features and wonder who he was!

THE DEPARTURE.

We have seen the wonders of the place—let us return to the base of the pyramid and leave for home. Bottle Boy, good bye! But stop—the backsheesh! Don't blight the hopes of his yearning, expectant heart. He, no doubt, was in hopes to get a half piaster, perhaps a whole one. I had grown in love with the little fellow, and I put a quarter of a dollar into his hand. He looked at it at first with a doubtful, inquisitive stare, as though wondering if it was not bogus. Having assured himself it was genuine—for these fellows have all a keen discrimination of money—his eyes dilated almost to the size of the piece, a smile of joy kindled upon his countenance, and he bounded away with the lightness of a fawn to the mud hovel he called his home.

I found Hassan waiting; and the patient Lily Bob, who had been fasting all day on the sixpence I gave his master to buy him some grass, pricked up his long ears and looked at me inquisitively, as much as to say, "I would be glad to leave this barren place." I had scarcely got well under way for home, when I found Hassan in for

ANOTHER TRICK.

He certainly was an inventive genius. I had not ridden more than ten minutes when the boy suddenly ordered a halt. Putting on a most rueful look: "O! I've left my donkey stick." I quizzed him a little to know what it was and how he had lost it. He expressed the most profound sorrow at losing it. "What was it worth, Hassan?" said I. "O, I gib quarter dollar for him." I knew the stick was an insignificant switch, not worth two paras, and that the whole proceeding was a mere ruse to move upon my sympathies, with the expectation that I would immediately give him a quarter to buy another with. I comprehended his design at a glance, and said, carelessly: "Never mind, Hassan; I'm in no hurry. I can wait as well as

not. I'll stop here; you run back and get it." Hassan turned and looked back, as if measuring the distance with his eye, hesitated a moment—"Guess I go home leab him."

The sun was just dipping his golden disk beneath the western horizon, far over the distant deserts, as we entered the gates and wound our way through the narrow, crowded streets of Grand Cairo. We crossed the Ezbekieh—gained the hotel. Hassan was evidently chagrined that he had so signally failed in every attempt to cheat me, and received somewhat sullenly his two and sixpence wages and sixpence backsheesh, while I failed not to administer a lecture in such English as I thought he could understand, upbraiding him with having lied to me every step of the way, and assuring him that I would not employ him again if I spent a month in Cairo.

I had just time for a bath and the adjustment of my toilet, when the bell called to supper. A hard day's toil gave additional relish to the smoking viands, and refreshed, I retired to my room to review the day. My excursion had cost me just three dollars and a quarter. Some travelers at the hotel said it was too much—that it was a bad precedent to deal liberally with the Arabs, it encouraged extortion. I could not so consider it. It might have been large pay for the time and place, but had it been in the vicinity of one of our American cities, the livery hire alone would have been nearly that amount. For myself, I was satisfied; I had enjoyed a pleasant excursion, written my name upon the top of Cheops, gazed into the face of the Sphinx, and been taught important moral lessons—lessons of human greatness and human littleness. How abortive are all attempts to secure earthly immortality! I put king Cheops by the side of Paul—the great house of stone in which the one had hid himself was contrasted, in my mind, with the house not made with hands, eternal and in the heavens, in which the other hoped to rest; the crown and treasures that barbarian plunderers had stolen, with the crown of righteousness that will never fade away.

CHAPTER IX.

EXCURSION TO HELIOPOLIS AND THE PETRIFIED FOREST—A SUNDAY IN CAIRO—VISIT TO THE COURT OF THE PHARAOHS.

Saturday, February 16. I awoke this morning from a refreshing sleep. The full orbed sun was looking in at my window, the songs of the birds were awaking inspiring echoes among the tangled foliage of the Ezbekieh, and the air was fragrant with the perfume of the sweet flowers of the Orient. The day is to be devoted to an excursion to some places of interest, a few miles from the city. Breakfast over, I stood on the steps of the hotel, and a score of donkey boys were at once on hand. Hassan, at the very first glimpse of me, paraded Lily Bob, looking as smiling and innocent as though naught but truth had ever kissed his lips. I would have patronized him, forgetting all the past, but he immediately commenced his old tricks, by assuring me most solemnly the places I wanted to visit could not be done in a day, and we must take two days for it. I had posted myself as to time and distance, and knew he was lying to me like a reprobate, and again I poured out my denunciations upon him, called him a deceitful rascal, and assured him I would have nothing to do with him.

I pushed him one side, and called another: "Can you take me to Heliopolis, and then to the petrified forest—to both places and back to-day?" "Yes, sah." "And to Shoobra?" "Shoobra, he shut up now. We no visit him. We go by Shoobra." "How much you ask?" "Two and sixpence. Dat de price. All de gemmen he pay so much. You get on, sah? Good donkey. He no fall down." He held the stirrup of his fancy saddle; in a moment I was astride of his little, clean-

shaved beast, ready for a gallop. And now come with me and I will show you the ruins of Heliopolis, the ancient

ON, OR CITY OF THE SUN.

The place is six or seven miles from Cairo, nearly northeast; the ride a most delightful one. A part of the way you have a fine, broad, paved road, and the whole distance you are riding through green fields of corn, clover and various other productions of the luxuriant soil. Now an orange grove opens upon your sight, then an extensive vineyard, while all the time your pathway is shaded by avenues of tamarisk, fig and acacia, that weave their branches in tangled arches above your head. As we approach the place, attention is called to some huge stone blocks near the road. These are beautiful Corinthian capitals, but the columns they once graced have now entirely disappeared. As you approach nearer, a beautiful obelisk lifts its slender form high into the heavens, standing in lone and solitary grandeur, the only monument left to mark the site of the ancient, opulent city. This monument the donkey boys confound with the name of the ancient city, and call the place Heliobolisk. Around it are numerous mounds of earth; the debris of ruined buildings mixed with fragments of carved stone and broken pottery. Some five or six feet of earth had accumulated about the base of this obelisk, but it has now been removed, so as to reveal its full length. It is a single shaft of red granite, sixty-eight feet two inches high, and six feet three inches broad at the base. This is the father of all the obelisks, the oldest one in existence, and here it stands in its original position, where its builders first erected it. Its firm base and towering head have withstood all the assaults of time, the convulsions of the elements, and the devastations of war. The wreck and ruin of four thousand years have not prevailed against it.

The ancient Egyptians always built sphinxes and obelisks in pairs. So it is said another obelisk formerly stood opposite this, and the two marked the entrance to a magnificent temple. From the description of ancient writers, it is supposed there was here a long avenue of sphinxes, reaching to the northwest

gate of the city. Fragments of these are still occasionally found, but all that is valuable has been caught up by antiquarians and removed, to add to the interest of public and private museums.

This obelisk not only had its companion to grace the avenue to the temple of the sun, but others, how many we know not, rose in majesty and beauty around it. From here were probably taken the two we have before seen at Alexandria, also the beautiful one that adorns the terrace of St. Peter's Church at Rome, another that adorns the grounds of the Lateran, and still another that stands at the Porta del Popolo of the same city. This one is covered with hieroglyphics from base to top. These hieroglyphics being deeply cut into the stone, the wasps upon the two sides least exposed to the weather have chosen them for their dwellings, and have so cased them to the very apex in mud as to make them illegible.

THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN.

The grounds in the immediate vicinity of this obelisk have been cultivated for many years as a garden. Here the careless fellaheen sow their seeds and gather their harvests, in stolid indifference to the buried ruins beneath their feet. Yet, here stood one of the oldest and finest cities of the world, and here are buried the remains of some of the earliest temples. The ancient Egyptian name of the city, as expressed in the hieroglyphics, is RE-EI, *House or abode of the Sun.* The Greeks called it Heliopolis, and the Hebrews, Bethshemesh, *House of the Sun.* This place was one of the most celebrated seats of ancient learning; it was famed for astronomy, as well as the worship of the Sun, and boasted of a renowned college of priests.

The Temple of the Sun, as described by Stabo, was a very large and magnificent structure. This historian also tells us, that when he visited the place, he saw some very large houses where the priests used to live, but the schools of religion and science had been discontinued; not a single professor was any where to be found. A few priests had charge of the temple, and explained their religious rites to strangers, and also pointed out the house where Eudoxus and Plato lived, spending thirteen

years under the priests of this renowned city. The sacred bull, Mnevis, shared also with the sun the divine honors of the city, and was one of the most noted among the sacred animals of Egypt. Many interesting sculptures and inscriptions have been found here, and doubtless many others lie entombed among these shapeless mounds, that future researches may bring to light. A red granite fragment was found at some distance from the obelisk, on which are the name and mutilated figure of the great Remesis. Not far from the obelisk is

THE FOUNTAIN OF THE SUN.

This is a beautiful fountain of water, springing directly from the earth; and fountains of this kind being so rare in Egypt, it has ever made this a celebrated spot. Some say it is the only living spring in the valley of the Nile. Not far from this place, a venerable old sycamore tree spreads broad and thick its massive branches, forming an inviting shade. When Joseph and Mary, with the child Jesus, fled from the jealous and cruel Herod, and took refuge in Egypt, tradition says they reposed under the shadow of these over-hanging bows, and slaked their thirst at this renowned fountain; and lo! the salt waters of the fountain were sweetened and the tree blessed with a perennial greenness and vigor! That the parents of Jesus should visit the City of the Sun, would be a very natural consequence of their coming into Egypt; that they should drink from this fountain would also be most probable, and it would not be unreasonable to suppose they would seek a shade from the scorching rays of the sun. But that this is the tree, or that a perpetual miracle was the result, is not very probable.

The first cotton planted in Egypt, was grown near this obelisk, on the site of this ruined city. It was sown as an experiment some thirty years ago, and now Egypt exports large quantities of this great staple. In the gardens of this city flourished the celebrated balsam trees, that were transplanted from the gardens upon the plains of the Jordan near Jericho, by Cleopatra. These trees are supposed to be the balm of Gilead mentioned in the Bible. None of them now exist, either here or near Jericho. Some of them were transplanted

to Arabia, near Mecca, where they still flourish, and from whence the balsam is now brought to Egypt and Europe. A short distance from this also we can look out upon the plain, where in 1517 Sultan Selim encamped previous to his defeat of Toman Bey, the result of which was the transfer of the scepter of the Mamaluke kings to the victorious Osmanlee. But what to me was of more interest than all of these things, here was

THE HOME OF JOSEPH.

He married the daughter of Potiphera, Priest of On. How strangely I felt as I gazed upon that ancient monument, and stood in the midst of these scattered mounds, marking the site of a once populous city! With what interest I recalled the history of that young Hebrew, who once acted so conspicuous a part in the scenes that have here transpired. That tall obelisk had witnessed his marriage, and these buried pavements had, no doubt, often been pressed by his feet. What an instructive history is his! His origin was lonely and obscure; his introduction into Egypt most humiliating. How many persons would have sunk under his burdens, and have fallen under the fierce power of his temptations!

It was a sad and weary journey that he made from the comforts of a home, and the fond affections of a doting father, to the hard drudgery of a bond slave in a land of strangers. It was a still more dreary pathway from the comforts and honors of the house of Potiphar to the dark and dismal dungeon, to become a companion of guilty felons. I saw him through those two long years of dismal, weary, prison life, forgotten by his friends and hated by his enemies, sometimes sinking under the dark clouds of despondency that gathered over him, then rallying himself with the consciousness that his God was his protector. During all these cheerless months he waited in hope, trusting for the hour of his deliverance. His unspotted life was a crown of honor, his integrity the rock on which he was built.

Even hope has need of patience, and patient waiting will bring the hour of deliverance. What a change was that from

the loathsome prison to the costly palace—from the companionship of criminals to a triumphal seat in the chariot of the king—from trembling under the frown of his tyrant jailer, to the acclamations of the shouting multitude as they bowed the knee before him. From the depths of degradation he was raised to the hights of honor, and his elevation was more rapid than his fall. Here, too, was

THE SCHOOL OF MOSES.

From the waters of yonder river that flow but a little distance from us, the daughter of Pharaoh rescued the weeping infant; and she called him Moses, for she "*drew him out of the water.*" In the court of Pharaoh he found a home. Among the renowned instructors that assembled in this city of the learned, he was sent to school. Here he became learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians. But the schools and artful logic of their philosophers, the crafty teachings of their priests, the magnificence of their temples, and the pompous rituals of their worship, could not eradicate or overcome that knowledge of Jehovah God, and that attachment for his people he inherited by his birth and drinked in from his mother's breast. He turned his back upon the affluence and honors of the court, and chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God. We shall hear of him again when we visit in yonder desert the Mount of God; we shall see him again when in yonder Land of Promise we stand on the Mount of Transfiguration. What a history these places have! What lessons come to us from these desolated mounds and these crumbling monuments! But this City of the Sun has another lesson for us. Let us sit down on this old broken column, take out our Bible, and see how this city was made a special subject of

PROPHETIC DECLARATION.

"Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, the God of Israel: Behold, I will send and take Nebuchadnezzar, the King of Babylon, my servant. * * * * And I will kindle a fire in the houses of the gods of Egypt, and he shall burn them, and carry them away captives. * * * * He shall *break also the images of*

Bethshemesh, [House of the Sun,] THAT IS IN EGYPT, and the houses of the gods of the Egyptians shall he burn with fire." Jeremiah liii. 10.

Could prophecy have spoken in plainer terms? And here we sit upon the very ground of which the prophet spoke, and here we see around us the desolations that in fulfillment of the word of God have been wrought! It was not many years after Jeremiah penned those words, that the proud king of Babylon led his conquering army, according to the record of both Josephus and Berosus, into Syria and Palestine; subdued the Ammonites and Moabites, and pushed his conquests into Egypt. He laid waste their temples, burned their wooden gods, and carried away their gold and silver ones, and loaded himself and army with the spoils of the land. What a place to meditate! To recall the wonders of a wonder-working God! To be impressed with his prescience, and note the Handwriting of his power! But we have other places to visit, and must not linger about these impressive monuments of the past. We turn and take our course towards

THE PALACE AT SHOOBRA.

This would well repay a visit, but it is now shut up, and undergoing repairs, and we could only get admittance to the grounds. It was the palace of Mohammed Ali, and is now owned and used by his successor in the viceroyalty. It is about four miles northward from the city and near the banks of the Nile. A beautiful avenue, shaded by acacia trees, leads from the city to it. These trees have been planted between forty and fifty years. They grow rapidly, and when in blossom, fill the air with fragrance.

When the Viceroy is at Cairo, Shoobra is generally his lodging place. He transacts business in the palace of the citadel a part of the day, and retires to this beautiful retreat to regale and rest himself. The grounds are beautifully laid out, and more attractive than the palace. They are generally open to the public, and large numbers of visitors resort to them. It is said they were laid out by a Greek in old Italian style. They are beautifully diversified with terraces, walks, bowers, flowers

and shaded avenues. Many of the walks are beautifully paved with small black and white pebbles, wrought into various designs of mosaic work.

The great attraction of the garden is a noble reservoir of water, gushing from marble fountains in the form of crocodiles. A visitor here in the days of Mohammed Ali tells us, that in the enjoyments of the garden he was not unmindful of the pleasure of his women, and had arrangements made to have them paddled about in boats in this great reservoir, often giving private directions to the boatmen to upset the frail craft and surprise the fair ones with a cold bath—"a piece of malice which afforded him as much unqualified delight as though he were still in his school-boy days." From this beautiful place where the senses are regaled by the adornments of art, we turn to contemplate one of the strange and curious freaks of Nature,

THE PETRIFIED FOREST.

I confess, notwithstanding all I had heard and read upon the subject, I had a very indefinite idea of what I was to see, as Abdallah turned the head of his donkey in the direction of the "forest," and urged him into a canter by a vigorous application of his shillalah. We passed the boundary of the Nile's green verdure, and struck off directly into the dreary waste of sands. Our course lay along a valley, or waddy, as it is called here, with a range of barren hills on either side, from many of which immense quantities of stone had at some previous time been quarried. At a distance of several miles from the city, we came upon these immense petrifactions. I say immense, though far inferior to what I had expected to see.

"Petrified Forest" is certainly a misnomer, for there is no forest here. Large masses of petrified wood are scattered here and there among the sands, but in this vicinity there are none over three or four feet long. Some of them are portions of thorn-bearing trees, some are palms, and some appear to be a kind of bamboo. Williamson tells us that in one place on the Suez road, he observed one of these petrified palm trees, between twenty-five and thirty feet long, imbedded in sandstone

rock. It is supposed that these woods have been at some time imbedded in a friable layer of sandstone. Here, by long and silent process, the texture was gradually changed. The sandstone, having at last been decomposed, was carried off by the winds and rains, and the heavier bodies of petrified timber remained upon the surface. The specimens, many of them, are of a very peculiar character, exhibiting sometimes a rotten surface of wood, the layers distinctly marked; sometimes a knot or joint, and then again a bit of limb, with the pith through the middle plainly to be seen. The place where these petrifactions are found, is a desolate, cheerless looking spot. I gathered a few specimens for my cabinet, and was glad to turn my face once more toward the city. As we neared Cairo, we passed the

TOMBS OF THE MAMALUKE KINGS.

Egypt is a land of tombs! Its sepulchres have been far more enduring than the abodes of the living. These tombs stand just in the edge of the desert, not far from the city. They were built more than four hundred years ago, and are fine specimens of the Arabic architecture of those times. Each tomb has a mosque attached to it, surmounted by a minaret. They are built of stone, quarried from the neighboring hills. But, though substantially built, and formerly kept in repair, they are now in a very dilapidated condition, and no one seems to care for them.

They have been called the tombs of the Caliphs. But the dust of the Caliphs, it is said, does not repose here. Their tombs once occupied the site now covered by the silk bazars of the city, and were long since destroyed. These monuments mark the spot where the Baharides and Mamaluke Sultans sleep. They were themselves invaders and plunderers; and now, in turn, their very tombs are wasting away. The reckless Arab is snatching from them stone after stone, and they too, like the lordly forms they were built to cover, will soon perish from the earth. The power and splendor of thrones and rulers will pass away; the beauty of the costliest monuments will perish forever. What are such things to these dreamless

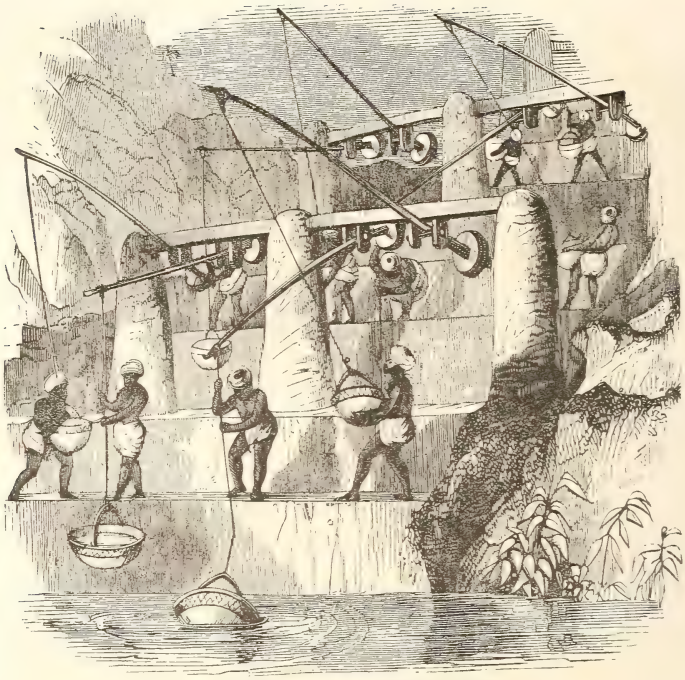
sleepers? What care they whether over them the green earth smiles in beauty, or the cheerless desert bleaches in the burning sun — whether their requiem be the song of birds, and the hum of insects, or the wail of the desert wind, as it heaps the sands higher and higher over their heads?

MODE OF WATERING THE LAND.

As we ride homeward, we may notice some of the peculiarities of cultivation. Though various kinds of trades and manufactures are carried on in the cities, the mass of the people live by the cultivation of the land, and the genial climate and fertile soil amply repay their labors. The annual inundation of the Nile is not only the great fertilizer, but in the absence of rains, supplies the moisture by which vegetation is sustained. During the long months of sunshine that follow the abating of the waters, most portions of the land would become dry and parched, were it not for the artificial means that are used to treasure up the waters, and then by various means pour them over the land at the time when most needed.

The land to be irrigated is divided into small squares or beds by little canals cutting each other at right angles. The water is raised from wells, reservoirs, and, if in the vicinity of the Nile, from the river itself, by different devices. When the water is to be raised but a few feet, sometimes a solitary man or boy may be seen dipping it up with a bucket — a slow and toilsome process. Sometimes a kind of basket is hung upon a couple of ropes, and two men, each having an end of the ropes in hand, keep the basket perpetually swinging, dipping it full as it comes down, and by a peculiar jerk of the ropes emptying it at every elevation upon the land. A more common device for this purpose is the *shadoof*.

This is much like the old fashioned well-pole and sweep, except that wood is so scarce the upright post has to be made of mud. Two of these mud pillars are erected, a beam laid across the tops, and the sweep attached to this beam. For a weight upon the end of this sweep, to balance the basket, as neither wood nor stone can be afforded, a large ball of mud is fastened to it. Here the patient native, stripped above and



Shadoof—Raising water in Egypt.

Oriental Women on Camels.

below, with only a piece of cloth about his loins, toils on through the long, weary hours of the day. Much of this drudgery is performed by Ethiopians and Abyssinians, and where the water is to be elevated to a considerable hight, rows of these sweeps and buckets are arranged, tier above tier, the first raising it to one reservoir, the second to another, until the required elevation is attained, from which it is spread over the land. The annexed engraving gives a good idea of this laborious work. When much water is to be raised, and there is capital enough to employ machinery, another device is resorted to, called the *sakiyeh.*

A large horizontal wheel, with cogs, puts in motion a windlass, to which is attached a smaller vertical wheel, over which is thrown an endless rope, with a series of earthen pots attached. These operate like the buckets of grain elevators in our flouring mills, and as this series of pots go down on the one side empty, and come up on the other full, rolling over the top of the vertical wheel, they are emptied into a conductor and the contents carried off to the little canals along the fields. This machinery is very coarse and rude, and makes a dismal, screaking noise. It is put in motion by a cow or an ox, sometimes by a pair of them. The poor animals are blindfolded, and go grinding round and round their weary pathway day after day, all unconscious of the results of their labors. I looked for an illustration of watering the land with the foot, to which some tell us Moses alluded in speaking of the land into which he was to lead Israel: "It is not as the land of Egypt from whence ye came out, where thou sowedst thy seed, and wateredst it with thy foot as a garden of herbs; but the land whither ye go to possess it is a land of hills and valleys, and drinketh water of the rain of heaven." Deut. xi; 10, 11. This, some tell us, refers to a method of raising water, sometimes practiced, in which light machinery, similar to the above, is turned by the foot like a kind of treadmill. Others think it refers to the fact, that when the ground was laid out into these small beds, with the little rivulets of water flowing among them, the channels were stopped by pressing the mud into little dykes with the bare foot, or opening them in the same way, as the ground

might require. If the allusion was to the former practice, it has now mostly fallen into disuse. When Niebuhr visited this country, he tells us he saw a machine of this kind used for watering a garden in Cairo. If the latter practice was referred to, illustrations of it can be constantly seen.

But while we have been visiting these places of interest, and watching these pursuits of the inhabitahts, the day has rapidly passed, and the evening sun is throwing his parting rays upon desert and valley, and we must hasten to our hotel.

STREET CRIES, TATTOOING AND BEGGARS.

Once more we are threading our way through the narrow streets of the city, and now our ears are saluted with strange sounds from the venders of different articles, as they hawk them about the streets. They are talking Arabic, and we must ask some one to translate for us. There is a man who has limes for sale: "O limes! limes! God make them light," that is, easy of sale. Another has a kind of cotton cloth made by machinery put in motion by a bull, and he is crying at the top of his voice: "The work of the bull! the work of the bull! O maidens!" Another has his hands full of roses: "The rose! the rose! the rose was a thorn; from the sweat of the Prophet it blossomed!" Another has the fragrant flowers of the henna tree. Hear him call: "Odors of Paradise! Odors of Paradise! O flowers of the henna!"

This henna is an article much in use in the East. The flowers of the plant not only possess an agreeable odor, but the leaves furnish the celebrated dye with which the nails and other portions of the body are stained. The ladies imagine they very much increase their beauty by these artificial stains of hands, feet, lips, cheeks and eyes. Strange, that while in one country all sorts of cosmetics are demanded to remove every vestige of pimple, spot or stain, and preserve the complexion pure and white, in another, stains become beauty spots, and the goddess of fashion imprints her deeply stained lines and figures on the fairest lip and brow. Truly, there is no accounting for tastes. The henna stains need renewing once in two or three weeks, but the deeply inwrought tattooed lines

SPECIMENS OF TATTOOING.

remain for life, for the coloring matter is pricked into the flesh. They are generally of a deep blue color, and are made on the forehead, chin, lips, breast, arms, hands and feet, and of any pattern to suit the fancy. A specimen of henna staining and tattooing may be seen in the engraving.

The beggars of Cairo are most importunate, and have a pious method of coming at you that seems almost ludicrous. They begin and end with appeals to God, and are familiar with both imprecations and blessings. One approaches you and stretches out his unwashen hands: "I am seeking from my Lord a cake of bread! For the sake of God, O ye charitable!" If it is evening, one says: "My supper must be thy gift, O Lord! I am the guest of God and the Prophet!" As I was dressed in Frank costume, I was frequently followed by some of these importunate beggars, who had accumulated a scanty English vocabulary for the occasion: "O Christian! good Christian! O Christian! I am seeking my supper from God!" Some of these beggars go about chanting verses, sometimes beating a cymbal or a kettle drum; sometimes they are seen on horseback. Lane tells us he saw one thus mounted, accompanied by two men bearing a flag, and a third beating a drum, and in this pompous manner he rode from hut to hut, asking for bread.

The streets are passed; we have run the gauntlet of the beggars—the din of the criers dies away in the distance. Welcome the hotel, our temporary home! A long ride has given us a good appetite, and we will hasten to enjoy the evening meal. Do n't forget the donkey boy. He has more truth in him than a dozen like Hassan — sixty-two and a half cents and a backsheesh.

February 17*th.* My first Sunday among Mohammedans. To one accustomed to spend the day in a Christian land, and in Christian worship, the scene seems strange indeed. The Mohammedan Sabbath comes on Friday, the Jew's on Saturday, and the Christian's on Sunday. Here I am, in a place where three Sundays come in succession, and the result is a verification of the old adage, "Extremes meet," for we have no Sunday at all. The Mohammedan Sabbath is but little

regarded. The bazars are all open, the mechanic plies his instruments of labor, the fellah betakes himself to his accustomed pursuits, and loaded camels and donkeys march hither and thither with their burdens. The mosques are open an hour at noon, and yet but few take any notice of the call to prayer. Of Christians and Jews, there are so few that the suspension of their business upon their sacred days is scarcely noticed among the busy multitudes of the great city. Never did I so much appreciate, or so well understand the feelings of the Psalmist, when he longed for the courts of the Lord, as I did while stopping in these Mohammedan lands.

ATTENDING WORSHIP.

But there is worship this morning at the chapel of the English Mission, under the care of the Rev. Mr. Leider, and at the American Mission this afternoon, under the care of Rev. Mr. Barnet. Some of the English and American boarders will attend with us, and show us the way. These places of worship are both in the Christian or Copt part of the city, and are portions of a common dwelling-house, fitted up with seats and desk for the occasion. The chapel of the English Mission is entered from a central court, like most of the houses of the city; the building is a rude one, and truly oriental in style. The three sides from which light is admitted is nearly all sash and glass, much like our green-houses, so constructed as to slide or turn on hinges, that they may be opened for the free admission of air. Fires are never needed, so no provision is made for warming; the great object of building here, is to keep the heat out, and secure the free admission of air. About fifty persons were in attendance. The service was Episcopal, and was followed by an excellent sermon.

The American Mission is under the patronage of the Associate Presbyterians, their rooms being in the same part of the city. The attendance at their service was quite small. An excellent sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Bliss, an agent of the American Bible Society, who has spent many years in Greece and Turkey. These missionaries are a self-denying, devoted class of persons, but they have a sterile field upon

which to labor. Still, they are sowing good seed—some of it is taking root, and like leaven in the meal, it will yet produce astonishing results.

A REFLECTION, AND NEW ACQUAINTANCES.

I returned in musing mood to my hotel. There was none of the holy calm and quiet stillness of the Sabbath of rest. Never was I so deeply impressed with the value of the hallowed influence of the "Pearl of Days," as when on this occasion I looked out upon the toiling thousands about me. All the week, all the month, all the year—ay, through life's weary pilgrimage—they toil on, the shadowy clouds of care and anxiety hanging over them, without any openings through which to catch the glimpses of the radiance of God's glory and sweet foretastes of heavenly rest. I thought of what one of my own countrymen says of this blessed day, when he compares it to a man swimming the mighty stream, and who stops, panting, to rest upon some midway rock, ere he plunges again into the tide. So, by this day, lifted above the tumult of earthly care, we rest and gain strength, before we go down again into the dark ford, to make another struggle for the farther shore.

Though I was compelled to spend this Sabbath day far from home and kindred, deprived of the hallowed associations in which I was accustomed to mingle, it yet brought with it one pleasant and interesting event. Up to this point I had made my journey alone. This, as the result of my experience thus far, I would never recommend any one to do. Secure one or two—and two will be preferable—good traveling companions before you leave home. It will make cheaper traveling, besides relieving the tediousness and loneliness of the way. This evening I was gratified in being permitted to make the acquaintance of two American gentleman who had just come into the place—Rev. Edward P. Baker of Massachusetts, and A. C. Herrick, a theological student and teacher, from Maine. They were pursuing the same route as myself, and we henceforth became traveling companions.

Amid the vociferations of street criers, the din of business, the clamor of servants, donkey boys and camel drivers, the

weary hours of the Sabbath wore away. It was evening, and I was alone in my room. The sun had sunk away behind the Lybian hills, and the shadows of twilight were gathering thick and fast around me. However cheerful and pleasant companions may be, there is a holy luxury in sometimes being alone; and alone at such an hour as this—and yet I was not alone. I was in a land that had made strange history for the world, and visions of the past flitted around me. I saw Abraham, the venerable old man, on his visit to the court of Pharaoh; Joseph rose up in the dim visions of the past, and I saw old Jacob, his father, expiring in his arms; then Moses, with his wonder-working rod, came and joined the group. But not the renowned only of ancient days, who had graced this land with their presence—the scene changed—the loved of former days were around me, absent friends came on light and cheerful wing to greet me, and I held sweet converse with them. And then I seemed lifted above them all. The heavens were bending toward me, and the glory of God kindled them with an unearthly radiance. It was a season of fond remembrances—of sanctified thought—of holy prayer! O, how much of life—of the past—of the present—of the future—may be crowded into one hour of calm, peaceful, twilight contemplation and prayer!

THE RUINED CITY OF THE PHARAOHS.

Monday Morning, Feb. 17th. We have slept safely and sweetly, because there is an eye that is never weary with watching, an outstretched arm that never tires in its protection. Already the sun is looking in cheerily at the window; the city, like a great hive, greets us with the hum of its swarming occupants—let us hasten our breakfast, and away upon our day's excursion to Memphis.

More than twenty donkey boys are waiting at the door, and we can have our choice. To-day I am not to go alone, as I went to the pyramids; my two new companions go with me; and you, reader, will please make the fourth one of the party; it shall cost you nothing for a donkey, and I will show you all the sights of the place. Do n't you think it 's splendid riding on these little long-eared asses? How like a rocking-chair they

go, tipping you backward and forward, as they clear three feet of distance at every bound! And now we are passing

AN EGYPTIAN PALM GROVE.

No groves that I have ever seen exceed the beauty of these palm plantations. Of course there are a great variety of palm trees. These are the date palm, and produce the fruit that forms quite a portion of the food of the dwellers in this valley. These groves are planted in rows like our orchards. It is surprising what a variety of purposes the tree serves, and how useful it is made. The trunk, from twelve to eighteen inches in diameter, rises in a single shaft or column, generally between thirty and forty feet, sometimes as high as sixty, and is of uniform size from bottom to top. The summit of this majestic trunk is surmounted by a beautiful crown of leaves. Every part of the tree seems to be put to some good use. From the long trunks beams are made to support the floors and roofs of their houses; an intoxicating beverage is distilled from the fruit, and which, not coming within the interdiction of the Koran, is much used among the Mohammedans. Palm wine is made from the sap, but can only be procured by destroying the life of the tree, consequently very little of it is made. The cabbage of the palm is found in the center of the tuft of foliage that crowns its top. It is the tender germ of the future leaves, tastes much like a chestnut, and is very nutritious. To take this away also destroyes the life of the tree. The fibrous parts of the bark and wood are manufactured into cordage, mats, baskets and various other articles. The leaves are also very useful, and a great variety of articles are manufactured from them. But its annual tribute of fruit is what renders it most valuable, and the failure of the date crop is one of the greatest calamities that can befall the land. So useful are their products, and so high an estimate is set upon them, every single tree is a subject for special taxation, and pays its annual tribute to the Pasha, for the support of the government. The tree is ornamental as well as useful. They are the most beautiful and striking objects of all the landscape scenery of Egypt. The

grove through which we are now passing is a very extensive one, spreading over several miles of territory.

MEMPHIS, THE NOPH OF SCRIPTURE.

A ride of from twelve to fifteen miles in a northwestern direction from Cairo was soon passed. Pleasant and cheerful company, the beauty of the groves, the luxurious vegetation, the mild and balmy air, all conspired to add to the pleasure of the ride. And now we are approaching the site of the ancient city. What do you see? Before us an elevated portion of land, covered with palm trees, and just here one of those miserable Arab villages of mud huts and ragged, wretched inmates. This miserable village is a modern affair, called Metrahenny; and strange as it may seem, we are now upon the very ground where once stood the populous and magnificent city of the Pharaohs. This spot was once covered by a dense population, and ornamented with costly temples and palaces.

The Copts called it Momph, the Egyptians called it Manofre, and this is the name by which it is known among the hieroglyphics. It was one of the oldest cities of the world, and is supposed to have been founded by Menes, the first Egyptian king. But what is there to show that this was once the site of a flourishing city? Look across yonder to the edge of the desert and to those hills that mark the boundary of the valley, and look upon that great city of the dead. There stand the pyramids of Sakkara, and about them, stretching away for miles, reaching northward to the great pyramids of Gizeh, that sea of sands is one great winding sheet, beneath which have been entombed thousands and thousands of the dead. From whence came the countless multitudes that slumber here, if there has not been in this immediate vicinity a great city of the living?

A few years since, had one been asked where the ancient city of the Pharaohs stood, he would have been answered, "Probably here, but none can tell." Ancient historians had spoken of the existence of certain remarkable monuments in connection with the city, but where these were, none could now tell, and the very site of the city was a matter of dispute. Since

the commencement of modern researches in this land, a beautiful colossal statue was discovered here, nearly buried in the mud and earth. It proved to be one described by Herodotus, connected with one of the great temples of Memphis. This discovery settled beyond controversy the site of the ancient city.

It is a wonder to many how a city of such great dimensions, containing such vast edifices, temples and statues, should be so utterly destroyed. It should be remembered, that by far the greater portion of the buildings of these cities were of unburnt bricks, a mixture of Nile mud and straw. When deserted, they would quickly be reduced to a shapeless mass of mud that would soon be covered by a growth of vegetation. The temples and palaces of stone were more durable, but were pillaged and wasted by war; the work of destruction thus commenced would soon be consummated by the removal of every useful portion to form a part of the edifices of more modern towns. The heavy portions that could not so easily be removed, would soon become imbedded in the yielding earth, the Nile would leave its deposits over and around them, and thus the city would vanish from the sight, and ere long perish from the remembrance of man.

THE HISTORY OF MEMPHIS, OR NOPH.

We have spoken of its antiquity; let us recall a few incidents in its subsequent history. The prophet Ezekiel was inspired to proclaim the destruction of the place. "Thus saith the Lord, I will destroy the idols, and I will cause the images to cease out of Noph." Ez. xxx 13. Jeremiah also saw the approaching hand of destruction. "Noph shall be waste and desolate without an inhabitant." xlvi 19. These prophetic declarations were uttered when the city sat in majesty upon the banks of this river, the crown of her pride unbroken, the splendor and magnificence of her wealth undimmed.

The destruction of this city was to come out of the north, and was to be by the hand of the king of Babylon. "Declare ye in Egypt, * * * and publish in Noph, * * * for the sword shall devour round about thee. Destruction

cometh, it cometh out of the north. The Lord of Hosts, the God of Israel saith: Behold, I will punish the multitude of No and Pharaoh and Egypt, with their gods and their kings. And I will deliver them into the hand of Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon. Jer. xlvi.

The victorious king of Babylon, about six hundred years before Christ, having ravaged Jerusalem and conquered Tyre, led his army into Egypt. Through all his course from Migdol, on the southern frontier, to the very borders of Ethiopia, ruin and devastation marked his course. Memphis was invaded, the pride of Egypt was humbled, her king degraded, the city and tombs ravaged and plundered. At the expiration of forty years, Memphis had mostly recovered from this desolating siege.

Soon after this, Cambyses led his army of Persians into Egypt, and Memphis was again besieged and laid waste. From this ruinous blow it never recovered, though it continued for many years to be the capital of Lower Egypt, until its rival, Alexandria, despoiled it of this honor. Its halls were deserted, its temples fell into ruins, magnificent edifices were torn down, and the materials carried away. So great a city could not be suddenly annihilated. Standing so near the banks of the Nile, no doubt its beds of hewn and sculptured stone afforded materials for many years for the modern cities along the river. Even as late as 1342, we read of very extensive ruins here, but they have gradually disappeared. Great mounds of earth, mixed with broken pottery, a few pieces of broken statuary and sculptured idols, that have been picked up here and there by the natives, and this

GREAT STATUE OF REMESES II.

Is all that remains to tell where so much greatness, wealth and power once flourished. Let us approach and examine this fallen monument. It stood upon a great pedestal, around which the ruins had accumulated to the depth of several feet; from this the colossal statue lifted its gigantic form forty-three feet high—the figure of a man, the face supposed to be a likeness of Remeses, to whose memory it seems to have been erected. It is

carved from one single block of silicious limestone, very hard, and susceptible of a fine polish. The front of the statue only was finished, the rear portions of the block being left in a rough state. Around the neck hangs an amulet or breastplate, on which is traced the royal name of the king, supported on one side by the god Pthah, the image of creative power; on the other, by the emblem of Truth. Around the waist is a girdle; on the center and at the side of this girdle are affixed the royal prenomen. In his hand he holds a scroll, bearing at one end his name, Amun-mai-Remeses; at his feet, standing at one side, reaching a little above the knees, is sculptured from the same block the figure of a little girl, said to be his daughter.

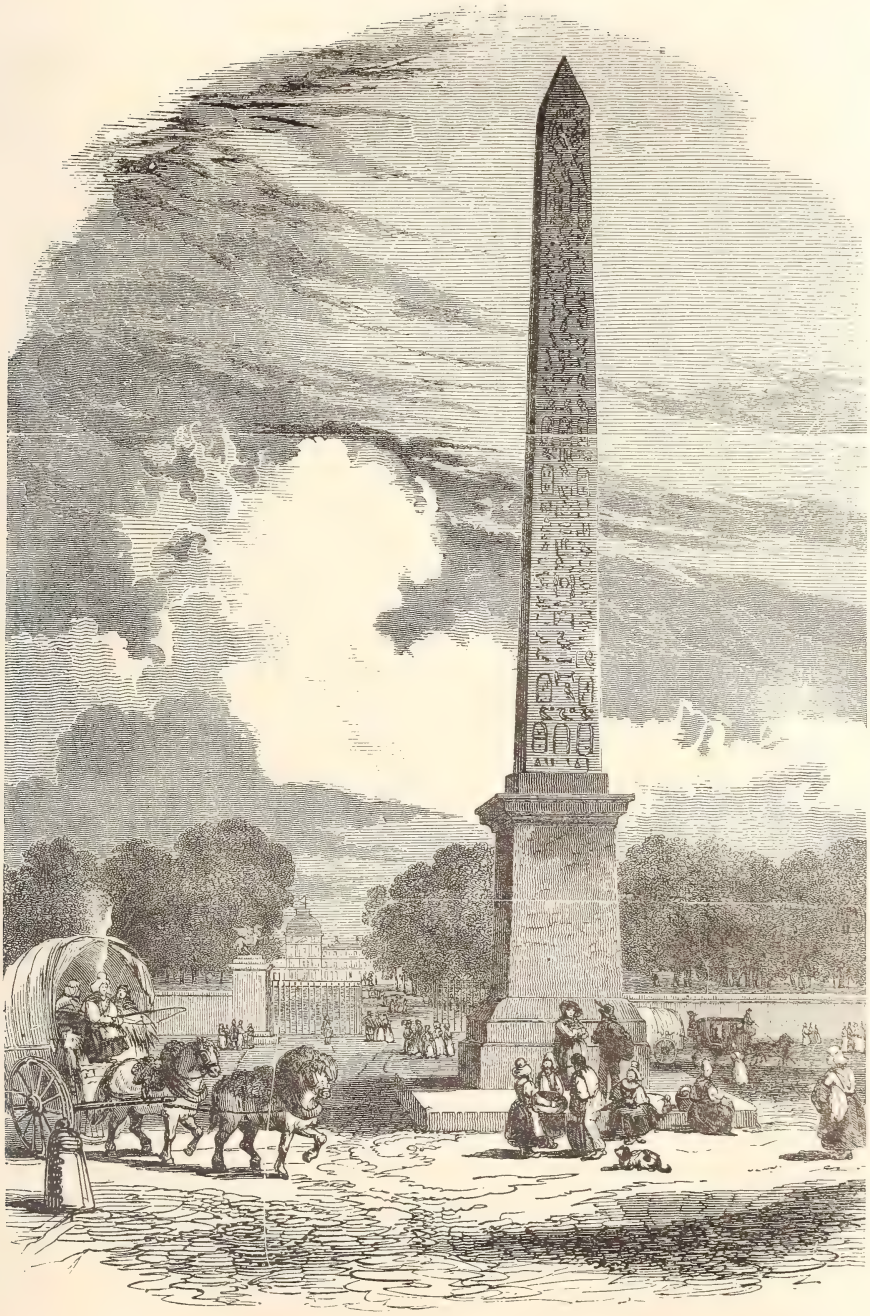
Thus the statue stood, lifting its majestic form in towering altitude, like a great presiding deity of the place. How is it now? Alas, how fallen! It has been broken off at the base, and lies face downward, half-buried in a dirty pool of water, and during the inundations of the Nile, is nearly overflowed. A half-dozen naked Arab children were indulging in a bath—it could hardly be called an ablution—in the dirty pool of water at its base. As we came suddenly upon them, they shrieked and ran like frightened animals; some of them, in their terror, leaving their scanty wardrobe behind, and it was sometime before we could coax them to return. The head lies sufficiently elevated, turned a little to one side, to get a good view of the face. It bears a sweet expression of mildness and amiability, though the sculpture is certainly of a very rude kind, far from the dignity and grace of the more modern Grecian school.

MOVING IMMENSE BLOCKS OF STONE.

Now let us sit down upon this prostrate image, and see if we can reconstruct some of the ancient edifices, and trace the outlines of some of the wonderful and instructive places that formerly adorned this now ruined locality. First mark the enormous size of this sculptured block of stone upon which we are sitting. By what Titan power was it brought from its far distant quarry and reared on end upon that great pedestal? I have often heard it remarked that the ancient Egyptians, exceeded in mechanical skill and power, to move heavy masses the

men of modern days. As to their skill, they certainly had great ingenuity and capacity; but it was the skill of power rather than taste and beauty. Their works were colossal, as their ruins attest, but they are far from possessing the grace and beauty of modern days. As to the superiority of their power, what proof have we that they excelled us in that? I have frequently seen it asserted, that modern nations have no machinery, and that there is no known power, by which such immense masses of stone can now be moved, as the ancient Egyptians took from the quarries, and elevated in their monuments. One recent traveler thinks that modern times are much given to boasting, and have achieved some very surprising exhibitions of mechanical skill; but he is sure that there is nothing so astonishing, and yet so little known, as the means by which the genius of ancient Egyptian architects accomplished these works. Another, as he stands by Cleopatra's Needle, and gazes upon its towering shaft, asks: "By what means did the ancients raise it to a perpendicular position, then elevate it twelve feet, the hight of the base, and bring it exactly over the inverted pyramid on which it rests, and set it accurately down upon its resting place? *Nothing compared with this has been achieved by modern mechanics.*"

But what are the facts in the case? I would not detract from the ancient Egyptians the credit due them for moving immense masses of stone. But can modern architects not do it as well as they? The huge mass of stone upon which we are now sitting is forty-two feet long, and from six to eight feet in diameter; the shaft of the obelisk at Heliopolis is sixty-eight feet high, and a little over six feet at the base. Cleopatra's Needle at Alexandria is a little higher, and about seven feet at the base. Now, at the very time the gentlemen whose contrast of ancient and modern power we have alluded to, were gazing at Cleopatra's Needle, there was standing in the Place de la Concorde, Paris, an obelisk consisting of a single shaft of granite seventy-two feet three inches high, and seven feet six inches at the base. This immense mass of stone was given by Mohammed Ali to the French, and was taken by them from one of the great temples at Thebes, then removed from Upper



OBELISK OF LUXOR REMOVED FROM UPPER EGYPT,
now standing in Place de la Concorde, Paris.

Egypt to the Mediterranean, thence by transports to Marseilles, thence some six hundred miles to Paris, where it now stands upon a pedestal more than double the hight of the one on which Cleopatra's Needle stands. True, its removal was a herculean work, and three years were spent in accomplishing it; but it was done, and probably could and would have been done had it been even more gigantic. Of this obelisk we give an engraving. Models of the machinery by which the immense mass was erected, are now preserved in the museum of the Louvre.

This is also proved by the obelisks that have been transported to Rome. The obelisk which now stands in front of the Vatican is eighty-two feet six inches high, and eight feet ten inches at the base. It was brought from Egypt by the ancient Romans, and was found by the Italians in the ruins of the Circus of Nero. It was set up in its present place in 1586. When it was determined to remove it to its present position, it is said no less than five hundred plans were submitted to the Pope by different architects. The work was at last entrusted to Domenico Tantana. There were employed in the work six hundred men, one hundred and forty horses, and nearly fifty cranes, the cost being nearly forty thousand dollars.

But even this was outdone. Another of these obelisks that was removed to Rome now stands in front of the Lateran Church. This seems to be the king of all the obelisks. The single monolithic shaft, after a portion was taken off to accommodate it to its present place, is one hundred and five feet seven inches high, and the base nearly ten feet in diameter. The obelisk at Paris weighs five hundred thousand pounds; this one, *nine hundred thousand;* and there it stands in a modern city, set up by the skill of modern architects. But how we have wandered from Memphis. Pardon me, I was only vindicating the power and skill of modern nations. I do not believe the ancient Egyptians, or any other ancient nation, excelled us. Modern architects can move as heavy masses of stone as any people have ever moved.

The country about us for nine miles in extent was covered by this great city. The statue upon which we are now sitting, with others about it, marked the site of a magnificent temple.

It was dedicated to Ptah, their ideal image of the Omnipotent Creative Power. Here, too, divine honors were paid to

THE BULL APIS

Here he was kept in a magnificent inclosure and treated as a god. The peculiarities that distinguished him was a white mark on his forehead, and some other small spots on his body, the rest being black. He was kept in great honor and pomp until he died; then his body was embalmed and placed in one of the immense mummy pits of which we have before spoken. Priests appointed for the purpose were then sent through the land to look out his successor, and when one was found bearing the requisite marks, he was immediately installed with great ovations, banquets and demonstrations of joy, in the place of his predecessor.

Plutarch says Apis was a fair and beautiful image of the soul of Osiris. Mnevis, the sacred ox of Heliopolis, was also dedicated to Osiris, and both received the highest honors of their worship. Mnevis was dedicated to the sun; Apis to the moon. Pliny says he was not only looked upon as an emblem, but was deemed by the Egyptians a god. Here an immense concourse of people annually assembled together, and a grand seven days' festival was held in his honor. The priests led him about in solemn pomp, and all the people shouted and did him reverence as he passed. When his death took place, a public lamentation was instituted, and continued till his successor was found. Apis, according to Pliny, was not permitted to live but twenty-five years. If nature prolonged his existence till that age, he was taken to the fountain of the priests and drowned, the act being accompanied with pompous ceremonies. His funeral obsequies when dead were no less imposing and costly than the honors paid him while living. It is said that sometimes the enormous amount of one hundred talents were expended on the funeral of a single beast. Magnificent temples of other gods covered and adorned the country around us. A gorgeous temple was consecrated to Venus; another one to Serapis. Here, too, were the temple and sacred grove of Proteus; enormous statues, beautiful sculptures, paved areas, and

avenues of sphinxes, adorned and beautified the place. While in imagination we rear up these demolished walls, set up these fallen statues, and walk through these gorgeous temples, we involuntarily exclaim: "How was it possible that such complete desolation could have been wrought?"

THE LAKE AND THE DEAD.

Recall once more the wandering imagination, and cast the eye along yonder plain, skirted by the sandy desert beyond. Here was the famous Acherusian lake; now a solitary marsh and a dirty pool of water are all that remain. Here was a beautiful sheet of water, fed by canals, its shores ornamented by shady groves and beautiful parks. These were the waters over which the dead were ferried to yonder tombs and sepulchres, the number and multitude of which attest what swarms of the living must once have been congregated about us. To this lake the mummied corpse was brought. Forty-two persons, constituted judges, ranged themselves around the remains of the departed one. "Has any one aught to allege against the character of the deceased?" In the scales of justice his life was balanced. If it was proved he had spent a life of dissipation and vice, transit was denied him till his friends could atone for him. Those Elysian Fields and those quiet shades of the departed were for the good alone. If accepted, the ferryman received the pious freight and bore it beyond the flood. It was these Egyptian funeral rites that gave rise to the beautiful fables, that were afterwards refined and improved by the Greeks, of the river Styx, Charon and his boat, and the Elysian Fields.

Many of these singular customs connected with the dead, might afford us lessons of instruction now. When the dead were placed on trial, any person that chose might bring an accusation. If none were brought, or those made were refuted, justification by the judges was received by the relatives with loud demonstrations of applause. If the body was rejected, the relatives retired, feeling most keenly the shame and reproach under which they suffered.

Some were rejected in consequence of immorality of life, some in consequence of debts left unpaid. They could not be

allowed to pass to the shades of their fathers with the odium of unpaid debts resting upon them. Rejected bodies were taken back to their desolate homes, and the coffins kept in various places of deposit, until, by a long series of religious rites, sacrifices and offerings upon the part of relatives, their sins had been expiated, or, if debtors, until their children had accumulated enough to liquidate the demands; then they were allowed to be transferred to the everlasting habitations of the dead.

These obsequies of the dead seem to have been emblematic of their ideas of future judgment and retribution. I saw in Dr. Abbott's museum in New York, a magnificent funeral papyrus roll, twenty-two feet long, taken from one of the very tombs of yonder great cemetery. It is most beautifully written in small hieroglyphics, containing a history of the life of the deceased, finely ornamented with a number of illustrations or illuminated sketches, representing remarkable events in the life of the person, and some of the future scenes through which he is supposed to pass. In one of these is a beautiful gilt representation of the sacred bull. The deceased is held supported by two or more gods. In another place in the roll is a picture of the Hall of the Two Truths, with the god Osiris sitting in judgment, assisted by the forty-two judges, standing near him. Before him appears the soul of the deceased, accompanied by Anubis, the guardian of the tombs, and the Ibis-headed god Thoth. This god has been writing down the history of the departed, and has collected all his good deeds. The result is made known by the god Thoth to Osiris, who awards such punishment as he and his forty-two assistants deem best.

No position of wealth or rank purchased exemption from the stern award of these forty-two judges. The king and the beggar must alike stand the test. Diodorus tells us of Egyptian monarchs having been condemned by this tribunal, and their bodies refused a ferriage across these waters. Nor was this without effect on their successors. It made them stand in awe of so disgraceful a censure after death. The dreaded stigma attached to it often promoted virtuous conduct and created a laudable ambition to secure the good opinion of their subjects. That lake, and those judgment scenes, have lessons

for us. Vividly do they remind us of the Christian's Jordan of death, and of our transit to the presence of the great Judge of all the earth, and the solemn awards of an impartial tribunal. But this was not merely a city of gods, and temples, and statutes; here was

THE PALACE OF THE PHARAOHS.

In this, the capital of Lower Egypt, these renowned princes held their court. From where we now sit went out the law that governed the land. Here princely banquets were held, and royal processions marched in regal pomp. Ay, this very block of stone on which we now sit was the representative of one of these royal monarchs. He, like his throne, his kingdom and country, has fallen. Alas, how changed the scene! Again history lifts the vail, and the strange records of the past are floating by. Here Joseph was exalted and honored. How strangely these Hebrews have been elevated into power in different lands, and at the courts of different kings. Joseph, in Egypt; Daniel, in Babylon; Ezra, in the court of Cyrus; Nehemiah, in the palace of Shushan; Esther, in the royal chamber of Ahasuerus. God's people have never failed to have a friend at court, when it has been necessary for their comfort or protection—yes, and they have an ever-living one at the great court of the universe, who has power to prevail for them.

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN.

Rear up again the walls of yonder palace, that stood just on that eminence before us, where those palm trees give shade to that miserable Arab hut. Look in through the open gate and witness the scene that is transpiring there. Eleven rough looking strangers are gathered around the prime minister of Egypt. He looks angrily upon them, and speaks harshly to them. They are accused of deception and perfidy. Indeed, the silver cup had been found in the sack of Benjamin the younger, and him the stern authoritative prince threatens to detain. He was the youngest son of a doting father, and his brothers well knew the struggling emotions of the old man's heart at parting with him, and the fears he had expressed that

he should see him no more. Judah, the elder brother, now stands forth to plead their cause. The solemn pledge he had given his father that he would bring Benjamin with him, made him earnest; the fears and anxieties that agitated his breast, made him eloquent. What an earnest plea! How ingenuous! how touching! how pathetic! "O my lord! let thy servant, I pray thee, speak a word in my lord's ears, and let not thine anger burn against thy servant, for thou art even as Pharaoh." He then rehearses in plain and simple language the account of their former visit, and how they had been denied another audience, unless Benjamin was with them. "And our father said, go again, and buy us a little food. And we said, we cannot go down if our younger brother is not with us. And thy servant my father said unto us: Ye know how that my wife bare me two sons, and the one went out from me, and I said, surely he is torn to pieces, and I saw him not since. And if ye ask this also from me, and mischief befall him, ye shall bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. Now, therefore, when I come to thy servant my father, and the lad be not with us, seeing that his life is bound up in the lad's life, it shall come to pass, when he seeth the lad is not with us, that he will die: and thy servants shall bring down the gray hairs of thy servant our father with sorrow to the grave. How shall I go up to my father, and the lad be not with me? lest peradventure I see the evil that shall come upon my father."

His plea was unaffected, unstudied, unadorned. He supposed he was addressing an utter stranger to his father's family; and had he been a stranger, would not the appeal have been sufficient to touch the heart imbued with the common feelings of humanity? Little did he know whom he was addressing! Little did he imagine how those tender allusions to a father's gray hairs, and a father's bitter sorrows, were awakening in that prime minister remembrances of childhood and youth, kindling anew the glow of filial affection, and stirring to profoundest depths the living fountains of a yearning heart.

Joseph could refrain himself no longer. The fountain was full. He cried, "Cause every man to go out from me;" and he stood alone with his brethren. "I am Joseph; doth my

father yet live?" And he wept aloud; and the Egyptians and the house of Pharaoh heard him. And he fell upon his brother Benjamin's neck and wept, and Benjamin wept upon his neck. Where in all the annals of human events is there a more striking picture of brotherly affection than this? Nature, unadorned, undisguised, giving unfeigned and truthful utterance to her emotions. How strange it seems, to be standing upon the very soil that witnessed that affecting meeting of Joseph and his brethren! But stranger events than that have transpired upon this very spot, and even within the walls of that palace we are now contemplating. God makes the wrath of man praise him, and even the enemies of his people the instruments of advancing the cause of truth and righteousness. From the waters of yonder river, the daughter of a proud monarch rescues a perishing Hebrew infant.

THE CHILD MOSES

Is brought into this very palace. Here he is reared up in the midst of the associations of wealth, royalty, and all the pomp and pageantry of idolatrous worship. Here he spent his boyhood. Here and in yonder city of the priests—the City of the Sun, we have before visited—he was educated, and became learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians. But the sophisms of their philosophy, the arts of their magicians, and the vailed mysteries of their priests, could not annihilate in that young heart the love of his kindred, the knowledge of the true God, his maker and preserver. Buried for a season this purer knowledge and these holier instincts might have been; but like a living germ, implanted by the hand of Divinity, they sprung up, and took deep root in the soil of his sanctified heart. They flourished the more vigorously as they lifted themselves above the rotten systems of philosophy and religion that surrounded them.

Forty years he shared the honors, the privileges, the emoluments, the luxuries of one of the most renowned and powerful courts of the world. But a great question was to be settled, and the time for a decision had come. I wonder if it was not just here where we are sitting, under the overshadowing walls

of this great heathen temple, he came, pondering the great question that, like a crushing burden, was pressing him down? It was in faith his mother laid him in the bulrushes. That holy faith of a mother's heart had taken root in his own, and with mighty throes was now struggling for the victory: "I am the son of Pharaoh's daughter. Yonder palace may be mine. The scepter of power, the honors of royalty, the emoluments and luxuries of a regal home, are all within my reach. Can I give them up? Yonder are my people, my kindred; I know the bitterness of their bondage; how the earth is stained with their blood and watered with their tears. Can I become deaf to the groans of my kindred? Can I renounce the faith of my fathers? Can I deny the mother that bore me?" He bows his head and buries his face in the folds of his garment. His strong frame trembles with the heaving emotions that, like a pent up volcano, convulse his heart. It is but for a moment. Faith triumphs! With a calm serenity of countenance, a fixed and holy purpose of heart, he stands a conqueror before us. The conclusion is given in the words of inspiration: "By faith, Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." "Farewell, ye temples of the gods! I have chosen and will serve a God who shall lay you even with the dust. Farewell, palace and court! I seek the honors of a kingdom that shall endure when thy thrones and monuments, thy mighty pyramids, yea, the great world itself, shall have perished forever."

MOSES' RETURN TO THIS COURT.

Forty years Moses was an exile from the land of his birth. He led his flocks in the wilderness; and in the solitude of the desert he communed with God. It was a great change from princely associations with priests and courtiers, to a monotonous attendance upon the flocks of Jethro, in the desolate regions of Sinai. But he had voluntarily made his choice, and was content with his home and occupation. The forty years of Moses' exile had expired. What changes had taken place in these

princely mansions none can now tell. But here the king of the land still held his court. Here Moses, perhaps long forgotten, once more presents himself in the audience chamber of the monarch of the land. He was eighty years old; the vigor of undecayed manhood was in his step, the dignity of age adorned his brow. There was an expression in the whole aspect of the man that excited reverence and awe, and told in language that could not be misunderstood, that here was one who came neither to trifle or be trifled with. He well knew the arbitrary power of the monarch in whose presence he stood—that he might be spurned with contempt from the throne or ordered to execution. But he had not come with his strange commission from the burning bush, and from the astounding miracles of the trembling mount, to be overawed in the presence of man. Without apology or circumlocution, he performs his errand. "Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, let my people go."

Then followed such a struggle between the hardness and stubbornness of a rebellious human heart, and the terrible exhibitions of power on the part of Almighty God, as was never before or has since been witnessed. Sitting here on this fallen statue, at the threshold of the very palace where Moses met the stern monarch of Egypt, how vividly the recollection of these things is awakened! How we seem to stand in the very midst of the plagues that smote a rebellious people! Here Moses casts down his rod and it becomes a serpent, swallowing up the rods of the astonished magicians. See yonder river, a frightful flood of purple gore; swarms of frogs arising from the waters; lice, flies and locusts troubling and devouring the land. Hear the rattling hail as it smites man and beast, when the heavens shook with awful thunders, and fearful lightnings ran along the ground. Stand in the midst of the gloomy darkness that enveloped court, palace, city and all the land; hear the wailings that come up from all these numerous dwellings over their first born, smitten by the angel of death. The magicians of the land were outdone and confounded; they said: "This is the finger of God." Here Jehovah taught the impotency of all the false and idol gods of Egypt. He vindicated his own

omnipotence. Pharaoh was overawed and humbled, and God's people escaped from the oppressor. What

INSTRUCTIVE LESSONS.

What strange sensations one feels in walking over these ruins of former times! Here are great mounds, beneath which lie the wrecks of costly palaces and magnificent temples, with their altars and their gods. Here all was vocal with the hum of life, and halls and streets echoed to the tramp of countless multitudes. Now the solitary palm trees make doleful music as the stray winds of heaven play among their branches. A few reckless Arabs wander here and there in stolid indifference of the past or the future. They have picked up from the ruins a few fragments of mutilated heads, feet and hands of sculptured idols, in hopes of gathering a few piasters by their exhibition to the inquisitive traveler; little thinking that the pile of ruins they have thus gleaned are a standing comment on the prophetic declaration of God's word: "The idols of Noph shall be broken."

And thou, fallen and ruined statue, from which I have been permitted to survey this place! What changes thou hast seen? Temples, palaces and gods have crumbled to dust around thee; thy fellows that held companionship with thee have perished; and thou, too, hast fallen, never again to rise. Seated upon thy prostrate form, what lessons I have been taught! The weakness and folly of man, the vanity of human greatness and pride, the power, glory and wisdom of Almighty God, have all passed before me. Farewell! Farewell! Thy grave is dug; the storms of heaven have pillowed thy head upon the unconscious earth; the winds of heaven are bringing the sands of yonder desert, and wrapping them, like a winding sheet, about thee. Soon even thou, gigantic as thou art, the only remaining monument of this once powerful and opulent city, will be seen no more. Thanks for the lessons thou hast taught me. I will bear them with me to my far off home in the distant West, and ponder them there. In imagination I shall often visit thee, and sitting here on thy ruined form trace the hand of God in what has transpired about thee; and looking out upon the blank

that now exists where this great city once stood, read as upon a written tablet the great lessons the overruling providence of God has recorded here. Farewell!

THE RETURN.

As we were about to leave the place, three or four repulsive looking Arabs, in scarecrow habiliments, made importunate overtures for a backsheesh for showing us what we could not avoid seeing. Perhaps they looked at it in the light of a trespass fee for walking over their grounds. We selected the one who appeared to be a sort of sheik among the rest, gave him a few piasters as a sort of peace offering, bade them good-bye, mounted our donkeys, turned our backs upon the ancient home of the Pharaohs, and retraced our steps through the beautiful palm groves towards Cairo.

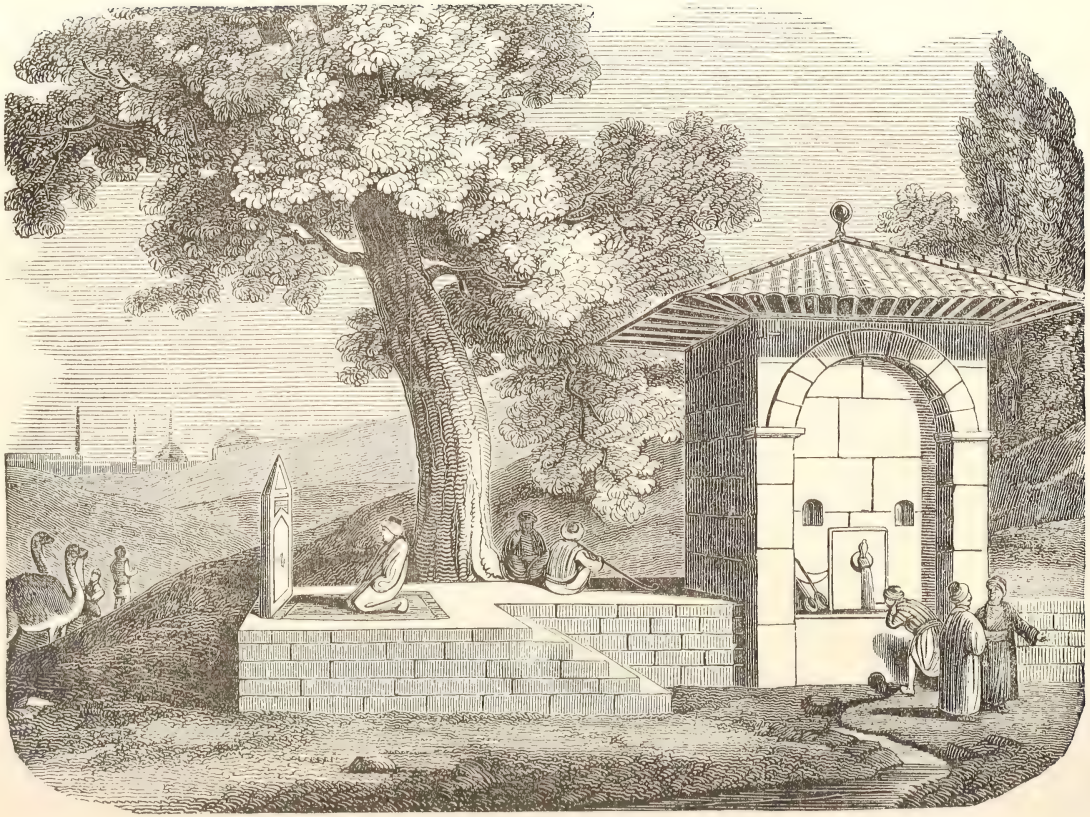
CHAPTER X.

Mosques of Grand Cairo—Citadel and Massacre of the Mamalukes—Preparations for a Journey to Sinai.

It is worth something to the tourist, when he plans his arrangements for the day, to know the skies will be propitious. Such is one of the privileges of this climate. As the songs of a thousand birds awake you from your slumbers, and the sun climbs his golden pathway, you feel that the gorgeous heavens are all his own domain. He ascends in majesty to the throne of day, and no pavilion of clouds attend his pathway. He rolls downward and sinks into the chambers of the west, and no great mountains of fleecy vapor are piled about him to reflect the glory of his parting rays. As we are sure of a pleasant day, and have a variety of interesting objects to visit, where shall I take you?

A CARRIAGE DRIVE.

To-day there are several of us in company, and two ladies in the party; what mode of conveyance shall we choose? Here are plenty of donkeys, but none of them have ladies' equipments. The Egyptian ladies have a mode of riding very shocking to the refined taste of our advanced civilization. We will take a carriage—a luxury not often indulged in by Cairenes, and there are but few in the place. It is a long, aristocratic step, in this oriental city, from a donkey's back to a coach drawn by horses, driven by a swarthy, turbaned Arab, with a young stripling of the same stock to run behind you and act as valet. Though carriages are scarce, the expense after all is not great, compared with our own cities. Three and a half to four dollars and a little backsheesh, will secure the whole establishment, little page and all, for the day. So jump in with us, and see



An Oratory or Place of Prayer.

what there is to be seen. We have been through the bazars, and around the crooked, narrow streets; looked upon the strange, old houses, and gazed at wedding and funeral processions, and laughed at the queer looking costumes—where next?

THE MOSQUES OF CAIRO

Are one of its most striking peculiarities; we will turn our attention first to them. The mosque is to the Moslem what the church or cathedral is to the Christian in Catholic countries, always open, and made a place of public prayer. Here the devout come at all times a day to perform their devotions. Friday is the Mohammedan sabbath, but the child of the Prophet does not on this day abstain from his ordinary work, except during the hour of prayer, about midday, and then the mosques are usually crowded.

Cairo contains at least four hundred mosques. They are generally built of stone, and to make them more attractive in external appearance, the alternate layers are of different colors, first red, then white. If the mosque is large, it is built around a central square or court, like eastern dwellings. Around this court a portico is built, and in the center of it is a tank or fountain of water for ablution. A good supply of water seems to be considered indispensable among Mohammedans to purity of worship. For this reason, advantage is often taken of fountains of water along public thoroughfares to erect oratories or places of prayer, that travelers stopping to refresh themselves may not only perform their ablutions, but their devotions. Structures are built over the fountains, and a platform raised with a little monument upon the end towards Mecca, that the worshipers may know which way to turn their faces when they kneel.

The side of the building facing Mecca is the most important one; the portico on this side is more spacious, and has one or two extra rows of columns. This side of the mosque is the place of prayer, and here is usually the main audience room. A niche in the wall marks the direction of Mecca, and in that direction the face of the worshipers are always turned. To the right of this niche stands the pulpit, and on the opposite side

of the room from this niche there is usually a raised platform, supported by small columns, on which is arranged a desk or table, upon which is kept a volume of the Koran, and from it, on various occasion, a chapter is read to the congregation. The interior of these mosques is usually quite plain. Over the columns running around the interior of the main room is a sort of entablature, looking much like the fronts of the galleries in our churches. These are ornamented with various devices, usually texts from the Koran, sometimes in stucco, sometimes carved. No representations of animals or men or any thing that has life are allowed in their ornaments. The floors have no seats, and are covered with matting, to accommodate the kneeling worshipers.

All distinctions of rank are laid aside in the mosque. The rich man may have a servant to bring in a prayer-carpet and spread it for him, but this is all. On these floors the rich and the poor pray side by side. "And what respect and privilege are allowed the women," I hear you ask, "in these arrangements for the worship of the Prophet?" Did you ever know any but a Christian land where the daughters of Eve were treated as intelligent, immortal and accountable beings, bearing equally with the man the impress of God's Divine image? There is no prohibition in the Koran that shuts females out of the mosque, but they are taught it is better for them to pray in private. In some countries they are allowed to enter the mosques, but in Cairo no females or young boys are allowed to pray with the congregation in the mosques, or even to be present. Indeed, it is said females here seldom pray at all!

MOSQUE OF AMER AND MOSQUE OF TAYLOON.

The oldest Mohammedan temple in Egypt is the mosque of Amer, at Old Cairo. This was the site of the ancient Egyptian Babylon. It was erected about six hundred and fifty years after Christ, upon the spot where Amer, with his conquering Saracen forces, encamped, in the first subjugation of Egypt to the Moslem power. It now stands amid the mounds and rubbish of the ruined houses that have fallen into decay around it. It is an object of interest and curiosity, as a monument of the

architectural taste and skill of those ancient and semi-barbaric times. But that one we have not now time to visit. Let us turn our attention to those in the city through which we are now driving. Here is the next oldest mosque in Egypt—the mosque of Tayloon.

Here we must alight and enter. It is something to walk over pavements where Caliphs, monarchs and military dictators walked more than one thousand years ago, and there is no difficulty now in entering a Moslem mosque in Grand Cairo, even though thou art a Frank and a Christian. Once it was not so; these doors were all banned and barred, and no infidel could cross the threshold. Thanks to French influence and authority, and to Mohammed Ali, for a more liberal policy. One little ceremony, however, must not be forgotten—do not attempt to enter with your clumsy, thick-soled boots. Those devout attendants would lift up their hands in holy horror, and order you back as a polluter of their sanctuary. There are always a number of truckling parasites about the door, with a supply of slippers for Frank visitors. It would be a commendable act in them if they did it out of reverence for the sanctuary, but the cringing beggars only want a backsheesh . Never mind, a single piaster will satisfy them for the use of a pair. Slip them on and let us enter.

This mosque was founded in the year 879, ninety years before any other part of the city was built. This is shown by two inscriptions in ancient Cufic characters on a portion of the wall of one of the courts. Within the colonnades, along the cornice, above the arches, are ancient Cufic inscriptions on wood. The Arabic character it is said was adopted A. D. 950, but the Cufic continued to be used long after, and as late as 1508, both Arabic and Cufic were employed.

One thing about this ancient structure of special interest to architects, is the pointed arches employed in its construction. The origin of the pointed arch, and what people first used it, has been a subject of controversy. This building it is said proves the existence of the pointed arch here three hundred years before its introduction into England. But what care we for the disputes of builders about the different kinds of arches

and the time of their invention? Let us look about the mosque and be gone. Is there any thing more to see? Nothing of special interest in the interior. It is certainly a dirty, gloomy looking place. The dust of age and the mold of decay is over all its interior, and no pains seem to be taken to keep it clean or make it attractive. Perhaps these Moslems think no such aids to devotion are necessary.

But let us ascend the minaret and look out upon the city. The ascent, unlike any other mosque we have seen, is an exterior spiral stairway. The exposure of a thousand years have well nigh ruined it. The stone steps are broken and crumbling, and the ascent dangerous. But once upon the top you are well repaid for the risk of the ascent. The mosque is upon an eminence, and the minaret lifts you far above all surrounding buildings. The whole city lies at your feet, and you gaze long and earnestly upon the novel sight. And why was this ancient structure built? Not merely for a place of worship. It is a tomb and a monument. In yonder consecrated corner, protected by an ornamental railing, repose the ashes of Gama Tayloon. He reigned from A. D. 868 to A. D. 884. Peace to his sleeping dust! Earth opens her bosom and pillows alike upon her cold clay the head of the warrior and saint, the vassal and the slave.

Get past the door the best you can, for it is not the poor menial alone who lent you the slippers that will want a backsheesh. Where should beggars go for charity but to the door of the church? and who is expected to give alms if it is not the man that prays? Let us drive to

THE MOSQUE OF SULTAN HASSAN.

And what has this to distinguish it among the four hundred mosques of the city, that we have selected it for a special visit? It is said to be the most beautiful specimen of Arabian architecture in Cairo, and some pronounce it the most perfect religious structure in the country. It was built about A. D. 1350. The materials for its erection were procured by an act of vandalism we can scarcely pardon. Yon mighty pyramid of

Cheops was the quarry whence these stones were brought. Its founder would not scruple to ruin a tomb to build a church.

The usual slip-shod preparation must be observed before we enter, that the consecrated floor be not polluted with unholy dust. The interior so much extolled is only beautiful as compared with similar structures of the city. It has symmetry of proportion, magnificent arches, and elaborateness of ornament. The arch on the side of the court towards Mecca has a span of over sixty-nine feet. Chains are suspended from the ceiling, on which are hung lamps of colored glass. But the whole interior has a dusty and neglected look, that speaks in unmistakable language of the want of refinement and taste that characterize the Moslem votaries who congregate here.

This mosque is also a mausoleum for the dead. In one portion of it is a spacious room, covered with a lofty dome of wood, and ornamented with various devices of plaster work. A space in the center is protected by a railing. It incloses the tomb of Sultan Hassan. On the head of the tomb is laid a large and splendid copy of the Koran, magnificently illuminated with golden colors. The inmate of that tomb was murdered in this very sanctuary by the Mamalukes, and the stains of his blood are still shown upon the beautifully tesselated marble pavement.

There are several other mosques that are deemed worthy of special note, but we shall not have time to visit them. In none that I entered was there any thing to promote either cheerfulness or devotion. There is over them all a melancholy air of neglect and decay, emblematic, I could not but think, of the downfall of an effete and decaying system of faith. Let us drive to

THE CITADEL.

And what is the citadel? It is the fortress of the city, the tower of its defense, the depository of its munitions of war. It stands upon a hill, its massive, frowning walls overlooking, upon one side, the city; upon the other, the great barren desert that stretches away towards the Red Sea. Let us first ascend yon elevated platform, and get a view of the city and surround-

ing country. It is one of the finest that can be obtained. First cast your eye away across yonder to the edge of the Lybian desert, and see the time-defying pyramids, from the top of which we have before contemplated this land of the Pharaohs. Once more look up and down the winding pathway of the Nile, slowly weaving his serpentine folds through groves of palm and along green and flowery banks. Mark the numerous villages of mud hovels scattered here and there over the plain. Then recall the wandering sight, and fix one long, earnest gaze upon the city of three hundred thousand inhabitants at your feet. Trace the circuitous course of the walls that inclose it, the great mosques that rise above the ruins that encircle them, the multitude of minarets that crown them all, one of the most marked and striking peculiarities of a Mohammedan land. How one's thoughts wander, as he thus looks over the land. He stands gazing like a statue, lost in dreamy abstraction, not at the grandeur or beauty of the scene, but in the mazes of the wonderful histories of the past. But we must not stand gazing from this elevated portion of the citadel; we came to see the interior of these old gray walls and towering battlements.

Here is a splendid palace of the Pasha, to which he can flee, and where he can shut himself up, when the invaders drive him from yonder beautiful gardens of Shoobra. Just by it is the harem, with beautiful fountains and miniature gardens. Around us, too, are the munitions of war. Here, too, trained bands, platoons, battalions and brigades perform their evolutions. Here cannon, swivel and howitzer stand ready balanced to welcome the coming foe. Here fire-arms and side-arms, pike, lance and spear, bayonet, sword and cimeter, are all in readiness for the work of death. But there are two or three places to which we must pay a special visit. Let us take a look at

JOSEPH'S WELL

A citadel without water, in the time of siege, would be worse than the doom of Tantalus. The efforts to supply this place with that necessary beverage is certainly worthy of the presiding genius of the land, in the days of Theban temples and heaven-towering pyramids. Sultan Yoosef (Joseph) has the

honor of originating the citadel about the year 1711. He took down the brick walls about the city and replaced them with stone. Seeing how easily the city could be defended from this elevated rock, he commenced the construction of a fortress here. In clearing away and grading the rock, he discovered this wonderful well. It had been dug by the ancients, when, none can tell, and was filled with sand and rubbish. This well is cut into the solid rock to the enormous depth of two hundred and sixty feet, and at the mouth, forty-five feet wide. Around the well is a winding stairway, cut also in the rock, with a partition wall of the rock left, two or three feet thick, between it and the well, with occasional holes for windows to look through into the main shaft. Any one who has been in the interior of Bunker Hill monument, will at once understand how this well is constructed. The open passage through the center of that structure corresponding to the well; the circular stairway winding round it to the descent here, cut in the rock, by which the bottom is reached. One of the curious things of the well is the manner of elevating the water. A large ox is taken down this winding stairway to near the bottom of the well, where one of the cogwheel machines we have before described for raising water is situated. The food is taken down to him, and he is kept here year after year. Here, deep in these lower regions, in perpetual darkness and solitude, the patient beast travels round and round his narrow circuit, turning his screaking machinery, and putting in motion the long belt of earthen jars, by means of which the water is elevated for the use of man. Poor beast! I felt a sympathy for him in his lonely solitude, and yet I could not but think he was spending his life far more usefully than many a more intelligent being that enjoyed the cheerful regions of light and sunshine far above his head. Turning from the well, we will next pay a visit to

THE MOSQUE OF MOHAMMED ALI.

It is a gorgeous structure—the finest and most renowned in modern Egypt. Standing upon the hill of the citadel and inclosed by its rampart of walls, it lifts its proud form high above all its companions. The whole interior, pillars, walls and arches,

is of beautiful alabaster, brought from the quarries of Tel el Armana. Again we must lay off our shoes and accept the proffered slippers of the attendants who wait at the doors.

The interior shows a departure from the ancient style of architecture we have before contemplated. A western taste has left its stamp on its general oriental features. But the beautiful material of which it is built renders it truly magnificent. This mosque is also a burial place. It is the tomb of Mohammed Ali. He had it built during his life, chiefly with the design of making it a mausoleum for his ashes when his eventful career of life was over. A conspicuous part of the building has been set apart for his tomb; a railing surrounds it, gorgeous decorations have been lavished upon it, and near it lights are kept continually burning. Here, in pompous state, he reposes, and dreams no more of rivals, of conquests, or of power.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE MAMALUKES.

Now come with me to the outside of the mosque, and look about you. It was just here, within this inclosure, upon this very ground where we are now standing, there was enacted, by this same Mohammed Ali, one of the bloodiest massacres that stains the page of history. Of the Mamalukes and their power and influence in the government of Egypt, we have before spoken. They were a wily, treacherous race, and Ali well knew that he was not secure at the head of the government, with these perfidious Beys plotting against him. Already the keen-sighted and watchful Viceroy had discovered a conspiracy to overthrow his government and assassinate his person. An expedition into Arabia, to deliver the Holy Land from the Wahabees, who had taken possession of Mecca and Medina, was planned.

The elevation of his son, Tossoom Pasha, to the important command of this expedition, was made the pretext for a celebration at the royal palace of unusual pomp and splendor, to which all the dignitaries of the realm were invited, and special pains were taken to have the Mamalukes present. Little did the Beys, cautious and perfidious as they were, imagine the part they were to act in the ceremonies of the day. Between

MOHAMMED ALI WITNESSING THE MASSACRE OF THE MAMALUKES.

them and their Viceroy it was only a strife who should be first in some act of treachery and crime to annihilate the power of the other. How the sovereign of Egypt managed to so effectually allay their suspicions, and how it happened that they were so deceived, has been a wonder to many.

The first of March, 1811, was the day fixed upon for the great feast. The ceremonies were completed—all had passed pleasantly, and the assured Mamalukes mounted their horses to retire. To their great surprise, they found the gates shut! "What does this mean?" For the first time a dark suspicion of treachery flashed across their minds. "We are prisoners in the citadel!" But their apprehensions had scarce time to ripen into fear, when a blaze like the lightning's flash kindled about them, and the sharp rattle of musketry, like the sudden bursting of a thunder clap, broke in deafening peals upon the stillness of the night. From above them and around them, like the rattling hail, fell the leaden balls of death. Flight was in vain; valor availed nothing against an unseen and protected foe. Those who attempted to fly were picked off by the well-directed aim of sharp-shooting Albanian gunners. Of all the four hundred and forty of their chief men who were gathered here on that fearful night, but one escaped! Just here where we now stand was a breach in the wall. Emin Bey leaped his charger over that gap, and down that fearful precipice headlong horse and rider went. It is said a heap of rubbish at the bottom broke the fall, and into yonder desert he made his escape.

The deep-laid plan of Mohammed Ali was not confined to the citadel alone. The noise of the massacre at the palace, was the signal for an uprising in the city and country. A general order of extermination was given. Refuge was denied the Mamaluke race, under penalties of severe punishment. Their houses were given up to plunder. It was not until the second day that an order was issued for the cessation of this awful persecution and work of extermination. Besides the four hundred and forty who perished in the citadel with their chief, Ibrahim Bey, no less than twelve hundred lives were sacrificed in the city and surrounding country. It was a treacherous, cold

blooded massacre. It was the end of the Mamaluke power in Egypt.

THE CHILDREN.

We are lingering too long about the citadel. There are other sights and places to occupy our time and attention. Cairo is a busy place, and the people have many ways of making a few paras, or, if not in want, of passing away the time. There are street musicians, singing girls and dancing girls, serpent charmers, jugglers, farce players and harlequins, public recitations, romances and harangues. Here may be seen exhibitions and illustrations of all the passions and affections of the human heart. The common articles of provision are cheap, the dress of the laboring classes simple and easily supplied. But do you notice how few boys are seen in the streets? Of the wealthier classes you see very few, either of the boys or the girls, but the boys receive much more attention and care than the girls. The children even of wealthy parents, when they do appear in public, have a most disgusting appearance. Covered with ragged, dirty garments, faces besmeared with dirt, and hands unwashed, you at once conclude these Egyptians are the most slatternly people in the world. But those more intimately acquainted with them assure us that this apparent neglect of children arises entirely from another cause. No people in the world love their children more, or treat them with greater lenity and kindness, than these Egyptian mothers. It is said these affectionate mothers thus neglect the appearance of their children, and leave them unwashed and shabbily clothed, particularly when they take them out in public, from "*fear of the evil eye.*" They esteem children the greatest of blessings, and for this reason they are most likely to be *coveted.* For this reason, it is said, mothers confine their boys long in the harems, and some, when they take them out, even dress them up like girls, because boys are so much more highly esteemed, and consequently more likely to be looked upon with jealous or covetous eyes.

With the poorer classes, while boys are kept in and taken care of, the girls are allowed to run in the streets, and often perform the most menial and filthy services. It is a common oc-

MEN'S WORKING DRESS.

cupation among the servile women to prepare manure for fuel. This is done by spreading it out into flat cakes about an inch thick and six or eight inches broad, and drying it thoroughly in the sun. This constitutes a great share of the fuel of Egypt. As you pass the hovels of the poor, it is a common thing to see the women seated in the dirt, with no implement but their bare hands, often with jewels in their noses, and great gold-washed wristlets upon their arms, kneading up like dough this disgusting compound, patting it out into little cakes and spreading them on the ground, or perhaps all over the sunny sides of their hovels, that they may sooner become thoroughly dried. To aid in this work, the girls from eight to twelve years old are sent into the streets, and they may be seen at all hours of the day, slipping around among the camels and donkeys, often under their very feet, scraping up the offal with their bare hands, and carrying it about in baskets upon their heads, from which it drips over their person, besmearing them with strange, party-colored lines from head to feet. Menial and disgusting as this employment may seem, many of these street scavengers may be seen at all times of day in the streets of the city.

THE DERWESHEES.

We forgot to drive to one of the Derwesh mosques and witness their strange performances. They are a singular religious sect, known all through the Mohammedan lands. The most of them devote themselves to religious exercises, and the lower orders of them subsist almost entirely by begging. They are anxious to obtain a reputation for superior sanctity, and many of them make pretentions to the performance of miracles. Some of them obtain a livelihood by carrying about upon their backs a goat-skin of water, selling it by the cup-full to thirsty citizens, and at religious festivals. They seem to be an inoffensive, superstitious class of people. Their devotional exercises are often of the wildest and most extravagant kind—howling, dancing, whirling, and on extraordinary fete occasions, winding live snakes about the body, and tearing the flesh from them with their teeth. Their most striking exercises are performed in their houses of worship, but they may also be seen almost

any day in the streets. There is a company of them now under the shade of yonder tree just where we are to pass. We will pause and look at them.

Taking hold of hands in a large circle around a pole or tree, they commence swinging their bodies backward and forward, jerking the head and shaking the hands, keeping time to a sort of murmuring exclamation or guttural grunt, sometimes pronouncing the name of Allah, and making various devout exclamations. This is sometimes continued without an intermission for near half an hour, the motions becoming more and more rapid. Sometimes two rings are formed, the inner facing the outer, swinging backward and forward toward each other. As the excitement increases, they toss their hair, foam at the mouth, scream, and seem to give themselves up to the wildest excesses of religious enthusiasm. Sometimes one will separate himself from the rest, pause a few moments as if to balance himself and collect his energies, and then commence spinning round like a top, stretching out his arms horizontally, and spreading out, by the velocity of his motion, the bottom of his loose dress, like a great umbrella. For twenty minutes or more, without pause or rest, and constantly increasing velocity, these religious devotees will twirl with a rapidity truly astonishing, sometimes, it is said, making fifty revolutions in a minute. But we have seen enough of this useless religious enthusiasm. It would be well if such energy and devotion could be turned into a more useful channel. Here is our hotel, and our day's excursion is ended.

THE NILE VOYAGE.

February 18th. My primary object in visiting Egypt, was to make a journey to Mount Sinai. I had also designed to ascend the Nile, if circumstances would permit. I found I was too late in the season to make the Nile voyage, and then have time to visit Mount Sinai before the oppressive heat of summer came on. To visit Upper Egypt I should have been here six or eight weeks earlier, so as to have the journey completed by the first of March. The voyage up the Nile is said to be an easy one,

and is particularly recommended for invalids. Most of the ruins and places of special interest are found in close proximity to the river, so that the fatigues of land travel are avoided. The Nile boat becomes a floating home, and can be fitted up with comforts and conveniences, as the taste of the traveler may dictate or his purse allow. The voyage will require from a month and a half to two months, at an expense for each person of about two hundred dollars and upwards, according to the manner of living and the time spent in stoppages and explorations. The expense for ladies is considerably more than for gentlemen, and the cost of travel for both has considerably increased within a few years. Dragomen, boats and supplies of all kinds necessary for the voyage, can now be obtained in Cairo. There cannot be a more delightful climate for a winter residence than Egypt. In the shade it is at no time uncomfortably warm during the day, while the nights are cool and invigorating, and the change from night to day not so great as to be uncomfortable.

As I could not visit Upper Egypt, I contented myself in calling to mind the noble piles of ruins, in the midst of which the antiquarian revels. There are Thebes, Karnac and Luxor, tall obelisks, gigantic statues, the time-worn ruins of magnificent palaces and temples. Here they stand, enduring monuments of the genius and enterprise of an extinct race. What should we know of that people now, but for the architectural monuments they have left behind them? How much we have learned from the moldering ruins and crumbling fragments that are scattered over their land! The tablets of their tombs, the walls of their palaces, and even the ornaments that adorned their structures, have become historic records to teach us their customs, laws and religion. And what results we are gathering from them! How many important and perplexing questions in chronology, history and religion they are settling for us! How visibly the footsteps of the Almighty are seen here! What legible traces his invisible hand has left here, and how strangely, after centuries have elapsed, he has taught posterity to read them! In how many ways they record their testimony

to his directing Providence, and conspire to establish the truth of his written word!

PREPARATIONS FOR A JOURNEY TO MOUNT SINAI.

A journey to Mount Sinai is always a hard and toilsome one, so much so but few undertake it. All the way you must pass through a waste and barren desert, often among hostile tribes. I was gratified to find the road was now open, and the Arabs friendly, and I immediately set about preparing for the journey. This is quite different from a voyage up the Nile. There your highway is a sea of sweet waters, from which you may at any time slake your thirst; on your right and on your left are the green and flowery banks of one of the most productive valleys in the world; while your larder may at any time be filled with the choicest productions of flesh and vegetables from the villages about you. Upon the Sinai route how different! The camel is your ship upon a wide ocean of drifting sands, barren hills and craggy, desolate mountains. All your supplies must be taken with you—your water, your tent for a house, your beds, provisions and all requisites of every kind.

The first step to be taken is to employ a dragoman. These are numerous, and follow your steps at every turn around your hotel, so long as there is any prospect of getting employment. They are of various nationalities, with corresponding costumes. But whatever tongue they speak, or whatever may be the cut of their garments, or the color of their turbans, one thing they all share in common—they are liars and extortionists, and will swindle you if they can. I confess I visited these shores under the impression that they were an abused and slandered class of men, but after having had a few lessons of personal experience, I will not turn lawyer to put in a plea for their integrity of character. One requisite will be found a great convenience—you not only want a man who can talk good Arabic, but good English. Many of them have only English enough to transact the ordinary business of the journey. If they have a good knowledge of English, it will very much facilitate your

intercourse among the Arabs, and aid you in gathering much useful information from them.

A BARGAIN MADE.

I soon found two associates for the journey; a dragoman was selected, and we met at the office of the American Consul, where the following contract was drawn up, signed, witnessed and recorded:

This agreement, made February 19th, 1861, between D. A. Randall, E. P. Baker and Algernon Lempriere of the first part, and Mohammed Shrik of the second part: WITNESSETH,

1. That the said Mohammed Shrik agrees to take the said parties of the first part from Cairo to Mount Sinai, and back to Suez—the camels for transportation to leave Cairo on the 21st of February, and be at Suez on the 24th of February.

2. Mohammed Shrik agrees to furnish all needed camels or dromedaries, drivers, a good cook, and all assistance necessary for the parties of the first part—a good double tent, bedsteads, clean beds and bedding, together with all necessary provisions, including meats, vegetables, fruits, figs, dates, oranges, etc., etc., all to be of the best quality.

3. Mohammed Shrik also agrees to furnish all needed protection, and any escort that may be necessary for the security of the persons and property of the parties of the first part, to pay all the expenses of said journey, to pay all contributions, fees, presents, backsheesh or demands that may be made by any sheik or sheiks or Arabs on the route, to pay all charges and demands whatever arising out of said journey to the convent of Mount Sinai, and returning therefrom.

4. It is also agreed that the parties of the first part shall pay their own railroad fare from Cairo to Suez, and also third-class railroad fare for the said Mohammed Shrik from Cairo to Suez, and from Suez back to Cairo, on their return. They also agree to pay any present or fee that may be demanded by the monks at the convent of Mount Sinai, for any privileges the party may enjoy in visiting or stopping in said convent.

5. It is also agreed that the parties shall proceed to Mount Sinai by the way of Ain Hawarah, Wady Taiyibeh, Wady Feiran and Wady Rahah, and return by Wady Es Sheik and Surabit El Khadim. In supplies of provisions, a good and full meal shall be furnished in the morning, a cold lunch at noon, and a good dinner of soup, two courses of meat, vegetables, and desert on encamping for the night. It is also un-

derstood that the parties of the first part shall have the privilege of sleeping in the tents while stopping at Suez and Mount Sinai, if they prefer to do so.

6. Mohammed Shrik shall be allowed twenty-three days for the performance of said journey from Cairo and back; and all stops and hindrances not demanded or made by the parties of the first part, and all damages or accidents to camels or luggage, shall be at his expense. The parties of the first part shall be allowed to remain two full days at Mount Sinai; and Mohammed Shrik agrees to act as interpreter and assistant at the convent, and in ascending the mountain at Sinai, without additional compensation.

7. The parties of the first part agree to pay Mohammed Shrik, for the performance of this contract, seventy-five pounds sterling, or twenty-five pounds sterling each. Forty-two and one-half pounds of the above shall be paid on the signing of this contract, and the balance on the return of the parties to Cairo, the payments to be made at the office of the American Consul in Cairo; and the above amount of seventy-five pounds is all the said Mohammed Shrik shall be entitled to receive for the performance of said contract.

8. Any differences of opinion that shall arise with regard to the meaning or fulfillment of this contract, shall be settled at the office of the American Consul in Cairo, and the decision of said Consul shall be final in the matter.

Dated at Cairo, February 19th, 1861.

(Signed by the parties of the first part.)
(Sealed by Mohammed Shrik.)

(Witnessed by the Clerk of American Consul,
and the Seal of the office attached.)

For witnessing and recording this contract, the Consul charged us five dollars. This done, Mohammed was left to do all the rest—procure the escort, tent, supplies, and all other requisites. It was only necessary for us to see that the supplies were such as we were willing to accept. The first thing he does is to procure the services of one of the sheiks of the Tawara Arabs, that inhabit the desert between Suez and Mount Sinai. Some of these are generally watching around the hotels for opportunities of this kind, and he was not long in securing the services of one. Without this arrangement, it is not safe for a traveling party to attempt to pass through their territory. It is a sort of tribute levied upon the traveler through

their dominions, and also secures safety from all molestation by the tribe. How much he paid the sheik for this escort, I was never able to ascertain. This sheik had several camels and one or two men with him, which our dragoman also hired, and thus the sheik was enabled to make something more out of the journey.

LETTER FROM THE GREEK CONVENT.

The convent at Mount Sinai is a branch of the Greek convent at Cairo, and no one can gain admittance to the convent at Sinai without a letter of permission from the Patriarch at Cairo. To procure this letter from the Patriarch, a recommend from the resident consul of the nation to which you belong is necessary. We went first to the office of the American Consul, who furnished us a brief letter of introduction to the Greek Patriarch, for which he charged us two dollars. With this letter, and our dragoman for guide and interpreter, we proceeded to the Greek convent, and after considerable delay and ceremony, obtained admittance. While waiting for the Patriarch, a servant brought in a waiter with a dish of preserves, and tumblers of water and arrack. There being only a priest present, and he an Italian, and we unable to understand him, we made several ridiculous blunders before he could make us understand how the preserves were to be eaten.

We were at last relieved from our embarrassment by the entrance of the Patriarch. The conversation between him and our dragoman was carried on in Arabic. We could not understand a word spoken, but we soon discovered there was something wrong. The controversy waxed warmer, there was a cloud and a scowl on the old Patriarch's brow, and we saw evident indications of a gathering storm. At length our dragoman turned to us: "There is a difficulty in getting our letter on account of the sheik I have employed. You can go down to the gate, and the donkey boys will take you to the hotel. Leave the matter to me. It is my business; I will see it settled." This was all we could learn of the matter, and we took our leave.

We ascertained afterward that our sheik lived in the desert,

near the convent; and in his journeys to Cairo had borrowed money of the Patriarch, under the pledge that he would pay it by using his camels to carry provisions back to the convent in the desert. Now, having an opportunity to get a cash job from our dragoman, he had deserted the Patriarch, and left him to get his supplies forwarded in some other way. The exasperated old dignitary immediately sent out an officer, had him arrested, and cast into prison. It cost our dragoman a whole day's running and pettifogging to procure his release. A satisfactory arrangement was at last made, and he was set at liberty. The necessary letter was furnished, for which the Patriarch charged us one dollar and twenty-five cents.

DEPARTURE FOR SUEZ.

Preliminaries were at last settled and arrangements completed. Sheik, camels, drivers, tents, water and provisions, left for Suez Friday, February 22d, to be at Suez on the evening of the third day. We were to proceed thither by railroad at our leisure. The construction of this railroad from Cairo to Suez, saves the traveler three days of desert camel ride. It has but recently been constructed, and now makes a continuous line of railroad from Alexandria to Suez, by way of Cairo. Thus the Mediterranean and the Red Sea are now connected, and the difficulties of the East India passage greatly diminished. The traveler from Cairo to Suez now accomplishes in a few hours what formerly took three days, through a desolate and barren desert of sand.

A RIDE UPON THIS ROAD.

At the time appointed we were on board the cars, bound for Suez. The distance by rail is eighty-three miles. On this road there are three classes of fare—about two, five and eight dollars. Leaving the depot, and the queer looking, jabbering multitude that may at any time be seen congregated there, we plunged immediately into the immense, gloomy desert. Cairo, with her citadel, minarets and beautiful groves, seemed to glide away behind us, and soon the wide waste of sands, like a boundless ocean, completely shut us in. The monotony of the desert is

broken sometimes by gentle undulations of the surface, and occasionally by low ranges of hills. But every where the same awful sterility meets the eye. No human habitation, unless you chance to meet the low, black tent of some wandering Bedawin —no groves, no shrubbery, not a tree to relieve the gloomy monotony of the scene. For the accommodation of the railroad, two or three stations have been established, and a few hovels built, the inmates of which are supplied with provisions and water brought by the cars from Cairo. What a contrast to the green valley of the Nile, in which we had been making donkey excursions! Onward our iron horse dashed, with the strength and endurance of a whole caravan of camels; defying the scorching rays of the sun above, and the burning solitude of sands beneath. At last a stony ridge of high lands rose up upon our right, and a dark blue line lay stretched across our pathway. Those were the mountains of Attaka, and this was our first glimpse of the waters of the sea that opened its waves beneath the outstretched rod of the leader of Israel. And now we began eagerly to recall to remembrance Migdol, Baal-Zephon and Pihahiroth—the children of Israel coming up in multitudes, led by the mysterious cloud, and encamping by these waters. Perhaps over this very spot, where we now ride, that wonderful cloud floated; perhaps on this very spot it rested. But while we are absorbed in these remembrances, we have reached our destination. The cars have stopped. Here is

SUEZ.

This spot, from the very nature of the locality, seems destined as a resting place for travelers. Situated upon the head waters of the sea—a place for embarkation whenever there is any traffic upon its waters—the gate of entrance to the great Sinaitic peninsula, and since the establishment of Mohammedanism, a rallying place for pilgrims upon the great caravan route from Grand Cairo to Mecca. There has been a settlement here in some form from time immemorial. Modern Suez, a few years ago a small, insignificant town, has, since the termination of the railroad here, rapidly increased in size and importance. It lies in about 30° of north latitude, and now con-

tains some three thousand inhabitants. It is difficult to conceive of the barreness and desolation that surrounds it. Washed upon one side by the waters of the sea, the barren wastes of desert encircle it upon the others. There is no fresh water within several miles of it, and then a very scanty supply. Most of the water used by the inhabitants, and all used by the engines, is brought from Cairo on the cars, and all the provisions are brought in from abroad. No green thing is seen in the vicinity, not a grass plat, not a tree or a shrub, to relieve the gloomy, sterile monotony of the place. To the biblical student, the chief interest arises from the fact of its being the supposed place of

THE PASSAGE OF THE ISRAELITES.

It is Sunday. No Christian church opens its inviting doors, no Sabbath bell calls us to worship. Let us take our Bible and wander along the shore, and ascend yonder elevation, and see if we can trace any of the landmarks by which this place can be identified with the wonderful records of scripture. Just here, near the depot, and only a few minutes' walk from the town, is a high mound, said to be a portion of the remains of the old ruined town of Kolzim, that formerly existed here. The Pasha is now erecting a house upon it. We can not only ascend the hill, but the house also, which will give us a good elevation from which to survey the surrounding country. The sea just before us is now only about a mile broad, and quite shallow. Vessels of deep draught anchor about five miles below, and a line of shoals extend all along this portion of the sea. Great changes are supposed to have taken place here during the last four thousand years. Geologists tell us there has evidently been an elevation of this portion of land about the head of the Red Sea, causing an apparent diminution of the waters, so that the sea is not only much narrower than formerly, but also reaches a far less distance to the northward. That such physical changes do sometimes take place, is a well known fact. About the region of Alexandria, there has evidently been a depression of the land, so that portions of the catacombs that were formerly dry, are now submerged in the waters of the

Mediterranean. Again, the constantly drifting sands are encroaching upon the sea, and in these shallow waters great changes may have taken place, in some thousands of years, from this cause alone. But how does it now correspond with

THE BIBLICAL NARRATIVE.

Turn your face in the direction of the sea. We here stand upon a peninsula—a flat point of land projecting into the sea. Upon our right, only a mile or two distant, stretching like a great wall from the sea far back into the desert, rises the mountain range of Jebel Attaka. Upon our left, a portion of the sea comes winding around, presenting a barrier of waters upon that side. Behind us, for near a hundred miles, stretches away the great desert over which we have been riding.

Suppose Moses to have come up with the armies of Israel, and encamped in this place—and the position is certainly a favorable one—with these mountains upon his right, the sea before him, and hooking around inland upon his left, and the advancing army of Pharaoh coming up from the desert in his rear, how could he escape but by a miracle? Pharaoh said of them: "They are entangled in the land, *the wilderness hath shut them in.*" How accurate the description! If an invading army desired to drive their enemy into a position where they could effectually cut off all retreat, what better position could they have wished?

The names found in this locality, and that seem to have come down from remote antiquity, also unite their testimony with other things to mark this immediate vicinity as the place of this remarkable passage. This range of hills upon our right is called by the Arabs Jebel Attaka, which means the *Mountains of Deliverance.* A valley among these hills is called Badeah, the *Miraculous.* The range of mountains upon the opposite side of the sea is called the Jebel Tih, and a valley, Wady Tih—the *Mountains of the Wanderings*, and the *Valley of the Wanderings.* Nearly opposite us is Ain Mousa, the *Fountain of Moses;* and lower down upon the shore of the sea is Hamman Pharoun, the *Baths of Pharaoh*, said to have derived their name from the destruction of his hosts. Thus these signifi-

cant names seem fixed to these places to perpetuate the remembrance of the scripture narrative; while the Arab tribes have all retained rude accounts of the events in their traditions. I could not but consider the names attached to these localities, and which have been handed down from remote antiquity, as the Handwriting of the Almighty, for the perpetuation of the knowledge of the wonderful events that have here transpired.

HOW THE PASSAGE WAS EFFECTED.

We have no disposition to disprove the miracle, or detract from its greatness and wonder. That an astonishing miracle was wrought, there can be no question. And yet the narrative plainly informs us that God made use of known and common agencies to accomplish his purpose. The tide here rises several feet. Though no mention is made of this in the sacred record, it might have been among the means employed. The Lord brought a wind, which drove the waters back, and he held them by his powerful hand until he was ready to return them to their accustomed place. The position of the waters and all the surroundings, seem to conspire to fix the locality of this great deliverance of Israel, and signal overthrow of their enemies, in this immediate locality. And now, standing upon this eminence, in full view of all that is transpiring, let us witness the wonderful passage.

All around us, thickly covering this great plain, stood the many thousands of Israel. Now cast your eye back upon yonder desert. It is dark with the pursuing hosts of Egypt. There is Pharaoh and his men, his horsemen, and six hundred chariots, thirsting for vengeance upon the escaping foe. Consternation seizes upon the hosts of Israel; they see no way of escape; the stoutest hearts begin to tremble. The clamor of the multitude reaches the ear of Moses. "Because there were no graves in Egypt hast thou taken us away to die in the wilderness." But Moses, with the experience of eighty years, stands like a pillar of strength—calm and unmoved. His lessons at the Mount of God, the wonders of the burning bush, the revelations of Jehovah in the court of Noph, were not to

be forgotten in this stern hour of trial. "Fear ye not, stand still, and see the salvation of God."

Now that mysterious cloud, the pavilion of the angel of God, that had gone before them, lifts heavenward its majestic form, passes over the camp, and settles down between them and their pursuers. Do you believe in unseen agencies? The angel of God encampeth about them that fear him; and the angel that guides us in peace, becomes our shield in the hour of danger.

It was a great event, when God in the creation rolled together the waves of the great ocean, elevated the land, and heaped up the mountain barriers, and gave the elements their boundaries. He who fixed those boundaries, alone has power to change them. He alone could bring the winds and compress the waves, and make for Israel a road through the midst of the flood. "Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward." His Omnipotent hand piled up the waters like ramparts about them, and gave them a safe and triumphant passage.

THE DESTRUCTION AND THE TRIUMPH.

The boasting warriors of Egypt, in the pride of human strength, reach the sea; in vain confidence they attempt the mysterious highway of waters. They entered the gateway, and the portals closed behind them. In the morning watch the Lord looked upon them, and there was trouble in their ranks. The mighty waters came rolling back, and horse, rider and chariot were entombed beneath their resistless tide!

The morning sun looked down upon the green valley of the Nile; his light kindled upon the Arabian hills, and glanced upon the now tranquil waters of the sea. There stood the forlorn and awe-stricken remnant of that great army, that in the consciousness of strength and the glory of human pride, had marched out from the populous cities of yonder plain. They looked down upon that sea gleaming in the sunlight—it was the grave of buried thousands.

But hark, the triumph of Israel! While this desponding remnant of Pharaoh's host looked out in hopeless despair upon the sea of waters, that had become the winding sheet and

monumental tomb of their companions, they had but to lift their eyes to yonder shore to witness the glad exultations of a redeemed and rejoicing people. Moses celebrated this great and signal deliverance by a song of triumph, a part of which has been translated as follows:

"I will sing unto the Lord, for he has triumphed gloriously;
The horse and his rider hath he whelmed in the sea.
My praise and my song is Jehovah,
And he hath become my salvation.

* * * * * * *

With the blast of thy nostrils the waters were heaped together;
The flowing waters stood upright as an heap;
The floods were congealed in the heart of the sea.
The enemy said, I will pursue, I will overtake,
I will divide the spoil; my soul shall be satisfied;
I will draw my sword; my hand shall destroy them.
Thou didst blow with thy breath; the sea covered them;
They sank as lead in the mighty waters.

Who is like unto thee among the gods, O, Jehovah!
Who is like unto thee, making thyself glorious in holiness,
Fearful in praises, executing wonders?
Thou hast led forth in thy mercy the people whom thou hast redeemed;
Thou didst stretch out thy right hand; the earth swallowed them;
Thou hast guided them in thy strength to the habitation of thy holiness."

Not the men only, but the women joined in the triumph. Then Miriam, the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her, with timbrels and dances:

"Our slavery is finished, our labor is done,
Our tasks are relinquished, our march is begun;
The arm of the Lord hath divided the sea;
Jehovah has conquered, and Israel is free.

Proud boaster of Egypt! be silent and mourn;
Weep, daughter of Memphis, thy banner is torn;
In the temple of Isis be wailing and woe,
For the mighty are fallen, and princes laid low."

OUR CAMELS AND ATTENDANTS WAITING FOR THEIR LOADS AT SUEZ.

CHAPTER XI.

FROM SUEZ TO SINAI—APPEARANCE OF THE COUNTRY—ENCAMPMENTS OF ISRAEL—LIFE IN THE DESERT.

WHILE we were absorbed in the reflections with which the last chapter closed, and gazing with intense interest upon the theatre of these wonderful events, the sun was slowly creeping down the slope of the Arabian hills, and the announcement was made: "The sheik and camels have arrived; the men are putting up the tents just out of the town." So to-night I am to take my first lesson in camp life, among desert sands, hunch-backed camels and Bedawin Arabs.

February 25th. To one all his life accustomed to the comforts and luxuries of civilization, it seems, at first, a strange thing to lie down to sleep in a frail tent, amid such surroundings of desert, Arabs and camels as encompassed us during the last night. The morning came, thanks to the great Protector of all, and found us safe. Our Egyptian cook commenced in earnest the mysteries of his vocation, and by the time we were dressed had a good supply of smoking viands upon the table.

The first thing in the process of preparation was the loading of the camels. What a strange paraphernalia—tents, beds, bedsteads, meats, chickens, water, oranges, stools, cooking utensils, fuel, provender for the camels, etc., etc., etc., all to be piled and fitted on to the backs of these patient looking beasts.

One of the first things to be done was to apportion the luggage among the camels, and give each his appropriate share. This is not so easy a thing to do. There are generally several owners of the camels, each one anxious to get his own beast started with as light a burden as possible. Such pulling, hauling, wrangling, chafing, asperity of language and vehemence

of gesticulation, that never ends in blows or blood, can be witnessed no where but among these children of Ishmael. Once or twice our dragoman lost all patience, seized a walking stick and pitched into them like a perfect fury, laying about him right and left, actually cudgeling them into order and submission. One poor driver received some blows over the shoulders, the marks of which I am sure he must have carried with him clear to Mount Sinai. To me it was a novel scene, but I soon discovered that our dragoman had pluck and authority enough for his position, and as we had hired him to attend to all these little matters, we looked on with as much unconcern as though we were only passengers, especially as we soon learned it was their peculiar way of doing business.

CROSSING THE SEA.

At last the wrangling ceased; the luggage was duly apportioned, and each camel had his assigned share of the burden. Our camels now had to make a circuit of some ten or twelve miles around the head of the sea. We could ride around with them, or take a boat and cross over and meet them upon the opposite side. We preferred paying twelve and a half cents ferriage, for a half hour's ride across the water, to a half day's ride upon camels in the burning sun.

We loitered about the town until about noon, when an Arab ferryman took us into his boat, spread his old fashioned lateen sail to the breeze, and we were gliding over the waters that had once parted their yielding waves for the hosts of Israel. We found the water quite shallow all the way. At low tide the bottom is laid bare near half the distance. The deepest portion of the other part of the way might have been fifteen to twenty feet. It was a short distance above this that Bonaparte, during his campaign into Egypt, taking advantage of low tide, crossed over on horseback to hold an interview with the monks from the convent at Sinai, and a delegation from the Tawarah Arabs. As he was returning, the tide came rolling in upon him, so that he could no longer keep his seat in the saddle. A stout soldier seized him, and bore him on his shoulders to the opposite shore by holding on to the tail of the guide's

horse. Had it not been for the aid thus rendered, he might have shared the fate of the Egyptian prince.

We had not long to wait before our caravan came up. A hasty lunch from the haversack, and we were ready for our first camel ride in the desert. Thus far we had been greatly favored by railroad and sea, but now the stern prose work of the journey must commence. Three camels are generally allowed for each traveler. There being three of us, nine camels were deemed necessary to carry us and the requisite amount of stores and luggage. The riding camels are called dromedaries, and differ only in build and the use to which they are applied. Between the camel and the dromedary, as the terms are used here, there is about the same difference as is made in our country between the saddle horse and the heavy, stout-built draft horse. A dromedary is a light, fleet-footed camel. All the camels I saw here have but one hump. Our dromedaries were tall, lank, rough-looking fellows; the saddles were large, heavy, rude pieces of manufacture. The three best riding beasts were appropriated to our use. Each camel carried a pair of panniers, in which a quantity of grain for his own food in the desert was stowed. Over these our beds and bedding were piled, so as to make a soft, broad, easy seat. At the command of the driver, the tall animal came down upon his knees, and then dropped upon his haunches, until he lay flat upon his breast-bone, with his long legs folded in a very peculiar manner close under him. I was surprised to see with what facility the tall beast humbled himself for his burden. A moment more and I was fairly astride of his back. He lifted himself first upon his hind legs, throwing me violently forward and nearly pitching me over his head. I held on to the saddle from behind, and he continued to open fold after fold of his locomotive organs, raising me higher and higher, until I was again surprised at the facility of the ascent and the giddy hight to which I was suddenly elevated. All was now in readiness, and we were fairly under way for a long ride over barren plains of sand and among bleak and desolate mountains.

The motion of the camel is a very peculiar one; he moves a side at a time, like a pacing horse. You are thrown backward

and forward at every step of the animal, with a sudden jerk across the small of the back, that keeps the upper part of the body swinging backward and forward like a see-saw. This at first is extremely unpleasant and fatiguing, giving to some persons a sensation not unlike sea-sickness. But to this the rider soon becomes accustomed. The speed of our camels was from two and a half to three miles an hour, always walking. The trot of the camel, for the comfort of the rider, is about like that of a trotting cow. We had, as stated, nine camels, dragoman, cook, sheik, and three camel drivers, the sheik also acting in the capacity of driver. The camel of the cook carried a large quantity of provisions and cooking apparatus, with his bedding stowed upon it, while upon the top of all he contrived to make a comfortable seat for himself. The dragoman rode in a similar manner, while sheik and drivers uniformly walked, two of them bare-foot—two of them, the dignified sheik included, wearing the old fashioned sandals of the days of Abraham. We were now fairly started upon our pilgrimage, and boldly struck out into the great ocean desert before us. Our course lay at first directly along the track of the great caravan route to Mecca. A ride of two and a half hours brought us to the

WELLS OF MOSES.

These are a cluster of springs—a little oasis in the midst of the burning, arid desert. The Arabs call the place Ayun Mousa, or Fountain of Moses. No mention is made of this place in the journeyings of Israel, but the Arabs have a tradition that Moses brought up the water here by striking the ground with his rod. Robinson speaks of a scanty vegetation existing here in 1838, but recently some gardens have been planted here by persons residing at Suez, who employ Arab servants to cultivate the ground, watering it from these wells. There are seven of the springs, but the most of the water is brackish, and unfit for drinking or cooking. Among the trees we noticed the date-palm, the tamarisk, the pomegranate and the apricot. A woman came out with a few small heads of cabbage and some eggs, proposing to sell them to our dragoman. For the eggs she asked a piaster for three, for the cab-

bage fifty cents a head. Our camels drinked a little of the water, but did not seem to relish it.

These fountains are upon an elevation of ground, commanding an extensive view of the country around. As I looked out over the plain between this and the sea, I could not resist the impression that my eye was resting upon the very ground that witnessed the joyful triumphs of Israel over their own deliverance, and the destruction of their enemies. What an event was that to this long oppressed and persecuted people. For two hundred and fifteen years had yon mysterious river heard their groans, and the fertile fields of yonder valley drinked the sweat of their toil. Now the time of deliverance had come, and they were on their way to the Land of Promise.

Our visit to this green spot, beautiful, not in itself, but from its contrast with the desolations that surrounded it, was soon over. We rode on about two and a half hours, and encamped for the night upon the broad plain of sands that stretches from the sea-coast away towards the Jebel et Tih. Our cook soon had a good supper upon the table—for we had a real table, which our dragoman had brought out for our use; we ate with a relish labor only can give; retired early, and slept soundly and securely.

SECOND DAY.

This morning we were under way soon after seven o'clock. We were traveling in a southeasterly direction, over an immense plain of sand. On our right could be seen the blue strip of sea, reaching far up and down; beyond it, the high, naked, rocky mountains of the African coast. On our left, the mountain range of Jebel et Tih, that shut in, like a great giant wall, all this portion of the peninsula, while far away in the distance, rising high above them all, in sullen majesty and grandeur, was the imposing peak of Tusset (cup) Sudhr, the king and crowning glory of the range. All day our course lay over this monotonous desert of yellow sand, with scarce a tree or shrub or living thing of green to cheer the eye. The monotony of the scene was occasionally broken by the undulations of some wady or shallow water course, dry as the sand

that drifted around us, but where, in rainy seasons, the waters find their way to the sea. Sometimes the eye was relieved by a bit of table-land that had thus far withstood the action of the winds and rains, that have driven or washed all around them into the bosom of the sea. Many of these elevations thus left here, present a very singular appearance. They were of various hights and shapes, some of them like conical flat-topped pyramids, some of them like great frowning towers or battlements. In many instances, the layers of sand near the surface being harder than those beneath, the softer portions were washed away, leaving flat tufts or caps upon the top, looking like great giant tables in the wilderness. At 6 o'clock we encamped upon a gravelly soil, in the midst of a succession of mounds or hillocks. These hills were almost entirely composed of bowlders and pebbles, all of them having precisely the rough and mottled appearance of parboiled flesh, most of them also having a soft and greasy feeling. To-morrow we expect to visit the bitter fountain of Marah, and are anxious to get an early start, that we may make a good day's ride.

MARAH, OR AIN HAWARA.

February 27th. This morning, between 11 and 12 o'clock, we came to Ain Hawara, the bitter well or fountain; supposed to be the Marah of the Exodus. The Arabic name, Ain Hawara, means *Fountain of Destruction.* In the narrative of the journeyings of the Israelites we are informed: "Moses brought Israel from the Red Sea, and they went out into the wilderness of Shur; and they went three days in the wilderness and found no water; and when they came to Marah they could not drink of the waters of Marah, for they were *bitter.*" How does this locality correspond with the scripture narrative? From the fountain of Moses it is sixteen and a half hours' ride, or between forty and fifty miles. We cannot suppose the great multitudes of Israel, with their flocks and herds of little ones, would make a journey of over ten to fifteen miles a day. This would have brought them on the third day to this fountain.

During these marches, having found no water, with what eagerness would they press upon this fountain, as they approached

it, and with what disappointment must they have recoiled from it when they found it unpalatable, and *bitter! bitter!* Again the clamors of the multitude fell upon the ears of Moses: "What shall we drink?" Moses' refuge and trust was only in God; to him he resorted, and on him he called. The waters were sweetened by the peculiar virtues of a tree, which, by divine direction, was cast into them.

PRESENT APPEARANCE OF THE FOUNTAIN.

It is situated upon a low mound, or round topped elevation, only a few rods distant from the direct road. The place where the water is found, has a very singular appearance. A rocky looking mass, apparently a kind of mineral deposit, left by the water during the lapse of many ages, rises up from the mound like a large, flat looking haycock. In the top of this is a large, uneven indentation, or basin. On one side the rock appears to have been split and slightly elevated. In this basin stands a pool of water. The fountain is only one to two feet deep, and five or six in circumference. I should not think there were over two or three barrels of water in it. It is green looking, brackish, salt and unpleasant, tasting something like a weak solution of glauber salts. It does not overflow, though on one side of the rocky deposit there is a channel, through which, from appearance, the water must formerly have run.

Our camels did not drink it; though it is said both camels and Arabs will sometimes drink it when pressed with thirst. Robinson speaks of seeing here, in 1838, some stunted palm trees, and many bushes of a low, thorny shrub, often found in this kind of soil, called ghurkood. These thorn trees have now entirely disappeared, and all around the fountain is a barren plateau of sand, impregnated with saline particles. A little distance from the spring is the stump of a palm tree, now nearly destroyed, and a little further off a clump of palm leaves, green and flourishing. These, with a few scattered desert weeds, comprise all the vegetation now to be seen in the place. There can be no doubt but there was formerly much more, both of vegetation and of water, existing here than at present. The causes that have been operating in other portions

of the desert, of which we shall speak hereafter, have also exerted their influence here.

THE SWEETENING OF THE WATERS.

The greatness of the miracle wrought by Moses in making these waters palatable, has been discussed by various writers. Some have been disposed to account for the phenomenon from natural causes alone; some contend that there are several vegetable productions that have the property of neutralizing the unpleasant mineral properties of brackish waters. The Spaniards of Florida, we are told, sometimes use sassafras, while on the Coramandel coast another species of tree is used by the natives. But can we infer from this that any correctives of that nature were applied here? Others, again, tell us that the berries of this same species of thorny bush, the ghurkood, that former travelers found growing here, had the rare property of sweetening the waters. But admitting that these berries had this remarkable quality, how could they have been procured at the time the Israelites came to this fountain. The Israelites left Egypt at the time of the passover, and must have been at this place only two or three weeks later, and the berries of this shrub do not ripen till some time in June. Besides, it is not now known that they possess any such healing quality. Robinson says when here, he made frequent and diligent inquiries among the Arabs, whether they knew any process for thus sweetening water, either by means of berries, or the bark, or leaves of any plant, and was invariably answered in the negative.

As I stood upon this elevation, by the side of this strange fountain, and looked out upon the surrounding country, my imagination peopled it with the many thousands of Israel, now fairly upon their march to the heart of this great desert, to encamp before the Mount of God. They had seen his wonders in dividing the great waters; the strange miracle of sweetening the bitter ones. Here God proved them, and here he made for them a statute and an ordinance. Here he spoke to them and said: "If thou wilt diligently hearken to the voice of the Lord thy God, and wilt do that which is right in his sight, and

wilt give ear to his commandments, and keep all his statutes, I will put none of these diseases upon thee which I have brought upon the Egyptians, for I am the Lord that healeth thee." They were now put upon their good behavior, with the promise of blessing and protection for obedience. God had loosed their bonds; by his power they had been delivered, and now they were peculiarly his people. We are now to follow upon their track, and have other places of their encampments to visit. By reference to the map, the different stations and the general course pursued can be readily seen. From Marah a ride of about two hours and a half brought us to

WADY GHURUNDEL OR ELIM.

This is supposed to be one of the camping places of the Israelites mentioned in the Exodus. "And they came to Elim, where were twelve wells of water and three score and ten palm trees, and they encamped there by the waters." Exodus xv. 27. From Ain Hawara this would have been for them about a half days' journey, and being one of the best camping grounds in all this region, it is not probable they would have passed it without availing themselves of the luxury of its shady trees and refreshing waters. The principal fountains are about half an hour's ride down the valley from where the direct road crosses.

We had taken a good supply of drinking water from the "sweet" Nile at Cairo, and had no need of replenishing our stock. We, however, made a visit to these fountains. We found no streams of running water, such as other travelers have described as existing here. The wells, or springs they should rather be called, are made by digging in the dry channel a hole from one to two feet deep, and the water filters in through the sand and gravel. The earth around seemed impregated with saline particles. The water, though called sweet, had an earthy, brackish taste, far inferior to our Nile water. The camels drinked it freely.

There is more vegetation here than we had found in any place since leaving the valley of the Nile. But I could not, as many travelers do, go into raptures over the beauties of these

occasional oases, that relieve the cheerlessness of the barren desert. In a fertile country, they would be comparatively desolate places; but abounding in the midst of these arid wastes, they are welcome and cheerful spots. "While the whole desert," says one, "is almost absolutely bare and barren, Wady Ghurundel is fringed with trees and shrubs, forming a charming oasis. Here are the stunted palms, with their hairy trunks and disheveled branches. Here, too, are the feathery tamarisks, with gnarled boughs, their leaves dripping with what the Arabs call manna. And here is the acacia, with its gray foliage and bright blossoms, tangled by its desert growth into a thicket. Pleasant is the acacia to the sight wearied by the desert glare, but it has a higher and holier interest as the tree of the 'Burning Bush,' and the 'shittimwood' of the Tabernacle."

The tamarisk that "fringes the valley" is of a sickly and stunted growth, and far from being abundant. Those that stand near the water course, give evidence of the powerful currents that wash through this wady in times of freshet, the lower branches being filled to the hight of several feet with mud, decayed leaves, bits of brush and the like, that have been left among them as the waters subsided. Those that stand at a distance from the water-course are choked and nearly suffocated by the great heaps of drifting sands that lodge around the roots, and bury their trunks and lowest branches to the depth of several feet. Many of them are dead and dying from this cause alone.

The acacia trees have mostly disappeared, and of those that remain we sought for one that would afford us protection during the hour of our lunch from the fierce rays of the noontide sun. But the vegetation of the most luxuriant one was not sufficient to afford us any thing but partial protection. The palm trees, that were once the glory of the place, are also passing away. Scarce a vestige of them is left in the immediate vicinity of the springs. A short distance above, just where the main route crosses, a few of them are found, but they have been robbed and dwarfed by the same desolating causes of neglect and depradation on one hand, and the hostile power of the desert upon the other, that seems destined to obliterate from

these places every green thing. I counted between fifteen and twenty of these sickly trees scattered here and there in the vicinity of the fountains—all that are left as a memorial of the three score and ten that flourished here in the days of the Exodus. The trunk of one lay in moldering ruins upon the ground; upon the roots and young twigs of another, the reckless Arabs had recently kindled a fire, and doomed it to destruction.

BATHS OF PHARAOH.

Having finished our visit at Elim, we passed on, picturing in our imagination the scene when, nearly thirty-five hundred years ago, the Israelites pitched their tents in this valley, and refreshed themselves from these fountains. How different from Marah! There they had bitter water and a scanty supply; here they had sweet water, and a well for every tribe, while the date palm and the acacia spread for them an inviting shade. As we passed on, at a distance upon our right, upon the borders of the sea, are the so called Baths of Pharaoh.

It is a warm, sulphurous fountain, springing from the base of the mountain cliffs, that here constitute the barrier of the sea. Between us and them were the tall, desolate mountain range, known in Arabic phrase as *Jebel Hummam*, the Hill of the Bath. Where these springs make their appearance, the cliffs rise almost perpendicularly from the sea to a mountain altitude and sublimity. The temperature of the water is about 150° Fahrenheit. They break out from a lower chalk strata, nearly on a level with the sea. The water leaves a deposit of common salt mixed with sulphur. Hot vapors also issue from the cavernous crevices of the rocks in the vicinity. The Arabs have a fantastic tradition with regard to these springs. According to this, they are the bubblings of the last breath of Pharaoh, as he sunk into the sea, unknelled, except by the roar of the mighty waters; uncoffined, except by the winding sheet of ocean foam.

APPEARANCE OF THE COUNTRY.

Soon after leaving Elim, or Wady Ghurundel, the aspect of the country began to change. It became first more undulating

and then broken, soon assuming a wild, rough and dreary aspect, rising into hills and broken cliffs, and sometimes mountain peaks. But any thing was a relief from the oppressive monotony of the desert over which we had been for three days traveling. I had expected to find here a desert, and a sterile one, but I had not expected to find a region so utterly destitute of animal and vegetable life.

Here you ride on hour after hour, and, indeed, day after day, and all around you is one wide-spread scene of desolation—plains of sand, barren hills, or naked mountain peaks. A few stubborn-looking, hardy plants, here and there, draw a scanty sustenance from the penurious soil, and struggle for existence in the midst of the barrenness that surrounds them. No grass plat, seldom a bush or tree cheers the sight. No song of bird falls upon the ear, no groves spread their branches to play with the wandering breezes or gather from them a tribute of music as they pass. Occasionally you may hear the hoarse croak of a raven by day, or the mock laugh of some prowling hyena by night, as they seek a meal upon the carcass of some unfortunate camel that has sunk by the way under the weight of his burden. Your eyes ache with the intense glare of the sun reflected from the burning sand; you are oppressed with the gloomy monotony, the profound stillness, the awful solitude that seems every where to shut you in. As you contemplate the scene, you appreciate the kind Providence that in more favored climes has carpeted the earth with verdure, and adorned it with fertile vales and fruitful groves. A ride of a little more than two hours from Elim brought us to

WADY USEIT.

Here again we found a few palms, tamarisks and acacia trees, similar in character to those we have before described. The ground here was incrusted with a white accumulation of salt, and the water that stood in the pools in the now dry bed of the stream, was so salt and brackish as to be unfit for use. From this wady the road branches, and two different routes lead to Sinai; one by the singular ruins and sculptures of Surabit el Khadim, the other by Wady Mukatteb, the "Written

Valley;" our arrangement is to go by the latter and return by the former. So for the present we keep the right hand route, which will lead us to the sea.

In this valley, after a long and fatiguing day's ride, we pitched our tents and made our encampment for the night. It seemed strange to be traveling like the snail, carrying all our earthly possessions upon our backs, or rather the backs of our camels. There is a kind of freedom about it that gives one an unusual independence of feeling. We began to understand something of the immunities of the wild Bedawin, in his free range of the desert, only that his incumbrances are far less than ours. He is entangled by few ties, troubled with but a scanty wardrobe, trammeled with a meagre outfit for life, and with but few embarrassments, enjoys the wide domain of his desert home.

The reader may be curious to know something more of our mode of encamping, and of our arrangements for the night. As we had generally some sight-seeing to do, and excursions to make from the main route, and usually stopped an hour for our lunch at noon, our baggage camels, with the cook and two of the drivers, kept directly on without making any stop. In this way they usually gained a few miles of us in the course of the day, and stopped and erected the tents at an hour or place before agreed upon by the dragoman. We had one tent large enough for the accommodation of three. The dragoman and cook had a small tent in which they slept, while our escort, sheik and drivers, took their rest upon a blanket spread upon the ground in the open air, or crouched by the side of a recumbent camel. On reaching the camping ground, we usually found our tent ready, and our supper in process of preparation. The several classes that attend us are very punctilious about the division of labor. The cook will never lift a finger to do any thing aside from his legitimate duties of preparing the food and taking care of his household goods. The drivers will do nothing but load and take care of their camels; while the dragoman, as chief captain of the whole, is expected only to give the word of command, without touching his hand to a single thing. The Arabs seem strangely averse to any kind of hard labor or drudgery, and they go about it with a reluctance

and tardiness peculiarly provoking to one who has any occasion for haste. It was sometimes amusing to see our dragoman whose patience would occasionally come to an end, fly at them and lay his camel shillalah about their shoulders with a vigor that must have left its sting behind.

The camels, relieved of their ponderous burdens, were first turned out for an hour or two to browse, if perchance any green thing could be found. In most of our camping places there were a few wiry, desert shrubs and weeds, from which they could glean a few mouthfuls. Before dark they were brought together, made to lie down, and their legs hampered, when each received from four to six quarts of grain, generally a mixture of corn, barley and peas. This they ate from a bag tied over the head, as we sometimes see our draymen in the city feeding their horses. This one feed was frequently all the poor animals received in the whole twenty-four hours.

THE ARAB SUPPER.

This was simple and easily prepared. A goatskin bottle for their water, a drinking cup, and a small iron kettle that would hold about five or six quarts, seemed to constitute their entire outfit. I did not see them have any meat while I was with them, though they might have procured it occasionally from other Arabs as they journeyed. They had with them a bag of meal, I should think a mixture of corn and barley, and a few dried dates. This seemed to constitute the main portion of their living. In preparing their supper, they first gathered a little pile of dried roots, or withered desert shrubs, or camel dung, and kindled a small fire. Then, if the supper was to be pudding, the kettle was placed over the fire with the requisite quantity of water, and the meal stirred in and boiled. If bread was required, the kettle was used as a kneading trough; the dough was flattened into a cake about one-half an inch thick, and put into the sand, ashes and embers, and baked. This, with a few figs or raisins, constituted their meal, and two meals a day was all they took. Supper ended, they sat and talked till 9 or 10 o'clock, sometimes having a visitor from the tent of some

wandering crony. At bed time, if the night was not too cold, they would lay down upon a blanket near their fire. If the night was uncomfortable, or a cold wind was blowing, they brought the camels into a sort of semicircle, and made them lie down near together, and then crouched down close under them, and kept as comfortable as this kind of shelter and the warmth of the animals' bodies could make them. It seemed to me like a cheerless, desolate life.

OUR OWN FARE.

For ourselves, our dragoman had made provision for an ample supply. The cook had a good outfit—a light sheet-iron apparatus for cooking, and a supply of charcoal for fuel. Our tent was comfortable, our beds in good order, and had it not been for the fleas which seemed to constitute a regular part of the caravan, traveling when we traveled, and camping when we camped, we should have had no annoyance that would have particularly disturbed our repose.

One camel was specially set apart to carry the water. Two casks, nearly as large as barrels, were slung by means of ropes like a pair of panniers across his back. It was, at first, a sturdy load, but as it grew lighter day by day, other portions of the luggage was assigned him, and piled upon the tops of the barrels. We took water from Wady Ghurundel for washing, and again from Feiran for cooking, but we preferred our Nile water for drinking to any we found in these wadys; and using our stock sparingly for other purposes, we had enough to last us for our common beverage till we reached Mount Sinai. Our dragoman filled a common leather bottle from the cask each morning, hung it upon the horn of his camel's saddle, and from this we drinked during the day. It seemed strange to be drinking water we had carried upon the backs of camels for more than a week and over two hundred miles. At first, I thought I could never stomach any beverage from those dirty looking goatskin bottles. But when one finds himself in a desert country, parched with thirst, or faint with hunger, it is astonishing how easily the citadel of his scruples as to what he eats and

drinks is demolished; and how he swallows with a relish what, under other circumstances, he would turn from with disgust!

OUR CHICKENS

Were among the novel things of our outfit. Between thirty and forty of them, in a large wicker cage, perched upon the topmost part of a tall camel's load, rode out the weary days At night they were set upon the ground, and their door thrown open, when they sallied out in quest of food and water, strolling about the camp, stealing a few barley corns from the camels and picking at the cook's delicacies, making themselves as much at home as though they felt themselves to be a part of the household. As the shades of evening crept on, they would huddle again into their little grated prison, and allow the door to be closed upon them. Poor things! they seemed conscious it was their only home; they had no where else to go. The dreary desert offered no inducements to desertion. Happy chickens, I used sometimes to say, with thee, ignorance is bliss Daily, from some invisible cause—perhaps the cook could have explained it—their numbers diminished; not one of them ever returned to the land of civilization.

I am detaining you too long with these particulars of life in the desert. Few travelers think them worth mentioning at all, and yet they will be of interest to many. Our supper is ready; sit down with us, and see how you will enjoy a repast in this lone solitude of the desert. Upon this very ground Israel gathered manna, and here God sent them quails. He spread a table for them in the wilderness. Our viands have not been prepared by such direct and miraculous intervention, and yet we are no less indebted to his unsparing bounty for what we now enjoy. Let us lift our hearts in gratitude to him.

You see we have good bread. It is French make, and was brought from Cairo. We have enough of it to last us to Sinai, where we expect to get a supply for our return from the monks at the convent. First we have soup, then a dish of roast mutton, with potatoes and cauliflower. Next comes a course of stewed chicken, then a desert of plumb pudding, with oranges and raisins. This is followed by a good cup of coffee, with

sugar, and goat's or camel's milk, if the dragoman can get it; if not, it is good enough without. Now pipes if you choose—I never smoke; it is a foolish, useless and often injurious practice. What say you to our bill of fare? Many a one amidst the abundance of civilization fares worse. And now we have an hour or two before we retire. One of them we may spend in writing our journal of the day; during the other let us take

A VIEW OF THE COUNTRY.

Turn to the map on page 10, and which, for the convenience of the reader, has been reduced to a small size. You will there see that of the two gulfs forming the head of the Red Sea, Suez reaches much farther to the northward than Akaba. Standing at Suez and casting the eye eastward towards the head of the gulf of Akaba, you are looking over an immense extent of desert called *Et Tih*, "The desert of the Wanderings." It is supposed to take its name from the wanderings of the children of Israel. It is an immense plateau or table-land; its average elevation above the sea is about fifteen hundred feet. It is made up of vast rolling plains, with a hard, gravelly soil, sometimes intersected by chalky mounds, low, irregular, limestone ridges and dry valleys; the whole almost entirely destitute of vegetation. The range of mountains are at first called Jebel Rahah, then Jebel et Tih. The course of this range is at first south by east; as it approaches the Sinai range it sweeps away around to the eastward, and terminates in bold cliffs near the head of the gulf of Akaba. Shut in by this mountain range and this plateau of desert upon the north, and upon the other sides by these two great arms of the sea, is the peninsula proper, and the Sinaitic group of mountains. These barren deserts of Arabia are not, as many suppose, immense extents of drifting sands. There are occasionally, in the lower portions, sandstone strata, with loose beds of sands driven from place to place by the winds, but these form the exception; a great portion of the surface of the desert, even of its level plains, is firm, dry and gravelly.

Immediately south of the Raha and Jebel et Tih range, is a narrow tract of sandstone strata, abounding with loose, drifting

sand. This is called Debet er Ramleh, the Plain of Sand. Immediately south of this begin the mountains of Tur or Tor, the true highlands of the peninsula. You will see by our course, as marked out upon the map, we have been following along nearly in the direction of the sea coast, and are now near Elim. We are just entering among these high mountain ranges of the Sinaitic region. Among its sublime, jagged hights, and deep, rocky ravines, we shall soon be shut in, and shut out, as it were, from the rest of the world. Here our eyes will be greeted by the sublime and cloud-capped hights of Serbal and St. Catharine; and here, too, we shall stand by the Mount of God, whither he brought his people, and where, as in a school, he taught them his law, and unfolded the knowledge of his name.

February 28th. The morning dawned bright and beautiful, the sun looked out from his cloudless throne in the heavens, and kissed these barren hills and jagged rocks as sweetly as though they had been the most beautiful spots on earth. Our dragoman called us at 5 o'clock; at 6 o'clock we were seated around our breakfast table, and by 7 o'clock every thing was loaded, and the camp was in motion. Myself and companions walked on for an hour or more ahead of our camels. The days during this season of the year are not oppressively warm; in the middle of the day we needed the shelter of an umbrella The nights were cool, so much so that we needed our shawls and overcoats upon our beds, in addition to the quilt furnished by our dragoman. As we ascend into the mountainous region we shall probably find the nights still colder. We are now traveling upon the main caravan route leading to Tor, in the southern portion of the peninsula. Yesterday we met three companies of camels and Arabs going to Suez. One of these were loaded with charcoal, carried in large sacks hung across the backs of the camels; another company were carrying grindstones, manufactured somewhere in the interior.

THE INHABITANTS OF THE PENINSULA.

This country is emphatically the home of the Bedawin. There are five different tribes occupying different portions of the peninsula, but they are all known under the general name

of Tawara, and if occasion demands, all band together, and fight under one chief. No foreigners can travel through here except under their guard and guidance. They claim the whole region south of the Raha and Tih range of mountains. Travelers coming to Sinai from Syria by Akaba, can come to the convent under the escort of the more northern tribes, but such escorts are allowed to come no farther than the convent. There their mission must end, and when the travelers leave the convent it must be under the escort of the Tawara.

Their number is comparatively small, the whole peninsula south of the Tih mountains probably containing not more than five thousand souls, perhaps not more than four thousand. The general character of the Bedawin Arabs is well known. They are a strange race—a wild, roving, lawless people. Ishmael was their father, and his character was announced by the angel of God before he was born: "He will be a wild man: his hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him." Gen. xvi. 12. What was uttered then as a prophetic declaration, has been fulfilled in every one of his children for four thousand years.

The Tawara are said to be inferior in wealth, courage and even personal appearance to the Bedawin of the eastern plains. This may arise in part from the secluded portion they have so long occupied, with less of stirring adventure to call out their peculiar qualities. They are confined to a limited extent of country, possessing few springs and scanty pasturage. A few sheep or goats, a single camel, and sometimes a donkey, form about the average wealth of each tent. The sheik who can number six camels is deemed a Crœsus. Still they are different in many respects from the other Bedawin tribes. They are said to be obliging, tractable and faithful, and what is still more rare, they are said to be honest. All Bedawins are thieves by profession, but among these Tawara tribes, robberies are said to be unknown. An article of dress, a piece of furniture, or an old tent may be left upon a rock for months together; its owner will find it safe when he returns. A camel falls dead beneath his load in the open desert. His master draws a circle round it with his stick, and sets off to his tribe, perhaps two or three

day's journey distant, to seek another animal; and though hundreds pass the spot in the interval, not a hand is stretched out to steal. The grain and principal valuables of many of the sheiks are stowed away in little buildings among the mountains, and may not be visited during a greater part of the season, yet they are never violated. In confirmation of this, our own sheik brought with him a few bushels of grain from Cairo; I saw him stow it away in one of these rock-built deposits in the mountain side, at some distance from his family tents, and though I could see no way of rendering it secure from the lawless plunderer, he left it with as little appearance of anxiety as he would if it had found a deposit in the bottom of a banker's vault. In this trait of character, they seem closely allied to the Indians of our western forests.

A LOOK AT OUR SHEIK.

He is worthy of a moment's special attention as a specimen of his race. He is of middle hight, spare built, about forty-five years of age, has a keen, piercing, black eye, walks as erect and straight as an American Indian, with a light, elastic step. His dress is in strict conformity with the costumes of the desert. He wears a cotton shirt, open at the breast, and reaching to the knees. It was not "dyed in the wool," but has contracted its hues from long continued use. It bears no marks of ever having been washed, and is fringed at the bottom, not by the delicate fingers of art, but by the wear and tear of age. Around the waist he wears a strap or belt, to which is hung a short, clumsy sword, about eighteen inches long, kept in an old, dilapidated wooden scabbard, bound at the top and pointed at the bottom with bands of iron. Tucked into the belt is an old, rusty horse-pistol, with a flint lock. These are all the arms he carries and all, indeed, to be seen in our company. As our escort, he evidently has made no calculations on fighting his way. Over his shirt, suspended from his shoulders, he wears a long, ragged woolen or goat's hair blanket, of alternate stripes of dirty-white and dingy-black. This he wears loosely or wraps tightly around him, as the weather or inclination dictates. His head-dress is as unique and ornamental as the other portions of his

costume. He does not wear the turban, but what is here called the *kafiyeh*—an old handkerchief, or kind of long scarf, striped with two or three different colors, fringed and dirty—thrown over his head, the ends hanging down upon his shoulders. This is secured in its place, and makes a sort of bonnet, by a band of camel's hair tied around the forehead. This, with an old fashioned pair of sandals, or piece of camel's hide held on to the bottom of the feet by leather straps, like a boy's skates, completes his toilet.

Such is a fair and unexaggerated description of our sheik—one among the finest men, and best costumes of the desert. I confess that in the chambers of my imagination, I had hung up a very different picture of the race. I had associated them in my mind with all that was noble, chivalrous and daring. I had expected to see them on fierce, handsome chargers, in rich, flowing costume, with long spears and golden-hilted swords, dashing about the desert in wild and heroic bands. Alas! "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view." How often actual contact with the scenes of life dissipates the beautiful imagery of our dreaming fancies.

THE COMMON DRESS.

The usual dress worn in the desert is inferior to that of our sheik. One of our drivers had only the cotton frock, bound at the waist by a string for a belt. Too poor to own a blanket, he carried a common sized sheep-skin with the wool on. To the flesh side of this he contrived to attach a string in the form of a handle, through which he could slip his head and one arm, wearing it as a warrior would his shield. When the north wind came upon one side too cold for comfort, he would slip it around so as to ward off the breeze. When the sun climbed into the heavens and poured down his hot rays from the south, he would slip it to the other side to protect him from the heat. I was surprised to see with what facility he used it, and how in all weathers he managed to make it available for his comfort; and then it answered for a bed at night.

Another one had worn his old tunic until a change had become absolutely necessary. With the greatest independence

imaginable, he drew out of one of the camel sacks a bundle of cotton cloth, bought, I suppose, in Cairo, ripped it in pieces to his liking, and holding the main portion under one arm, followed on after the camels, sewing the seams as he walked; and in the course of a few hours, like the snake, he shed his coat and made his appearance clothed in a bran new costume from head to foot. Such is the facility, simplicity and economy with which these children of the desert manage their domestic concerns and expenditures.

SINGULAR MARRIAGE CUSTOM.

The customs of this singular people are many of them peculiar. In marriage the preliminary process of courtship is not called into requisition. The lady belongs to the father; he sets his price upon her, regulated according to the dignity of his own position and her beauty. She is to be bought, not won. The price is said to range from five to thirty dollars. The bargain completed, the bridegroom receives a green branch of a tree or shrub, which he sticks in his turban, and wears for three days, to show that he is espoused to a virgin. During all this time the young lady may be totally ignorant of the transaction. She comes home, perhaps, at evening, having been out, like Rebecca of old, leading her father's flocks. A short distance from the camp she is met by her "intended," accompanied by a couple of his young friends, who adroitly seize her and carry her by force to her father's tent. In this, however, great caution and expertness is necessary, for if the damsel at all suspects their designs before they get near enough to seize her, she fights like a fury, defending herself with stones, and often inflicting severe wounds, though she may not feel altogether indifferent to her lover. This defense is desert etiquette, and the more she struggles, bites, kicks and screams, the higher she ever afterwards stands in the estimation of her companions.

At last vanquished and carried to her tent, one of the bridegroom's friends throws a covering over her head, and then pronounces the name of her husband, of which, up to that moment,

she may have been entirely ignorant. She is then arrayed by her mother and female friends in new costume, placed upon the back of a gaily decked camel, and though still struggling to release herself from the grasp of her husband's friends, she is paraded three times around the tent. She is then, amid the shouts of the assembled encampment, carried into the tent, and the ceremony is over.

Arbitrary as this mode of disposing of a damsel may seem, and abrupt and summary as the consummation of the espousals may be, it is not probable, after all, that they are conducted, as a general thing, without some reference to the wishes and opinions of the fair one. Instances there may be, as we still find even in the midst of the highest civilization, where a selfish, cold-hearted, calculating father would affiance a daughter, without reference to her affections, to a man she did not and could not love, for the attainment of some mercenary end; but such is not often the case, even in the city or the desert. These rude, swarthy, uncultivated sons of the desert, share in all the warm affections of our common humanity; and fathers love their children, and are far from being indifferent to their happiness.

Besides, the lapse of four thousand years has not changed the habits this simple people have inherited from the Abrahamic age. The Arab maiden still leads forth her father's sheep, and often comes in contact with the young men of the tribe; and still taught by nature, her virgin modesty, like an unsullied vail, screenes her, and the breath of scandal is seldom breathed against her. And yet, where Jacob met Rebecca, ay, where in this very desert Moses found his wife—around the springs and wells the young men do, by strange chance, help the girls draw water for their flocks. And who knows what looks of affection are exchanged, and what tales of love are breathed into apparently listless ears; and what watchful parent's eye is not quick to catch the course in which the current runs? And how often that same young man at these places may have met a welcome reception from that same damsel, who at last was constrained by the etiquette of her tribe to

resist by blows, kicks and screams, what, in her inmost heart, she most devoutly desired to see consummated.

WADY TAIYIBEH.

While we have been indulging in this view of Bedawin manners and customs, we have passed the place where the road branches. The left hand route leads to Sinai by the curious ruins and sculptures of Surabit el Khadim; but we intended to return that way, and shall see them then. We have turned into Wady Taiyibeh, and are taking our course towards the sea. In this wady there is also water—now a running stream—but it is salt and brackish. Here, too, we find the usual scanty vegetation that fringes, with a sickly verdure, these water-courses—an occasional palm-tree, now and then a dwarf, sickly-looking acacia, and the feathery tamarisk. As we ride on, the valley seems again to narrow upon us; we pass between the huge cliffs that rise up on either side, sometimes white and chalky, sometimes black and dismal. On we ride, wondering what change will next meet us in the ever varying scenery of this strange looking country. We are straining our eyes down through a long opening. What do we see? Is it a distant line of sky and a bank of fleecy clouds? No, it is the sea—the deep blue sea—its white crested waves breaking upon its clean pebbly shore. What a refreshing sight! And now a broad, sandy plain opens upon our right and left, and stretches away to the shell-strown beach. It is the place of the

ENCAMPMENT BY THE SEA.

We were struck by the correspondence of this with the scripture narrative. "And they removed from Elim and camped by the Red Sea." Numb. xxxiii. 10. Thus far we seemed to have been following directly upon the track pursued by the children of Israel, in their journey from the divided waters towards the Mount of God. Often the thought would arise: "Is it possible that these paths, along which our camels are now winding their way, are the very ones over which the ransomed hosts of Israel made their way to the Promised Land?"

After our long desert ride, the sight of the clear, cool water of the sea was truly refreshing. Soon we were close upon its sandy shore. It was a tempation not to be resisted. Four days we had been riding in the heat and sand, with a scanty allowance of water for face and hands. A few minutes more, and we were enjoying a most refreshing bath in the inviting waters.

PLAIN OF MURKAH AND WADY SHELLAL.

From the entrance of Wady Taiyibeh to the place where we stopped by the sea, was a ride of about two hours. Our bath was over, and we had spread a blanket upon the sand—for we could find no shade of tree or rock—and refreshed ourselves with a noonday lunch, and again our camels were lazily wending their way over the sandy plain.

For nearly an hour we followed along near the shore, then passing round a projecting point of rocks that drove us clear into the water, it being high tide, we emerged upon the opposite side. These headlands are called Zelima, and the broad, level field over which we were now passing, is called the Plain of Murkah, and over this plain probably a portion of the Israelites spread themselves when encamped by the sea. It is from ten to fifteen miles broad, and as many deep. Some travelers have called it beautiful, but it is only so from its contrast with the bleak hills and rocky mountain gorges among which we had spent the preceding day. It has a fountain of water, but like the rest of the desolate country we had left behind us, it lacked one essential requisite of a beautiful and inviting place —it was almost entirely destitute of verdure—no carpet of green, no tree casting its inviting shade, only here and there a dwarf, scrubby looking desert shrub. This country by the sea shore is supposed to be the Wilderness of Sin, spoken of in Exodus xvi. 1, in connection with which the astonishing miracle of the quails and the manna is first mentioned.

A ride of two or three hours, and we had left the barren plain behind us, and again entered the mountain ranges by a pass called Wady Shellal, "The Valley of the Cataracts." The entrance to this was both grand and beautiful. The lofty hills

reared their huge rocky forms and barren, craggy peaks on either side. The narrow pass was level and sandy—smooth as a house floor. It seemed as though it had been graded and smoothed, and swept by the hand of art. We could hardly resist the impression that it was the avenue to some lordly mansion. Two or three short turns in this magnificent thoroughfare brought the hills in circles around us, and completely shut us in. This beautiful and imposing entrance to the Sinaitic range the Arabs dignified with the name BABEL (gate) of Wady Shellal.

As we passed on, this beautiful defile narrowed upon us. The great hills seemed to shove themselves together at the base. Dirt, stone—huge bowlders—had fallen down from the hights above us, as if they would block up the passage. We were now rapidly ascending from the level of the sea. For an hour or more we climbed along the rocky ascent, and having entered Wady Badereh, we pitched our tents among these mountain fortresses. A long day of eleven hours' hard toil had wearied the body and invigorated the stomach. Our frugal supper was soon dispatched, and we laid our weary limbs upon our camp beds to rest, the mountains round about our bulwarks, the everlasting God our guardian.

March 1*st*. The sun had clambered high above the horizon before he could look in upon us from over the mountain barriers, among which we had enjoyed a night of quiet and refreshing sleep. The night was the warmest one we had yet experienced. It was the first morning we had passed in the desert so mild that we could comfortably dispense with our overcoats.

By 7 o'clock our camp-fires were left behind, and we were again toiling along our difficult mountain pathway. We had wondered at the rough paths and hard road yesterday, but we found we had more difficult ones before us to-day. We continued our course up Wady Badereh. The mountains were wild and of strange and various colors; sometimes a dark green base, and rising far above it a lofty summit of red. Occasionally some mountain shrub had found a lodging place for its roots among the rocky crevices, and high up the side of some beetling cliff seemed suspended in the air. From other places

the caper plant hung in green festoons from the precipitous rocks, in strange contrast with the general bleakness and sterility of the scene.

We had now to scale a mountain ascent, or rather staircase, called Nukb Badereh, and the pass was harder than the name, which means "The Pass of the Sword's Point." Slowly we toiled along our rocky way, our camels, at times, scarcely able to find a place for their feet in the natural, and in some places artificial, staircases of the mountain. Nearly to this point we had been passing a limestone formation; now we entered upon a region of sandstone—sandstone bowlders, cliffs and mountains around us, beneath us, and often with frowning aspect hanging over us. Having for sometime climbed along the mountain side, we again found ourselves descending, though still in Wady Badereh. Before emerging from this mountain pass, we rode by a wild mountain gorge upon our left called

WADY MAGHARA, "THE VALLEY OF THE CAVE."

This we had not made arrangements to visit, and we give our readers a brief description of it found in Murray's Guide Book. After speaking of its singular caverns, and more singular sculptures, he says: "The antiquarian will luxuriate in such a spot as this, looking back through the dim spectacles of showman-like sculptures and queer hieroglyphics into the misty ages of remote antiquity. But far though the antiquarian may look back, the geologist will as far outstrip him, for he will tell us of the formation, countless centuries back, of those veins of ore which the sculpture-carving miners came here to dig out and carry off to Egypt. The valley was first visited by Laborde, who states that the rock has been worked for the purpose of extracting the copper found in the freestone. A long, subterraneous series of pillars formed in the rock, and now incumbered by the rushing in of the rains, and of the sands which have there found refuge, still exhibit traces of the labors formerly prosecuted in that direction. Lepsius was here more recently, and found, high up on the northern cliff, remarkable Egyptian hieroglyphic inscriptions, belonging to the earliest monuments of the antiquities of that country."

He found in these rock sculptures the triumphs of Pharaoh over the enemies of Egypt, and supposes these ruins to have been worked at a very early period, when, perhaps, the peninsula was inhabited by the Asiatic, probably Semitic races. Among the inscriptions, he found the name of Cheops, who built the great pyramid. I will not attempt to give his dates, by which he concludes the mines were worked long before the days of Abraham, for subsequent discoveries in reading the hieroglyphics have strangely upset his theories and his dates. We have quoted the above to show the remains of antiquity that are found in this remarkable valley, and the intercourse that must, at some previous time, have existed between these mountain regions and Egypt.

Passing this valley, we soon emerged into Wady Mukatteb,

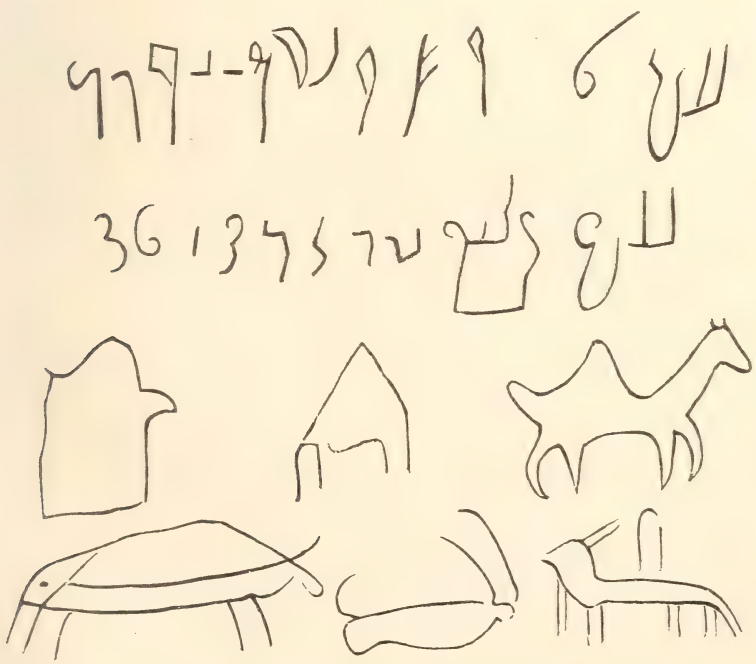
"THE WRITTEN VALLEY."

This valley has several peculiarities. Lofty granite peaks rise up around you; but these frowning hights of granite rest on softer strata of freestone and sandstone. The action of the elements, constantly at work during the lapse of ages, has crumbled away the foundations, and the over-hanging masses have given away and tumbled into the valley below. In some places these huge bowlders are of enormous size. In many instances, as they have been torn away from their native resting places, the clefts have been so regular and precipitous that you ride along the side of smooth perpendicular walls rising far above your head, while at some distance back of them the tall, giant cliffs lift their huge forms. These sandstone tablets are invested with a deep interest, for here for the first time we found ourselves gazing upon those mysterious characters that have so long excited the wonder of the traveler.

CHAPTER XII.

SINAITIC INSCRIPTIONS—FEATURES OF THE COUNTRY—MANNA—HYSSOP AND OTHER PLANTS—APPROACH TO SINAI.

WE are now in the Written Valley—in the midst of those strange and mysterious inscriptions that have been the puzzle and the wonder of the ignorant and the learned. Among the first of these inscriptions I met, I copied, as accurately as I could with a pencil, two or three lines of the letters and a few of the strange looking sketches. A view of these is here given, and they may be relied upon as correct:



Specimens of the Inscriptions from the Sinaitic Rocks. Copied March, 1861. The letters, as found upon the rocks, are from five to eight inches long. The sketches of animals vary very much in size, some much more rude than others.

The interest these inscriptions have excited, the numerous conjectures and learned disquisitions to which they have given rise, and the mystery in which they are still shrouded, led me to look upon them with great earnestness and attention. Scholars of different nations have examined them, and they have given rise to various conflicting opinions. The curiosity excited in my own mind in being permitted to examine them, has led me to look through several authors, and collate their different views and opinions, the result of which, in connection with my own observations, may be of interest to the reader. The questions that arise are: When were these inscriptions made? By whom were they made? and for what purpose?

First, let us clear the subject of all exaggerations and overdrawn statements. It cannot be denied that there is a disposition on the part of many journalizers to use figures of speech, and indulge in flights of fancy, in describing the most common incidents and the most stubborn matters of fact. Tall things become cloud-capped; large things, enormous; and many, an innumerable multitude. This will do in some instances, but when we want the plain facts, we are often under the necessity of stripping away many superfluities.

These inscriptions are far from being as numerous as I had expected to find them. From some accounts I had read, I supposed I should find whole mountain sides, for miles, covered with them like the pages of a book. In this valley it is allowed they are more numerous than in any other place. Stanley's observation completely coincides with my own. "The Wady Mukatteb is a large open valley, almost a plain, with no continuous wall or rock on either side, but masses of rock receding and advancing. It is chiefly on these advancing masses that the inscriptions straggle, not by thousands, but at most by hundreds or fifties. They are much less numerous than the names of western travelers on the monuments in the valley of the Nile, since the beginning of this century."

THE AMOUNT OF WORK EXPENDED ON THEM.

Some writers have described them as occupying every conceivable situation—on the loose fragments that strew the valley,

as well as on the rocks of the sides, and on lofty cliffs *utterly inaccessible except by ladders and ropes;* and Burckhardt says he saw many on the granite peak of Serbal. The loftiest ones I saw were two or three feet higher than my head as I sat on my camel, or about as high as a man could reach standing upon a camel's back. There may, of course, be higher ones, but they cannot be many. I did not ascend Mount Serbal, but Stanley says, that though he searched for them he only found *three* on the top of that mountain; and that none that he saw, unless it might be a very doubtful one at Petra, required ladders or machinery of any kind. "I think," he says, "there are none that could not have been written by one man climbing upon another's shoulders." And then we very well know, in some places in our own country, where travelers have inscribed their names, there has often been a sort of strife to overreach each other. And who knows but some one here, like the ambitious youth at the Natural Bridge, may have imperiled his life in his ambition to overreach the rest? Certain it is, that some of the highest names in this valley are Greek, probably placed there by Greek pilgrims long subsequent to those we are contemplating.

Again, the labor of cutting them has been represented as enormous. A recent writer in an English Review, in alluding to this, says: "They must have been done by a people possessing implements of various kinds, implements which no pilgrims ever think of carrying with them. They must have had graving tools of strength, and in considerable numbers. The difficulty of working on the face of the rocks under a scorching sun, is so great that it could only be overcome by men who, living in the desert, could avail themselves of all opportunities, and take things leisurely, or else who were shadowed from the heat in some mysterious way. What must have been the toil of executing them, when we consider not only their amazing numbers, but that many of them are cut in the hard granite?"

The writer of this quotation had probably never been upon the ground, but gathered his knowledge from some bombastic writer. I saw none of these inscriptions that appeared to have been cut with an engraver's tool, or on which any great amount

of labor had been bestowed. They are simply scratched upon the surface of the rock, as if with some hard, sharp instrument, the indentations being very slight. I did not try my own hand at the work; but here, again, Stanley tells us that one of his company scooped out a horse in ten minutes, more complete than any sculptured animal he saw. Those upon the granite are lightly scratched; those upon the sandstone are deeper, yet still but slightly indented. But it may be asked: "If they are so slightly imprinted, why have they not long since been defaced, or completely worn away?" This is owing to the nature of the climate—a dry atmosphere, and few winds and storms. Some more modern inscriptions, known by their date to be from three hundred to four hundred years old, are now apparently as fresh as when cut.

WHERE FOUND AND THEIR PECULIARITIES.

They are mostly found in those thoroughfares that lead from Egypt to Mount Sinai—fewer of them on the route from Mount Sinai to Jerusalem by way of Petra. They extend in different places quite to Mount Sinai. They are found in the lower road between Mount Serbal and Sinai, and many of them can be seen in the ravine leading to Mount St. Catharine. Indeed, they seem to be widely scattered over a large portion of the peninsula, but more in this valley than in any other place. East of Sinai it is said none have been found. They seem to be most numerous in those places where travelers would naturally stop for rest and refreshment. The most that occur on the northern route from Sinai are said to be in Wady Araba, the supposed route of the children of Israel.

Their characters are generally much the same, indicating that they were executed by the same class of people. Most of them appear to be of the same language. The inscriptions are generally short, as if they contained only a name. Those I have copied are about as long as any I saw. The letters are unlike those of any known language. They are now intermingled with crosses, sometimes †, and sometimes +; but these, as the position of some of them indicates, may have been subsequently added. Some Greek inscriptions are intermingled with

them, but evidently subsequently formed, as they are, in some instances, traced directly over the others. The size of the letters vary much. Those from which I copied were from five to eight inches long. Some, it is said, have been found where the letters were from five to six feet long, and the figures of enormous size, requiring in their formation much labor.

The drawings of animals that accompany them, are certainly as inexplicable as the letters themselves. There are dogs, horses, camels, bugs, and other representations of various kinds. They are generally so rudely drawn, as may be seen by reference to our copies, as to convey the impression that they must have been done by boys, in jocund sport. Most of them are mere caricatures. The ibex frequently occurs, with most ludicrous length of horns. So fantastic and comical are many of these figures, as to lead to the conclusion that no very serious intentions were entertained by those who drew them. Others, again, appear to be better formed and of a graver character.

ATTENTION BESTOWED UPON THESE INSCRIPTIONS.

The first one from whom we have any record of them, was Cosmas, an Alexandrian merchant, and who, from a voyage he made to India, was called Indicopleustes. As early as A. D. 535, he traversed on foot the Sinaitic peninsula. He makes particular mention of these inscriptions, and tells us that some Jews who were with him informed him that they were made by their ancestors when on their way with Moses through the desert. From this time on, for a long series of years, we hear no more of them. From the sixth to the sixteenth century no one mentions them.

About the middle of the sixteenth century, a Paris physician, by the name of Peter Belon, visited Arabia. He published an account of his travels in 1554, in French, in which he speaks of these inscriptions. In 1632, Athanasius Kircher, a German antiquary, published a work at Rome, in which he makes special mention of these desert tablets. In 1665, Balthaser Monconys, another French traveler, published some remarks on these writings.

Nearly another hundred years passed away, when the Pre-

fetto of the Franciscans at Cairo made a journey to Sinai, in company of some missionaries of the Propaganda. He gives an account of his visit to this "Written Valley," and gives some description of the writings, but could give no interpretation of them. He says there were with him persons of the Arabic, Greek, Hebrew, Syriac, Coptic, Latin, Armenian, Turkish, English, Illyrican, German and Bohemian languages, yet none of them had any knowledge of these characters. He thinks they were engraven by the Chaldeans, or some other persons, long before the coming of Christ.

Then came Pocoke's visit in 1737. He says but little of the inscriptions, but gives his readers two large plates of specimens which he copied. Not long after this, Charles Thompson visited the place, and speaks of the inscriptions as being void of beauty and unintelligible, not worth the pains of copying.

Robert Clayton, Bishop of Cloger, in 1753, translated into English and published the Journal of the Franciscan of Cairo before mentioned. This work served to arouse more attention to the subject than had ever before been manifested. The Bishop was full of enthusiasm upon the subject, and in his zeal and liberality, made an offer of five hundred pounds sterling to any one who would visit the desert and bring back copies of the inscriptions. He thinks the characters an ancient form of Hebrew, left there by the Israelites at the time of giving the law. Others have entertained this theory. When I was in Jerusalem, I showed my copies of these inscriptions to old Dr. Levishon, who has bestowed much attention upon the ancient Hebrew. He believes some very ancient copies of the Samaritan Pentateuch, of which I shall speak in my visit to Jerusalem, found among the Samaritans, to be written in the same character used by Moses; but in comparing the two, he could trace no resemblance to warrant an opinion they ever belonged to the same language. But this would not prove the Hebrews did not write them; they might have written in some other dialect, brought with them from Egypt.

Soon after this, in 1776, an article appeared in the "Philosophical Transactions," from Edward Wortly Montague, giving an account of his journey from Cairo to the "Written Moun-

tains." Finding Greek characters among the writings, he ascribes the whole to Greek pilgrims from Constantinople or the Morea.

The King of Denmark became interested in these matters, and in 1761, sent Niebuhr on a tour of exploration to Egypt and Arabia. He examined the inscriptions, but did not seem to attach much importance to them. He thought they must have been executed by travelers during their resting or idle hours. He states, however, that these inscriptions had been mentioned by a Greek author as early as the third century.

Volney visited the Written Valley and published his travels in 1784. He treats the inscriptions with great lightness, and ridicules the clumsy attempts made to imitate figures of animals.

After this, travel greatly increased. Many looked upon these strange tablets with amazement, only to be perplexed with the mystery that enshrouded them. But while none could read, many sat about the work of copying them; conspicuous among whom was Mr. Gray, who not only copied but published one hundred and eighty-seven of these inscriptions. With these allusions to the attention they have attracted, we must still come back to the question of

THEIR ORIGIN.

By whom were these drawings made? When? For what purpose? These are the perplexing questions that the inquisitive have long been trying to settle. That they are very ancient, is certain from the fact that all knowledge of the alphabet and language in which they were written has been lost. What people have found a home in this desert? When Moses left Egypt and took up his abode here, he found a settled people sojourning in this portion of the land. When he undertook to lead Israel through, the Amalekites opposed their progress, and from the battle that was fought, they appear to have been a numerous and powerful people. Did they make them? Had they been made by any class of persons permanently dwelling in the land, they would have been likely to have abounded in other localities in as great numbers as where they are now found. We have seen that they occur on those routes where

transient persons or mere travelers through the land were most likely to make their halts. Did the Israelites make them?

Who were the inhabitants of the country for the long period that elapsed between the Exodus and the Christian era? We know that the Egyptians came here and worked these mines, but the inscriptions are in a language of which no traces have ever been found in Egypt. Four or five hundred years after the Christian era, when monasticism began to rage like an epidemic, and monks and anchorites crowded to Mount Sinai, this desert was full of pilgrims. Did they leave these memorials on these rocks? Alexandrian, African, Syrian, Byzantine, and various other classes came here; but the alphabet of these strange characters cannot be traced to any of these known languages. Indeed, Cosmas, an Alexandrian merchant, who first brought these curious inscriptions to the knowledge of the learned world, was here, it is said, in A. D. 535, and then all knowledge of the character in which they were written appears to have been lost. He attributes them to the ancient Hebrews. He says certain Jews who had read them, explained them to him. They indicated, he said, "the journey of such a one, of such a tribe, in such a year, etc." To this we have before alluded.

As late as 1839, Professor Beer, of the University of Leipzig, professed to have made out the alphabet in which they are written. His readings of them appear to have been satisfactory to many eminent scholars. He makes them to consist merely of proper names, preceded by a word—*peace*, *blessed*, or something similar. No dates have been found. He considers them remains of the language and character once in use among the Nabatheans of Arabia Petra. He supposes a great part of them were written by Christian pilgrims about the fourth century. Professor Beer has certainly made out a very plausible theory, and yet it is open to several serious objections. These objections I find stated in a note to Doctor Robinson's allusions to them.

"These Christian pilgrims, who were they? and whence did they come? The fact that all the inscriptions are found only on the great routes from Egypt, would seem to imply that they

came from that country, or at least from the western side of the gulf of Suez. But if so, how comes it that not a trace of this alphabet or language is found in Egypt and its vicinity? Egypt, too, we know, was full of Jews and Christians in the early centuries; how comes it, then, that no Jewish or Christian names are found among the inscriptions? It is true, that the heathen proper names continued to be used long after the introduction of Christianity, as we see from the early fathers and bishops. But this will not account for the entire absence of Christian and Jewish names among such hosts of pilgrims coming from Egypt.

"On the other hand, were these pilgrims Nabatheans, Ishmaelites, Saracens, the native inhabitants of the peninsula, and of Arabia Petra in general? The heathen names and the language and writing would lead to this conclusion. But then how comes it that all the inscriptions are on the western side of the peninsula, and not one upon the eastern? Besides, there is no historical evidence that any native Christian population existed in and around the peninsula in the early centuries, but rather the contrary. The Christian exiles from Egypt, and the hermits of these mountains, lived in constant exposure to slavery, or death from the heathen around them."

It appears further, that after the above objections were written, and after the death of Professor Beer, investigations were continued. A paper on the subject was published in Germany, from the pen of Professor Tuch. He indorses Beer's explanation of the alphabet, and comes to the conclusion that the inscriptions are neither Aramæan nor Nabathean, as held by Beer, but Arabic; that they were made by the ancient Tawara Arabs, who inhabited the peninsula before the rise of Mohammedanism; and further, that they were made in the performance of pilgrimages to some holy shrines in the desert now unknown. But I confess the conclusions of both Beer and Tuch are far from being satisfactory, and the question again returns, When? and by whom?

DID THE JEWS INSCRIBE THEM?

A recent writer in the London Quarterly Journal of Prophe-

cy gives us an elaborate article on the subject. Unsatisfied with Beer's theory, he inclines to support that of Mr. Forster, who also claims to have discovered a key to the strange and perplexing characters. He supports the original opinion of Cosmas, that they were written by the Jews at the time of the Exodus, and that the characters are of an ancient form, used by some of the dialects of Egypt. He finds confirmation of this in some of the figurative representations. In one place, the figure of a man, holding up both hands in the attitude of prayer. This he interprets to be Moses praying for the success of Israel against Amalek. In another, the figure of a serpent springing upon a man—an allusion, he thinks, to the fiery serpent; and so of others. The inscriptions under, he says, correspond to this interpretation. This writer also speaks of more important inscriptions, recently found, than any that have yet been mentioned—a hieroglyphic character a hundred feet high, the title six feet in hight, consisting of but one line; under this, forty-one successive lines, evidently forming an entire piece of composition. This is conjectured to be the song of Moses.

Thus I have given the reader all the facts within my reach bearing upon this perplexing subject. It will be seen that it is still an open question, far from being settled. According to the writer last quoted, it is constanly assuming more and more importance. He thinks that in this last theory more of the discordances seem to unite and harmonize than in any other. "If these inscriptions," he says, "are Israel's own records of the Lord's dealings with them, how much light may yet be cast upon scripture! The rocks of Sinai may yet prove reflectors of a wondrous light upon many things that have hitherto been accounted dark and puzzling. The field of antiquities thus opened to us promise to be one of profoundest interest—far beyond that attaching to either Nineveh or Babylon." If these inscriptions are indeed Israel's own records of the Lord's dealings with them, then what can the unbeliever say? They are not taken from scripture; they were written prior to the pentateuch. The very stones may cry out against him, and say: "The God of Israel is he who alone doeth wonders; Jehovah is his name." It would, indeed, be strange if these mountain

tablets should yet prove to be a portion of the Handwriting of God, by which the Mosaic record is to be confirmed. That the art of writing on stone at that period was known, is a well attested fact, for the children of Israel received the tables of the law written in that manner. But how we are lingering among these records of lost languages and extinct tribes. Well, we are not the only travelers that have tarried to gaze, think and wonder.

A BURYING-GROUND.

Having finished our work of copying a few of the strange inscriptions, we continued our ride along the valley. At 10 o'clock we passed a Bedawin burying-ground, on a little eminence in the wild, rock-strown valley. There were a large number of groves, each one rudely marked by a pile of loose stones at the head and foot—no inclosure, no turf-covered mound, no cypress shade. As I looked upon the frowning precipice of rocks that hung over it from above, upon the sterile and desolate ground beneath, it seemed like a sad and bitter thing to die and be buried thus in such a cheerless spot. Almost involuntarily I found myself exclaiming: "Lord, protect me, and let me return and be buried among my kindred, where the grass grows and the flowers bloom, and the willow spreads its inviting shade."

Of the wildness of the country through which we were now passing, one can form no conception from any written description. Shut in by lofty hills; winding our way among huge fragments of rocks that had been torn from their native beds; occasionally catching a view of the tall, gray summit of Serbal; the profound solitude, the nude hills, and the utter desolation that every where met the eye, inspired a sort of trembling nervousness almost amounting to fear; while the sublimity of the scene was grand and impressive beyond the power of expression.

At 11 o'clock we passed a flock of goats, some thirty or more—all of them black—with two young camels. A small Bedawin boy, apparently about twelve years of age, had charge of them. He was half-naked, and the little clothing he had

was all in rags, so tattered he could scarcely keep them about him. How the flock lived here was a mystery, for scarce a green thing could be seen. At 12 o'clock we stopped to lunch under a dwarf acacia, whose thin, sickly-looking leaves afforded us but a slight protection from the now oppressive rays of the noontide sun. It was all the shelter we could find. Passing on at half-past 1 o'clock, we entered

WADY FEIRAN.

These wadies, to use the language of another, "are exactly like the beds and valleys of our rivers in mountainous regions, only that there is no water," and in most of them very little, if any, vegetation. In the winter season the water evidently rushes through them in sweeping torrents; as collected and poured down from the mountain sides, it is driven onward to the sea. But these currents of water are transient, and succeeded by a drouth that withers almost every green thing. In these dry seasons every appearance of water deceives you. You look for it, long for it, but find it not.

This Wady Feiran forms an exception to the general rule. It is really an oasis in the desert—a green spot in this barren sanctuary of hills. But it is not all the valley that is thus fertile. After entering it, we passed on some two hours over the level bed of the valley, which here spreads out into a barren, sandy plain, from four hundred to five hundred yards wide. At half-past four o'clock we passed a Bedawin encampment—some twenty to thirty low, black tents, several children, some goats, and three or four camels wandering about near them. Near this we saw two sand-colored swallows or martins, and directly after two small blackbirds, marked with white. It seemed pleasant in this desert region to see any thing that had life. Soon afterwards we met a Bedawin on horseback, carrying a good-sized lamb in his arms. It seemed that, hearing of our approach, he had come out to meet us, to see if he could not find a market for his animal. His price was one dollar, but for some reason our dragoman did not succeed in making a bargain with him. Now the valley began again to narrow upon us. The tall cliffs rose up on each side, curiously striped with

BEDOUIN ROBBERS.

various colors of porphyry, intermixed with the primitive granite rock. Night again overtook us, and again we pitched our tents before reaching the green portion of the valley, of which we had so often heard, and for which we had so anxiously looked. Upon lighting our candles, a few winged insects came buzzing around, the first we had seen since entering the desert, and a bat also came flying around our tents. Sure we must be approaching some place where animal life can find subsistence. To-morrow we are promised a view of the verdure of Feiran, and a draft from its refreshing waters.

SIXTH DAY FROM SUEZ.

March 2d. We were called this morning at half-past four o'clock; our dragoman wishing to make a long ride to-day. By the time the sun cast his first morning rays on the lofty peak of old Serbal, in sight of which we had encamped, we had breakfasted, and were once more on our way. We walked on for an hour or more ahead of our camels; sometimes gazing with awe and astonishment upon the deep ravines and huge clefts that opened here and there among the mountains, sometimes wondering at the enormous bowlders that had been precipitated into the valley below. Nothing could be more suggestive of banditti and Bedawin robbers than these wild, deep glens, and, in spite of all assurances of security, the imagination would sometimes picture the long gun and half-concealed form of some daring robber skulking behind the rocks.

Between 8 and 9 o'clock, an abrupt turn in the valley brought us directly in front of Serbal, one of the boldest and grandest of the Sinaitic mountains. Though still a number of miles distant, it seemed to rise up before us directly from the plain, lifting its bold, granite peak in solemn majesty and grandeur far into the heavens. Near here we passed, upon the side of the mountain, to the left, the ruins of an ancient village. It is estimated to have contained about one hundred houses, which had been built of stone, some of the walls still standing. Near it, in the valley, are a few palm trees and other indications of vegetation.

About 9 o'clock we reached the much talked of oasis—the

garden in the desert—a fertile spot in this sanctuary of mountain peaks. Here a grove of the date palm cheered the eye, and several other kinds of fruit trees, now clothed in the beauty and blossoms of spring, lent a sweet fragrance to the desert air. The cheerful song of a few birds fell upon the ear, and a few cultivated patches of ground promised a reward for the laborer's toil. Here, too, was water—sweet water—a running stream of water—water that we could drink. It was the first water we had found in all our weary journey from Cairo, that we thought deserved the name. Our camels rushed towards it and drinked with an eagerness that would have exhausted the stream had there not been a bountiful supply. We refreshed ourselves, bathed our hands and faces, and lingered around the stream. This was

THE OASIS OF FEIRAN.

This Feiran is called "The Paradise of the Bedawin." It is, indeed, beautiful and fertile, when seen in contrast with the barren wastes of sands and the bleak, naked hills and mountains that encircle it for miles on every side. But it is this contrast, rather than the real merits of the place, that has animated the pen of those tourists whose descriptions have invested it with such attractive beauties and excellencies. It is not probably now what it has been in former years, for beauty and excellence no where spring up, or are perpetuated in the track of the Bedawin. All that is bright and beautiful seems to perish beneath the touch of his hand.

Some have endeavored to identify this with the Rephidim of the Exodus, where Moses smote the rock, and Amalek fought against Israel. And some have attempted to prove that yonder towering hight of Serbal, that looks down from his sublime canopy of clouds upon this enchanting valley of the desert, is the real Sinai of the law, and the scene of that astounding exhibition of the Divine majesty and glory. But the arguments by which this is sustained are far from being satisfactory. And yet this, next to Sinai, is certainly one of the most interesting spots in all the peninsula. Here is the beauty of the valley in contrast with the sublimity of the mountain peaks; and what

peaks they are! All of granite, rising so precipitously and column-like as to appear inaccessible to man, while large masses of snow glistened in the sunlight upon their tops. Around me was the beauty, melody and fertility of spring. From these I had but to lift my eyes, and there, amid majesty and grandeur, were the frosts and snows of winter.

But though not the theatre of those amazing events that overawed the people, when God in his majesty touched the mount, here, it is certain, the tribes of Israel came. Through this valley the numerous columns marched in solemn procession toward the Mount of God. From these waters they drank; from this ground they gathered the bread of heaven; and these tall mountain sides and deep gorges were illuminated by the mysterious cloud.

CHRISTIANS IN WADY FEIRAN.

The fertility of this valley, and the sacred associations that may have been connected with its mountain scenery, early drew large numbers of Christian pilgrims to the place. Here are still seen large masses of the ruined city of Faran, or, as it is sometimes called, Paran. Soon after the spread of Christianity, and as early as the beginning of the fourth century, large numbers of Christians, some driven by persecution, and some urged by the love and supposed merits of a secluded and monastic life, were drawn to these lonely solitudes of the desert. There was quite a Christian population, and a regularly organized ecclesiastical community in this valley as early as A. D. 400. Many convents subsequently sprung up in different portions of the desert. Monasticism became a spiritual epidemic; solitude, abstinence, bodily penance and privations were resorted to, as the holy cross upon which to crucify the flesh, and the talismanic charm to exorcise the devil. Then it was, as one truly says, that the wildest glens of these gloomy regions swarmed with anchorites; every comfortless spot was religiously searched out; every wretched cave and gloomy grot was constituted the living tomb of some saintly hermit. All along these wild glens and rocky mountain sides can still be seen the remains of these miserable abodes, where some human being

spent his life in self-inflicted torture, fasting and prayer. We climbed up the hill-sides and entered two or three of them—wretched, cheerless abodes they must have been. As we looked upon the gloomy apartment, and pictured to ourselves the lean and famished victim of a superstitious delusion, dying from exposure and starvation, we wondered how, amid all the glorious light, and cheerful hopes, and delightful pleasures of an active Christian obedience, any one could ever have thought it necessary, or acceptable to God, to stultify their manhood, obliterate their being, and turn earth into hell, in hopes of gaining heaven. Such was the rage for this kind of life in the earlier ages of Christianity, it is said that at one time there were more than six thousand hermits living in these mountain glens and desert retreats. But this episcopal city of Paran long since became a heap of ruins. Convent after convent has perished, and but one in all the desert, as we shall see hereafter, now remains.

COLOR AND FORM OF THE MOUNTAINS.

Again, like a loitering school-boy, we are lingering by the way. There are so many things of interest in this strange land, we are making but slow progress. We must leave these murmuring waters, delightful shades and pleasant groves of palm. Farewell, Feiran! Adieu, ye sublime and mysterious peaks of Serbal! A short ride, and vegetation will again cease, and no sign of rural life will greet us. A few miserable families make their home in this valley, but it is said they are not of the genuine Bedawin race. They have converted some portions of the old, dilapidated ruins of the former stone houses into a sort of dwelling places, by covering them with brush and reeds; but they are in a condition of the most abject poverty. Here I saw the first female I have seen since entering the desert. The Bedawin proper has no home. He camps in Feiran as long as the trees yield him any revenues of fruits, or there is any vegetation for his flocks, and then moves, and again pitches his tent wherever he can find a little herbage for his goats. Here I saw the first spires of grass I have seen since leaving the green valley of the Nile. Of this, however, there was a very scanty

growth, seemingly struggling for a bare existence among the sands of the valley.

Passing on, about half-past 10 o'clock we came to the head of Wady Feiran, where the road branches in two directions, both leading by different routes to Sinai—Wady Sheik to the left, Wady Soolah to the right. The former is the longer but easier route, and is supposed to be the one taken by the Israelites. We took Wady Soolah, to the right, the shorter but more difficult route; and difficult, indeed, we found it. The appearance of the mountains was strange indeed. Here was nature in her primitive dishabille; unrobed—divested of those appendages and adornments of subsoil, mold, variegated carpets, and overshadowing forests, with which, in more favored lands, she contrives to hide her primeval ruggedness. The mountains lifted their tall, granite heads in sullen, frowning majesty. But in the convulsions of nature by which they were lifted upward they had been rent asunder, and boiling streams of various colors injected through them with which they were now streaked from top to bottom. What a country for a geologist! Here he might revel among primitive, secondary and tertiary formations—granite, sandstone, porphyry and chalk—now a huge elevation of white clay, now a pyramid of yellow sand—alluvial deposits, the torrents of past ages have molded into shape, but have not entirely swept away—now a range of low, black-looking hills, that one says, "seem to be the ruins, the cinders of mountains calcined to ashes, like the heaps of a giant foundry." All seems to conspire to convince you that "you are traveling in the very focus of creative power." The mountain elevations, the precipitous bluffs, the deep, dark glens, the black and barren hills, the enormous bowlders of the valleys and ravines, all conspire to impress the mind. The scenery cannot be called beautiful—it is grand, sublime, awful.

ACACIA, SHITTIM WOOD.

As we passed on, the wildness of the scenery seemed to increase. At 12 o'clock we stopped in the scanty shade of an acacia tree, to take our lunch. We spread our blanket upon the sand—for it must ever be borne in mind, that nature keeps

no carpeted floors in these secluded regions. While we are eating, we may take a more scrutinizing look at the tree under which we are sitting. It is the wild acacia. The Arabs and Egyptians call it "sont." It is a thorny tree, very much resembling our locust. There are different varieties of it. One is supposed to be the "seneh," or "senna," the burning bush of Sinai. A different variety of the same tree is supposed to be the "shittah," and which, from its thick and tangled branches, receives in scripture the plural form of the name, shittim. This variety of tree is found not only through these desert regions, where the valleys afford moisture enough to support vegetation, but also abounds in Egypt, and is sometimes found, though rarely, in Palestine. It is from a variety of this tree the old Arabic frankincense is said to be obtained.

The inquiry often arose in my own mind: "Could it have been from these trees that the noble planks that constituted the sides of the tabernacle were formed?" They were, reckoning the cubit at eighteen inches—and many reckon it at twenty-one—fifteen feet long and twenty-seven inches broad. There are, certainly, no trees now in this region from which boards of this size could be cut. But as we have said before, no doubt but great changes have taken place in these valleys since Israel encamped among them, and from what the trees are now, we can form but little idea of what they were then. The whole biblical narrative implies a far different state of things in this region, from that which now exists. But it is by no means certain that this is the tree of the shittim wood. The principal reason for supposing it such, is, that it is now the largest tree found in the desert. The Septuagint translates the Hebrew shittim, "*incorruptible wood*," but gives us no clue to the variety of tree from which it was cut. The wood of some varieties of this acacia is hard, fine grained, and capable of a beautiful polish. The reader may be curious to know what other trees and plants we met with in this desert region worthy of notice. Among them we may mention the

RETEM, OR WILD BROOM.

This plant gives its name to one of the encampments of the

Israelites, Num. xxiii. 18. Rithma. This, by many, is identified with the Juniper, under which Elijah slept when he fled into the wilderness from the cruel persecutions of Jezebel and Ahab. From Beersheba he went into the great wilderness where Moses, years before, had led the people of God. Faint and weary, and wishing he might die, he lay down under one of these desert shrubs to sleep. Here the angel of the Lord found him, awoke him, and gave him the food, upon the strength of which he went forty days unto the Mount of God, the mount whither we are now wending our steps.

A singular allusion is made to this plant by the Psalmist: "What shall be given unto thee, or what shall be done unto thee, thou false tongue? Sharp arrows of the mighty with coals of Juniper." He seems to consider the coals of this plant as affording the fiercest fire of any combustible matter, and the subjugation of the lying tongue to its fierce and devouring fire, its most appropriate punishment. Its twigs are long, round and tough; it grows low, thick and scrubby, and bears a white blossom.

There is another plant here worthy of our attention. Frequently, as you look upon these steep precipices, you will see a bright, green plant or vine, taking root in some fissure in the rocks, and hanging like a pendant high in the air. In this plant it is supposed we have

THE HYSSOP OF THE BIBLE.

The Bedawins called it "lasaf" or "aszef;" among English travelers it is known as the "caper plant." That it grew in such positions as we here find it is evident from what is said in the fourth chapter of 1st Kings, in speaking of Solomon's botanical writings: "He spoke of trees from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall." In reference to some allusions to the use of this plant in the New Testament, it is said there were two kinds of it; the wild or mountain hyssop, and the cultivated, growing in open fields or gardens, having a strong stalk. The hyssop of the Old Testament seems to be a soft, flexible, bushy plant, of

which a sort of broom could be made for sprinkling blood or water.

From this plant probably came the green branches used in the religious ceremonies of the Hebrews. It grows in this desert on the most barren soil and rocky precipices. It has always been supposed to possess medicinal virtues and cleansing properties. It was first used by the Israelites on that fearful night before their departure out of Egypt, to sprinkle the blood of the paschal lamb upon their door-posts, which was to be the token of their safety when the destroying angel went through the land. It ever afterwards continued to be used in all their religious ceremonies in sprinkling the cleansing waters and the sacrificial blood, which were made types of purification. Some of my readers would like to know what I learned of

THE MANNA PLANT.

I saw it frequently, and brought home a cane I cut from one of the bushes. "And was the manna upon which the children of Israel so long fed, really the product of that plant?" I apprehend their manna was a very different thing, and produced from a very different source. The plant that produces the manna of commerce, is called by the Arabs "turfa;" Frank travelers call it tamarisk. It is a thick, bushy tree, the tallest ones I saw not over fifteen or twenty feet high. It has no thorns, and has a long, narrow, bright, green leaf. The leaves are so slim and thickly set, one calls it the feathery tamarisk. How large it would grow under favorable circumstances, can scarcely be inferred from the stunted growth of these valleys, where the requisites of soil and water are poorly supplied.

Doctor Robinson, who gathered a more particular account of this product of the desert from the monks of the convent at Sinai than I was able to do, tell us the manna "is found in the form of shining drops on the twigs and branches, not on the leaves of this turfa. It exudes in consequence of the puncture of an insect. It has the appearance of gum, is of a sweetish taste, and melts when exposed to the sun or fire. What falls upon the sand is not gathered." We are also informed that it is not produced every year. After a supply of one year has

ISRAELITES GATHERING MANNA.

been gathered, five or six years sometimes elapse before any considerable quantity of it again appears. Of late years but little of it has been produced, occasioned, probably, by the diminution of the plant from which it distills. The Arabs gather it and bring it into the convent at Sinai, where pots of it can sometimes be bought from the monks. An inferior and adulterated form of it can be also found in our apothecary shops.

Such is the manna of the desert, and of the present day. How different from that bread with which God fed his people in this same wilderness! I know that some have affected to believe, and attempted to prove, that this gum of the turfa must have been Israel's food. They tell us Moses was intimately acquainted with the whole country, and thus was enabled to guide the Israelites by the routes best supplied with these manna trees. But what intelligent person can for a moment entertain this supposition? This production of the Arabian desert is called by the same name, but aside from this it has scarce a single property in its nature, or a single circumstance in its production, in common with the manna of the Exodus. Of the manna of the Bible, not one word is said about its being the product of a tree or bush. When the dew fell upon the camp in the night the manna fell upon it. "When the dew that lay was gone up, behold, upon the face of the desert a small round thing, small as the hoar-frost upon the ground; and it was like coriander seed, white; and the taste of it was like wafers with honey." Ex. xvi. 14.

The product of the turfa is rather a drug or medicine than an article of diet, and is used only for medical purposes. It falls on the ground only by accident or from neglect, and when it has so fallen it is unfit to be gathered. It is only during a few weeks of the year that it exudes from the punctured limbs or twigs; and as for quantity, as at present produced, the supply is very meagre, and were it fit for food, and the whole peninsula a thicket of turfa trees, the quantity produced would be far from sufficient to supply two millions or more of people.

The manna of the Exodus fell upon the ground; it fell all the year round, and in such quantities as to yield a bountiful

supply for all the men, women and children of the vast concourse that were journeying to the Promised Land. It seems to have constituted by far the greater portion of their sustenance. They gathered it from the earth—ground it in mills, or beat it in mortars—baked it in pans, and made it into cakes—and its taste was "as the taste of fresh oil." For one, I could never look upon this manna of the days of Moses as any thing but

A PERPETUAL MIRACLE.

A miracle renewed day by day, following the Israelites for forty years through all these winding paths, in this great and terrible wilderness. It was certainly a strange and marvelous kind of food provided for the exigencies of the occasion. It had a mysterious and supernatural origin. It had never been heard of before, and has never been seen since. The Israelites had come to their eighth encampment in the wilderness; their scanty supply of flour and unleavened bread brought from Egypt was exhausted; they began to murmur against Moses, and against Aaron; they wished they had stayed and died in the land of Egypt, where they sat by the flesh-pots and did eat bread to the full.

But God had his own great purposes to accomplish concerning them. A night of murmuring and discontent slowly wore away. In the morning, when the dew was gone up from the face of the wilderness, "there lay upon the ground a small round thing." It was strange in its appearance, and pleasant to the taste, and scattered with astonishing profusion all about the camp. They did not know what it was. The Hebrew, *man-hu*, we are told literally signifies, *what is it?* And they said, "man-hu?" What is it? "for they knew not what it was." Moses answered, "This is the bread which the Lord hath given you to eat."

There was a mystery about this, and this mystery was perpetuated in the very name by which it was then, and has ever since been designated. Man-hu? what is it? Who, to this day, knows? only that it was food provided for the people of God, in a barren wilderness, by the direct agency of the Al-

mighty. And this allusion to the mystery of the manna suggests another thought as to

ITS SPIRITUAL SIGNIFICANCE.

We are taught it was the type of Christ Jesus, the living spiritual bread, with which God feeds his redeemed and spiritual people in their passage through the wilderness of this world to the true Canaan of everlasting rest. And what do we know of Him more than they knew of this strange bread in the wilderness? How strange and wonderful the manner in which he made his appearance in the world! His mother could not comprehend it, and pondered the mysterious events in her heart. The learned doctors in the temple were filled with surprise and astonishment. John the Baptist knew him not, only as he was revealed by the Holy Spirit. Delegations were sent from priests and rulers to inquire, "Who art thou?" He came unto his own, and his own knew him not. Who is he? was the universal inquiry. *Man-hu*? What is it? was heard from every class, and the most they could learn was, "I am the living bread that came down from heaven, which God hath given for the life of the world."

HOME OF OUR SHEIK.

While we have been looking at these trees and plants, our lunch has been finished, and we have been refreshed by an hour's rest, and again we must be toiling along our mountain pathway. About half-past 3 o'clock we passed the home of our sheik. In a valley among the hills, twenty-five or thirty low, black tents marked the resting place of his family, and the portion of his tribe among which he held a sort of patriarchal dominion. He invited us to stop and share the hospitality of his family and people, offering to entertain us for the night; but it was not consistent with our plans, and we passed on. As we rode by the tents, several dirty, ragged children came out to gaze at us. One of them, a girl ten or twelve years old, the sheik caught in his arms and kissed with apparent tenderness and affection, informing us she was his daughter. I took

kindly notice of her, and gave her some dried fruit I had in my bag, at which the old sheik seemed highly pleased.

An hour and a half more and we had overtaken our baggage camels. Our tents had been pitched and were ready for our reception; our cook was busy at his duties over his smoking fire and steaming kettles. An hour or two more and the light of our camp-fires had gone out; the curtains of night vailed tent, camel and Bedawin, and deep sleep settled down upon us. To-morrow we expect to camp at the base of Sinai—the Mount of God.

March 3d. Before the sun had risen high enough to peep in among the mountain recesses, Mohammed had given us the morning call, for we had before arranged for an early start. We were now in an elevated mountain region. The night had been cold. The white frost was around us, reminding us most impressively of what is said of the manna—that small round thing that lay like the hoar-frost upon the ground. Our course was at first along Wady Soolah. It is a barren, rocky valley, similar to those we have before described—to the right and left tall granite peaks, and all around us hoary rocks and deep and dismal caverns. For a time we passed over an uneven, diluvial formation—heaps of earth and beds of gravel, while great granite bowlders were scattered in every direction. The valley now narrowed upon us, and we entered a defile known among the Arabs as

NUBK HAWY, THE WINDY PASS.

We have before spoken of the rocky stairway by which we ascended from the sea into the mountain cluster of Serbal. We had now another ascent to make by this difficult pass into a second and higher stage of this mountain sanctuary. Our pathway was constantly becoming more rugged and difficult. The bare granite rocks were streaked with veins of various colored porphyry. Sometimes the predominance of iron in these rocks gave them a charred and blackened appearance, as though a forest of vegetation had been burned upon them. A wilder, rougher, more desolate looking place can scarcely be conceived. You are completely shut in by the great

cliffs that rise frowning and terrific from ten to fifteen hundred feet above you. In some places they seem to hang in jagged masses over your head, and you almost tremble lest some toppling fragment should come crashing down from its fearful hight, charged with a death-warrant for both rider and beast.

Our pathway was a bed of rocks. In some places it seemed like stairs of stone, laid by the hand of the Omnipotent Creator. In some places the hand of art had facilitated the passage, by removing some of the topmost blocks, or putting in others, where it was necessary to gain a foothold. Our camels toiled slowly and laboriously along the rugged ascent. Sometimes the passage between the jutting point of rocks was so narrow our beasts with their loads could scarcely pass. Often our drivers had to walk by their side to steady their burdens for them. One, heavily laden, overcome by fatigue, lay down upon the rocky path with piteous cries and groans, and his load had to be placed upon others. Fearful of a fall, I dismounted from my camel, and clambered over the rocks on foot.

In the midst of this rugged, gloomy scenery, surrounded by bare, bleak rocks, the valley a water-course, where wintry torrents sweep with awful violence, the thought of human inhabitants would be the last suggestion of the solitary place. But lo! here comes bounding over the rocks, with the agility of a fawn, a bare-headed, bare-legged, swarthy Arab boy, apparently about ten years old. He approaches without any apparent signs of fear, and with the air of a confidence-man, stretches out his hand, and once more you hear the everlasting greeting of the tribe—backsheesh. Like an apparition he appeared; like an apparition we treated him; and like one, he as quickly vanished among the rocks.

EMERGING FROM THE PASS.

At last we gained the summit of this outer mountain wall, which seems like one of nature's ramparts, guarding the passage to the secluded recesses of Sinai. At frequent intervals might be seen, sometimes on the precipitous bluffs, and sometimes on fallen fragments, some of those strange and unintelligible inscriptions of which we have before spoken. Gradually the val-

ley widened, and the rugged aspect of the road wore away. Occasionally, an acacia or a clump of tamarisk relieved the sterility of the scene. On we rode, the valley still widening. I had again mounted my camel and was riding leisurely along, when suddenly I thought I heard the faint, piping voice of children, as if close to me. I sent a searching glance about, but saw no signs of human habitation. Was I mistaken? I had scarce time for a moment's thought, and again my ear caught the faint sound. Looking down, I perceived, close to the side of the path, and almost under my camel's feet, three little Arab children, sitting close together squat upon the ground. Two of them had each a bundle of dirty rags tied about the waist; the third, a repulsive looking little thing, had only an old bit of a rug hanging upon the back by a string tied round the neck. This constituted the child's entire wardrobe. Each had an open hand extended upward in imploring attitude, and again I heard in the faint treble of children, the word that becomes so familiar to every Frank traveler—backsheesh, backsheesh! Poor little wretches—before I could lift a hand my camel had strode by them, and what use they could make of backsheesh in that lone spot I could scarcely conjecture.

About 11 o'clock, after two hours' hard climbing in the rocky ravine, we emerged into Wady Rahah. Soon a sudden turn in the road brought us upon the entrance to an open plain, across which we could look in a southeasterly direction between three and four miles. At the farther end of this, rising directly from the plain, towered up a sublime mountain elevation—*it was the long desired object of our pilgrimage*—THE MOUNT OF GOD.

Our approach to it, encampment, and visit to the convent and mountain, will be the theme of our next chapter.

CHAPTER XIII.

ENCAMPMENT AT MOUNT SINAI—VISIT TO THE CONVENT—DESCRIPTION OF THE MOUNTAIN—ITS PECULIARITIES.

WE are now drawing near the hallowed mount from which the law of God was given. Our approach is from the northward over the Plain of Rahah, which means, *Plain of Rest*, because, on this plain the children of Israel are supposed to have had their grand encampment during all the time of the giving of the law, and the building of the tabernacle. Our ride over this plain, of which we shall speak hereafter, towards the mount, occupied about an hour. The bold and frowning front of Horeb was directly before us, rising up from the plain in an almost perpendicular wall from two to three thousand feet into the air. The sight was grand and majestic beyond description. The emotions of my own heart were too deep and powerful for utterance. With awe and reverence, I approached the theatre of those awful and impressive scenes, that more than three thousand years ago filled with astonishment and affright the assembled hosts of Israel.

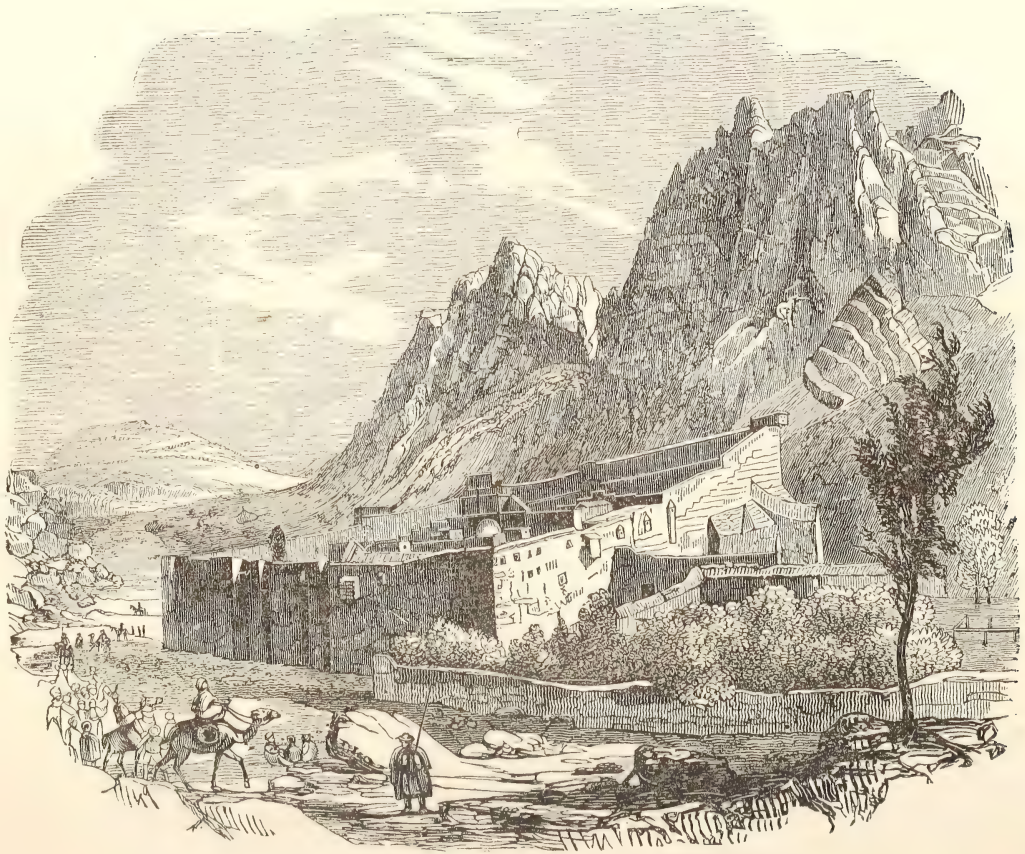
As we approached, we were straining our eyes to catch a first view of human habitation. Soon the tall, dark forms of a few cypress trees arrested our attention, standing like giant sentinels over some memorial spot—now the green foliage of some smaller trees—then the wall of the garden, and the fort-like inclosure—and now the entire convent of St. Catharine, with all its appendages, was full in view, resting in cheerfulness and beauty upon the eastern base of Sinai. It was an animating sight. Here was an oasis in the desert—an abode of civilization—the Mount of God. Here the end of our journeyings; and here, after so many days of weary travel, we were to find rest and refreshment. More than all, here we were to visit the

place where Moses lived; where he led his flocks; where he saw the burning bush; where he received his Divine commission to return to the court of Pharaoh and demand the release of God's captive people.

Between 12 and 1 o'clock we pitched our tents close at the foot of Ras Safsafah, the Mount Horeb of the monks, and about ten minutes' walk from the convent. A few rods from us, flowing directly from a crevice in the granite rock of the mountain, was a copious stream of pure sweet water. How refreshing, after the stale water we had so long drank! for up to this time, aside from the stream in Wady Feiran, we had depended upon the supply we had brought from the Nile, and that was now nine days old. Our camp matters settled, and dinner dispatched, the first thing in our arrangements was to make

A VISIT TO THE CONVENT

We hastily arranged our toilet—and in this we had no great preparation to make—and with our letters of introduction we stood under the walls of the convent of St. Catharine. These we found to be quite formidable, towering some thirty feet above our head. Of this convent, and the summit of Sinai rising bold and ragged behind it, the accompanying engraving presents one of the most accurate views I have seen. The convent is an irregular quadrangular building, two hundred and forty-five feet by two hundred and four feet. It is surrounded by thick and lofty walls. These are built mostly of granite, but they have been patched here and there with various kinds of materials, representing various ages and stages of its history. Little towers were built upon the walls, and occasionally, looking out from a port-hole, was seen the rusty end of a small, antique-looking gun, that, from appearance, might date anterior to the crusades. From the bottom of a roofed projection in the wall, more than twenty feet above our heads, in answer to our call, a trap door was opened upwards; two great ropes, with hooks attached to the ends, were let down by a windlass, with a request to "send up our letters." We attached our letters from the head convent at Cairo, and they were drawn up. After waiting about fifteen or twenty minutes, during



MOUNT SINAI AND THE CONVENT OF ST. CATHARINE.

which time quite a company of Bedawin children and men had gathered around us, a door was opened in the wall of the yard, and a messenger appeared to escort us in. Until quite recently, visitors were drawn up through the trap door. This was when the country about was hostile. The friendly terms on which the monks now live with the Arabs, allows them to abate much of the vigilance and defensive attitude heretofore maintained.

We were taken into an open inclosure, between the convent and the garden, then through an intricate winding passage into the convent itself. After ascending two or three pairs of stairs to an upper tier of rooms, we were invited into an apartment, with large broad divans arranged round the sides in true oriental style, and invited to a seat. Here an official of the institution met us, and gave us a hearty welcome. Our dragoman acting as interpreter, we carried on our conversation in Arabic. We had been seated but a few minutes when a servant came in, with water and arrack. Soon after a large plate of pressed dates was brought in, and we were invited to partake.

We found in the convent about twenty-five monks — the usual number maintained here of late years. I was not very favorably impressed either with their intelligence or usefulness. Devotion they may have, but most of them appeared like a dull, stupid class of men. What else could we expect from the circumstances in which they live? —nothing to excite activity or arouse the energies of their minds. I find in Robinson the following quotation from one who describes their mode of life five hundred years ago: "They follow very strict rules; live chastely and moderately; are obedient to their archbishop and prelates; drink not wine but on high festivals; eat never flesh, but live on herbs, peas, and lentils, which they prepare with water, salt and vinegar; eat together in a refectory, without a table cloth; perform their offices in the church with great devotion day and night; and are very diligent in all things; so that they fall little short of the rules of St. Anthony." Their rules of life probably continue about the same. They are temperate in their habits, and devote much time to religious duties. It is said they usually have the ordinary prayers of the Greek ritual seven times a day.

Pilgrimages are still made by religious devotees to the convent, but the number of late years has greatly declined. In the early ages of the Christian church, of which we have before spoken, when monasticism and pilgrimages were reckoned among the most acceptable acts of devotion, large numbers flocked to this desert, and to the holy mount. It is said that in 1398, besides this convent, there were six others existing in different parts of the peninsula, besides a number of chapels and hermitages. They have also here a tradition, that at the time of the Mohammedan conquest, six to seven thousand monks and hermits were scattered among these mountains. It is not a hundred years since large caravans of pilgrims passed this way. It is said that a document preserved in the convent, mentions the arrival in one day of eight hundred Armenians from Jerusalem; and at another time of five hundred Copts from Cairo. We found in the convent about thirty Russian pilgrims, who had come in from Cairo. They had been in the convent about two weeks, and were expecting to leave in a day or two. Comparatively few pilgrims now find their way to this desert shrine. We were invited to remain and live in the convent during our stay at the mount; but for several reasons we preferred remaining in our tents. Having two or three hours to spend, we proposed to improve it by taking a walk about the convent, and one of the monks was deputed to act as our guide.

THE HISTORY OF THE CONVENT.

This convent is an ancient one; so much so that much obscurity rests upon its early history. That the Mount of God and the place of the burning bush should have been early selected and placed among the sacred localities, might be expected. We may, therefore, look for the founding of this convent among the earliest of this class of institutions. It is impossible now to tell when Christians first penetrated these unfrequented and inhospitable regions. Very soon after the crucifixion of the Savior, and when converts began to multiply, fierce persecutions arose, and believers sought every possible refuge to escape impending death. Sinai had undoubtedly been

kept alive in the memory of the Jews. It had been a refuge for Elijah, fleeing from the persecutions of treacherous Ahab, and the more vindictive Jezebel; and it might now again have become an asylum of refuge for the followers of the cross. Paul, after his conversion, spent several years in retirement. He tells us he went into Arabia, and the forcible illustration he uses to the Galatians, in which he speaks of Hagar and Mount Sinai, has given rise to the idea that he had taken lessons in theology among the dells and mountain scenery where Moses led his flocks.

It is well known that these mountain regions swarmed with Christian devotees before any convent walls were erected for their defense. These solitary exiles were drawn together by the necessities of their position, and regular communities were organized. In A. D. 373, the monks here were almost exterminated by the Arabs. Common wants and common dangers led to the adoption of common means of support and defense, and monasteries were one of the natural results.

Of the founding of this convent, Stanley says: "No Arab, or Egyptian, or Syrian patriarch erected that massive pile; no pilgrim princess—no ascetic king. A Byzantine emperor, the most wordly of his race, the great legislator, Justinian, was its founder. The fame of his architectural magnificence, which has left its monuments in the most splendid churches of Constantinople and Ravenna, had penetrated even to the hermits of Mount Sinai. And they, when they heard that he delighted to build churches and found convents, made a journey to him, and complained how the wandering sons of Ishmael were wont to attack them suddenly, eat up their provisions, desolate the place, enter the cells and carry off every thing—how they also broke into the church and devoured even the holy wafers." The particular spot upon which the convent was to be placed, had been marked out by another person,

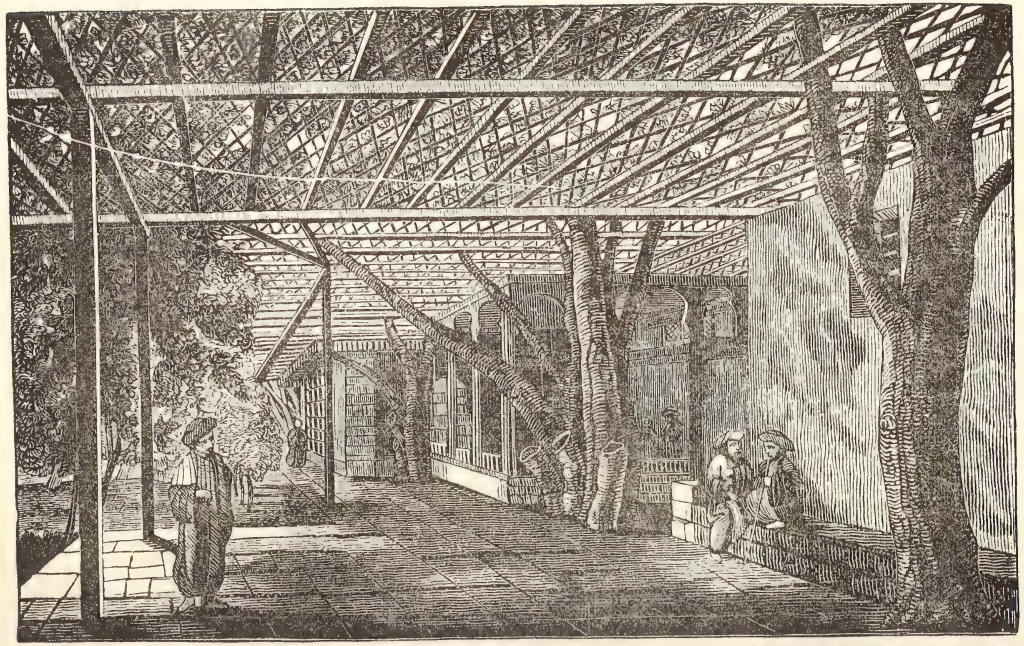
THE RENOWNED HELENA.

She was the mother of Constantine, and in the latter part of her life a religious devotee of the strictest kind. Her devotion, however, assumed an active form. Instead of shutting herself

up in monastic seclusion, with a superstitious zeal, commendable for its energy and activity, but reprehensible, perhaps, from its fanaticism and credulity, she devoted herself to the discovery of holy sites, and the erection upon them of monuments and churches. Soon after A. D. 300, at the advanced age of nearly fourscore years, but with the elastic spirit and vigor of youth, she made a journey to Palestine, founded the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem, another upon the Mount of Ascension, and made at Calvary, as many affect to believe, the discovery of the *true cross!* In her pilgrimages, Sinai was not forgotten. Hither she bent her steps, and near the well of Jethro discovered the actual spot upon which the burning bush stood! and upon that spot erected a memorial tower. The spot thus previously selected and honored, was chosen by Justinian as an appropriate place for a Christian refuge and fortress. Around this little church or tower of Helena clustered the buildings of the convent. The lapse of time has wrought great changes in the interior. Once, it is said, there were thirty-six chapels, each devoted to the worship of a separate sect. Now the Greek ritual only is chanted here.

Thus we see we are within the precincts of an ancient, and, to many, a sacred structure, which has long been a Christian sanctuary and refuge. The wild sons of Ishmael have hunted upon these mountains the devotees of the Savior. The reception of Mohammedanism by these wandering tribes, did not in the least abate their hostility toward the children of the cross. Again and again these very walls have been besieged by these untamed and merciless devotees of the Prophet, who made the crescent under which they fought an apology for the most barbarous and bloodthirsty massacres. Thanks to the milder reign of justice and religious toleration, for the peace and security now enjoyed. The increasing influence of these, among both the followers of the crescent and the cross, have become a stronger safeguard than towering walls and all the dread artillery of war.

The religious consequence and importance of the convent have long since passed away. It is still, however, a great convenience to visitors at Sinai, for the supplies they afford to



A VIEW IN THE INTERIOR OF THE CONVENT OF ST. CATHARINE.

travelers, the guides they furnish for mountain excursions, and the protection they are able to render in cases of necessity. It is truly refreshing to the weary traveler to find such a retreat in the midst of such barrenness and desolation. After so many long days of weary travel, scarcely meeting a human being, and then no one that can speak your language, or sympathize with you in your devotions, you are prepared, from the contrast, to receive a deeper and more favorable impression in your visit to this lone sanctuary of the mountains. You look with delight upon that garden, not of palm, acacia and tamarisk, but of the olive, the almond, the apple, the cypress and poplar. You hear with delight, not the shrill call of the muzzein, but the deep-toned bell, in accents of music, inviting to Christian prayer.

THE INTERIOR OF THE CONVENT.

Of the architecture of the interior, the annexed picture will give you some idea, better, perhaps, than could be conveyed by words. You need not look for the neatness and the beauty of our modern homes, but coarse stone walls, rough coats of plaster, long, unhewn palm trunks for joists, and crumbling stucco, on layers of reeds, for roofs; and, if you are at all sensitive, prepare yourself for the harrassing assaults of those stealthy little hopping intruders, whose acquaintance you will be compelled to make, for the convent is as full of them as a Bedawin's cassock. Small as the place inclosed is, it is so cut up into courts, chapels, narrow avenues, and apartments of various kinds, that a stranger easily gets lost amid its dark and intricate passages. Before you descend to the court below, step into this room and see the Convent Library.

Here are ancient tomes of Arabic, Greek and Latin—printed Greek, 1,500 volumes; Arabic manuscripts, according to Burckhart, 700. These are said to contain lives of saints, rituals and other matter of but little consequence. Two works only, in this place, specially arrest the traveler's attention, and are considered worthy of a place in his note book. One is a curious copy of the Psalter in Greek, written by a female, on twelve pages, each less than the size of one of the pages of this book.

The handwriting is very neat, but so exceedingly fine and delicate that it cannot be read without the aid of a powerful magnifying glass. The other is a beautiful manuscript copy of the four gospels, written on a superior article of vellum, in double columns, and in letters of gold. It is ornamented with illuminated portraits of the apostles. The amount of time bestowed upon some of these ancient manuscripts must have been enormous; but what else had these secluded monks to do? Recent researches among the moldering tomes of these ancient monasteries, are bringing to light some valuable contributions to the literature of early times. Descending from the upper rooms to the court below, we are taken to

THE WELL OF MOSES.

This spring is pointed out as the place where Moses drew water for the flocks of Jethro, and a little up the valley to the left is a round-topped hill, which tradition has fixed upon as the site of Jethro's house. There is of course nothing improbable in the story that makes this the scene of that interesting episode in the life of Moses that resulted in his introduction into the family of Jethro. He fled from Egypt and dwelt in the land of Midian. The seven daughters of the priest of Midian came to draw water for their flocks, and the shepherds came and drove them away. But Moses took their part and helped them. When this came to the ears of their father, he was invited to their home, and was content to dwell with them, and Zipporah, one of these daughters, became his wife. If this was indeed the place, how interesting the events connected with it! It was a great descent from the luxurious court of Pharaoh to the humble home and servile life of the desert. But "he was content" to dwell here. He was in the path of duty; and the path of duty, however far down into the vale of humiliation it may lead, is the sure path to promotion. He made himself useful in the first things that came to hand, and God soon gave him greater work to do. He was faithful in small things, and God soon committed great trusts to his care. An humble calling and employment in menial duties is no disgrace. The shepherd watching his flocks is as much under the eye of

Jehovah as the king on his throne. From the lowly occupations of life Christ chose his disciples, and from such occupations many a one has been raised up to sit with kings and princes, and occupy places of the highest honor and authority; and even if such rewards are not bestowed in this life, there are crowns, and honor, and glory, for every faithful one, however lowly, in the life to come. The monks keep a cup chained to the fountain, and taking a drink from its waters, we passed on and entered

THE CHURCH OF THE TRANSFIGURATION.

This is a curious and interesting place. It is hung with numerous pictures — representations of scripture scenes, apostles, saints and martyrs — and some portions of it furnished in a costly and curious manner. The floor is a beautiful specimen of tesselated marble pavement, while the altar, screens, and other fixtures are beautifully embellished with gold. The vaulted roof of the chancel, finished with costly and elaborate mosaic work, is the crowning beauty of the whole. The central part of this is a rich mosaic, representing the transfiguration. The figure of Christ occupies the centre. Moses stands upon the right, and Elijah upon the left. The three apostles are beneath, Peter prostrate upon the ground. A large border encircles the whole. In this are wrought numerous busts of apostles, martyrs and saints, in oval tablets. There is a Greek inscription around the lower part of the great picture, of which the following is a translation:

> "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost:
>
> "The whole of this work was executed for the salvation of those who have contributed to it by their donations, under Longinus, the most holy priest and prior."

Behind the altar, standing upon an elevated platform, is a small marble sarcophagus. In this are deposited the remains of the revered

ST. CATHARINE.

Several fabulous legends have been interwoven with the history of her life and death. She died at Alexandria, and her

lifeless body, as the romance informs us, was taken by angels, conveyed to the Sinai desert, and deposited upon the top of the highest peak in the peninsula. To this peak her name has been attached, and Jebel Catharine, or Mount Catharine, is prominent among the noted places of this vicinity. It is often ascended by travelers for the commanding view that can be obtained from its summit over nearly the whole of the peninsula. A rock upon the top of this mountain has been molded, by some freak of nature, into the form of a human body. The trunk is headless, and the arms appear swathed and pinioned like those of a mummy. With this singular rock the monks have associated the name and story of the spirit-wafted body of Catharine; and here, they tell us, the form first rested after its singular ærial flight. The bones of the real body, as the legend goes on to inform us, were taken by these mountain anchorites and conveyed to Mount Sinai, and she became the patron saint of the convent, and from her it received its name. The marble chest in which the remains repose is kept securely locked, and it is said that only the skull and one hand remain. These are richly set in gold. From the Church of the Transfiguration a few steps brought us into

THE CHAPEL OF THE BURNING BUSH.

This owes its location to the keen-sightedness of St. Helena in discovering sacred localities. By what holy instincts the precise spot was so accurately determined we are not informed. We were not conscious of being so near holy ground, when our guide motioned to us to take off our shoes, setting us an example by laying his own aside. The entrance to the chapel is from the rear of the altar of the Church of the Transfiguration. The votive offerings of pious pilgrims are numerous, and a number of rich lamps are suspended from the ceiling, in two or three of which a faint light is kept continually burning. We followed our guide to a little recess in the farther end of the chapel. A small spot, about three feet one way and two the other, was covered by a kind of altar and overhung with richly wrought tapestry. The space beneath was overlaid with plates of burnished silver, and the floor about spread with cost-

ly pieces of carpet. Our monk fell upon his knees and reverently kissed the place. "This," he said, "is the identical spot where stood the burning bush." Of course we could have but little confidence in the story that had thus definitely located the place; but whether this was the exact place or not, the great fact remains unchanged, the burning bush is one of the great miracles and mysteries of God's communion with men. We realized this now as never before, for if not on this very spot, it was in this immediate vicinity the great wonder was seen. My imagination pictured Moses, in the obscurity of his retirement, leading his flocks about the mount, and patiently waiting in this humble calling till God should call him to a more active and honorable position. Here the Lord appeared to him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a thorny bush; and, behold! the bush burned with fire and was not consumed! "And Moses said, I will turn aside and see this great sight." In the obscurity and solitude of these mountain dells, Moses was learning lessons the populous city and the splendors of the court of Pharaoh could never teach; and from here he received his great commission to act as the deliverer of his people. From the chapel of the burning bush we passed to

THE MOSQUE AND GARDEN.

The incongruity of a Mohammedan mosque in a Christian convent may need explanation. The story is too long for insertion here, but it originated in an order from Selim, the Ottoman emperor, to have all the Christian establishments in the peninsula of Sinai destroyed. The priests of this convent, learning that preparations were being made in Egypt to execute this barbarous decree, immediately went to work and built a mosque within their walls. This show of subserviency to the reigning powers and the followers of the Prophet saved them, and the mosque has ever since remained. Though long kept in repair, it is now in a dirty, dilapidated condition; and it is said the call to prayer is never heard from its minaret, unless chance or ultra piety brings some Mohammedan dignitary to the place.

From the interior of the convent we were taken to the convent garden. This is on the north of the convent, inclosed by

a high stone wall, and is reached by a low and partly subterranean passage, strongly secured by an iron door. It appears to best advantage, from the fact of its being a green and cultivated spot in the midst of the surrounding sterility and desolation. Various kinds of vegetables and several kinds of fruit trees are cultivated here. The beauty of spring was upon the spot—the trees were in full blossom, filling the air with their rich fragrance. Much as has been done in reclaiming this spot from the general barrenness of the desert; much more might be done by greater industry upon the part of the monks. I saw a number of places in this vicinity where there were large patches of soil that would have well repaid the labor of cultivation, could the hand of industry have been laid upon them.

Our guide called our attention to a certain bush growing in the garden, and on inquiry, we were assured it was the identical kind of bush from which Moses cut his rod! It grew to the hight of about twenty feet, throwing up numerous smooth branches or stalks from the bottom, like our elder bush. Observing one of these branches broken at the root, I inquired of my guide if I could be allowed to cut a walking stick from it. To this he assented, and I took a piece of it home with me, as a sort of sacred relic, but not, however, with any expectation of being able to work miracles with it. But what most impressed us among all these novel sights, was

THE CHARNEL HOUSE.

This is a partly subterranean chamber in the hill-side, located in the very midst of this verdant area. The bloom and beauty of life above, the chill damps and repulsive odors and wasting decay of death beneath. Some lights, a dish of coals, and a handful of incense to destroy the unpleasant effluvia having been procured, bent nearly double, we followed our conductor through the low, dark, vaulted passage. Soon we emerged into an open chamber, and the flickering lights of our tapers revealed the purpose to which these gloomy recesses had been devoted. This was the cemetery of the convent. Here was the sepulchral home of those whom death was constantly gathering unto himself from the convent above. It was literally a

place of skulls and human bones. We were astonished not only at the manner in which they were kept, but at the vast number, which, for generations and centuries, had been accumulating here. The bodies, after death, are left in some exposed condition, until the flesh has wasted away; and then the bones, without winding sheet, pall or coffin, are stowed away in this lone tenement of the dead.

Of these rooms there are two of about equal size, connected by a low doorway. In each of these rooms you first see a huge pile of skulls, heaped together upon the ground without any reference to order, mingled with dirt and rubbish, and covered with the gray, furzy mold of ages. The balance of the skeleton, legs, arms and ribs, are then doubled together, so as to secure the greatest compactness and economy of space, and piled up, one upon another, and layer behind layer, from floor to roof, as a farmer would cord his wood. Thus they lie, heaps on heaps, priests, deacons and lay brethren; friar, cenobite and anchorite, mingled together in one indiscriminate mass—men of all ages, from the early days of fierce persecution, to him who died in these more peaceful times of religious toleration.

Some of the more sanctified ones are honored with a box, or small chest, in which their bones are stowed, and some have special prominence given them upon some niche or elevation. The bones of others are tumbled promiscuously into a basket, and some are suspended by cords from the roof. Among these are found a few church dignitaries, perhaps some pilgrim of wealth and distinction, and the relics of a few, who had gained superior merit by their fastings, penances, privations and exposures in their miserable mountain cells. In one corner, perched upon a pedestal, was a skeleton, in a sitting posture, bone settled into bone, an old silk cape, of rich material and beautifully worked, thrown carelessly about the shoulders, and a monk's cap on the head. His long, naked teeth grinned horribly from beneath his strange head-dress, and the whole aspect was so ghastly as to chill one's blood. The story of this strange figure was told us by the monk. His self-denial, fastings, and unusual acts of devotion, had excited the admiration of some European princess, and the cap and cloak had been bestowed

by her upon the remains as a token of high regard. In a small box, about two feet long and eighteen inches broad, were shown us the skeleton remains of two brothers. It is said they were of noble birth, sons of a Persian prince; they came to this desert to end their days in religious seclusion. Actuated by a strange fanatical zeal, they bound themselves together by a heavy iron chain. Thus linked together by ties of kindred, by religious vows, and the sterner outward bond of iron links and rivets, they wore away the weary days of a life of self-inflicted torture. Thus linked together, they faced the terrific frown of death, and together died. And now the ghastly skeletons of the two claim brotherhood in death; and with the links of that same chain still unbroken, those bones are tumbled together into this common receptacle. Of the number of these skeleton inhabitants, I could form no conjecture, but Stevens, who was here in 1835, says the superior of the convent told him there were more than thirty thousand! There was something shocking in this promiscuous mingling together of human bones; the air was close and suffocating, and the offensive effluvia prevailed even over the clouds of incense that rose from our pan of coals. We were glad to turn our backs upon the nauseating place, and once more breathe the pure and fragrant air of the garden above. It was now near night, and having finished our rambles about the convent and grounds, we made arrangements for guides to ascend the mountain with us tomorrow; and leaving a backsheesh to the monk, who had so kindly attended us over the premises, we bade them good-night and returned to our tent.

A ROW WITH OUR SHEIK.

As we were to remain two or three days at the mount, our sheik and camel drivers were to improve the time by making a visit to their homes, or among other members of the tribe. In settling for the services performed, a violent altercation took place between our dragoman and the sheik. It was only a war of words, but it was carried on with such angry tone and vehemence of gesticulation, it seemed to me it must terminate in violence and blood. In appearance, it was truly terrific. The

storm, however, seemed at last to abate from the mere exhaustion of power in the parties; the dissatisfied sheik sulkily withdrew with his animals and men, declaring he would render us no more assistance if we died in the desert, and Mohammed as positively declaring that he would have nothing more to do with him, and that neither he nor one of his men or camels should render any assistance in returning us to Cairo.

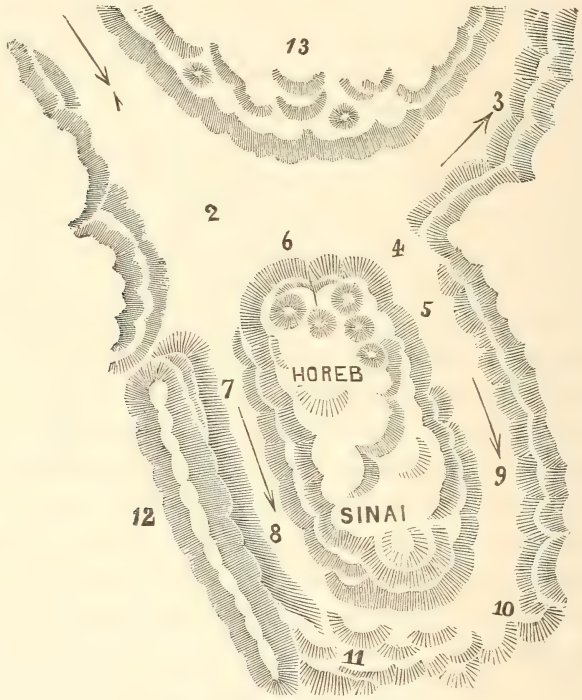
As the contest was carried on in Arabic, I could get no clue to it. As soon as the camp was clear and quiet restored, "Mohammed," said I, "what is the fuss?" In answer to this question, he very seriously informed me that he had lost from his commissary department a tin pan, and believing that some of the sheik's attendants had stolen it, he made him responsible for its recovery, and, on settlement, had deducted its value, fifteen piasters, from his wages. The sheik was highly indignant at the insinuation against his honesty, and more enraged at the loss of even so small a portion of his wages. "And how do you expect to get back to Cairo?" said I. "You no need trouble yourself about that," said he; "that's my business. I am bound to do that. There are other men and other camels here besides his." So the matter rested. But I had seen enough of Arabic quarrels to know how it would terminate. I will be bound he and his camels and men will be on hand Wednesday morning, ready to return with us. See if they are not. And now we have a couple of hours before retiring to rest, let us improve them by studying

THE TOPOGRAPHY OF THE MOUNTAIN

And the valleys about it, that we may be better prepared to understand the localities we are about to visit, and the astonishing events that have transpired here. To aid in this, we will draw a diagram of the place, as seen on the following page. To this diagram we now invite your attention:

No. 1 and the arrow represent the Valley of Rahah and our approach to the mountain. In this approach we were traveling in nearly a southeast direction, the bold granite front of the mountain rising up before us almost perpendicularly from the plain to the hight of near two thousand feet. No. 2 is the same

valley widening out into a broad plain, the Plain of Rahah, or "Plain of Rest," some call it; others, the "Inclosed Plain," for great mountains rise up all around you, and seem to completely encircle you with their bold ridges and lofty peaks. The plain widens as you approach Sinai. There is a gentle ascent as you near the mountain, until you come within about one mile of it,



PLAN OF SINAI AND HOREB.

1. Wady Rahah. 2. Plain of Rahah. 3. Wady Sheik. 4. Place of our encampment. 5. Convent. 6. Mold of Aaron's calf. 7. Smitten Rock. 8. Wady Leja. 9. Wady Shuayb. 10. Wady Sebayeh and hills. 11. Sand and gravel hills. 12. Mount St. Catharine. 13. Low hills.

then there is a gentle descent towards the mountain. This plain is about one mile broad. The length, of course, would vary according to the distance the person was disposed to measure back into the valley, where it narrows into a ravine. Robinson measured the southern slope, and found it to be to the base of Horeb over a mile, or, accurately, seven thousand feet. The northern slope he judged to be somewhat less than

a mile. I have no disposition to criticise or attempt to correct the measurements or the judgment of one who has written so accurately as Robinson; but as I looked over this noble plain, I could not but feel that if he had erred, it was in underestimating, rather than in overrating, its size. As we approached the mountain, from where a turn in the valley first brought us in full view of Horeb, we rode at the usual camel pace over an hour before we reached the base of the mountain.

At the southwest corner of this plain, you will see it again widens, and a broad space extends into an opening among the mountains in that direction. No. 3 and the arrow pointing outward, is Wady es Sheik, the "Valley of the Sheik," or "The Valley of the Saint," so named from the tomb of some noted personage among the Arabs, whose remains have found a sepulchre in one part of it. The Plain of Rahah opens also into this on the southeast, furnishing a large addition to its area in that direction. We are thus particular in describing this plain, because we wish to fix the reader's attention particularly upon it, as we shall have occasion to allude to it again. On this plain—who can doubt it who visits the spot?—was the grand encampment of the children of Israel. From this plain was witnessed those sublime and terrible exhibitions, that made the mountain tremble, and the people draw back with terror at the majesty and glory of the presence of God. Now look at the peculiar

SITUATION OF THE MOUNTAIN.

Opening from Wady es Sheik just at the point No. 4, where we pitched our tents, and running along up to No. 5, where the convent is located, and thence along No. 9, is another narrow valley along the whole eastern slope of Sinai and Horeb, called Wady Shuayb. This terminates at No. 10, along the southeastern corner of the cluster, in a broader valley, called Sebayeh; from this a valley runs round the whole southern base towards No. 11. There is, between Sinai and the high mountains lying south of it, quite an open space, but it is altogether different from the plain of Rahah upon the north. It is uneven and broken, and covered by naked hills of sand and gravel. Stev-

ens, who visited it with a special view of examining its fitness for a camping place for the Israelites, says of it: "It is rough, uneven and narrow." He concludes: "It could only be taken for the place of the encampment, if none other existed." The summit of Sinai here rises in a commanding form above it, but as the mountain descends upon the plain it is rolling and broken, and mountain and plain are blended into each other.

Again, upon the western side of Sinai we have another valley, No. 8, called Wady Leja. This is a deep, narrow gorge, running from the plain of Rahah all along the western base of Sinai and Horeb to the very northern extremity, separating it from St. Catharine, Um Shomer and the high mountain peaks upon the west.

Thus it will be seen we have this Mountain of the Lord, noted for the strange and interesting events connected with it, most strikingly and singularly located—completely separated, as it were, by these plains, ravines and valleys, from the great mountain piles that encircle it on every side, and completely shut it in. A sanctuary of hills, inclosed within the mighty ramparts that the everlasting Jehovah, with the skill and power of Omnipotence, has heaped around it.

This elevation of hills we have thus been describing, and which we have found so peculiarly situated, at the base is about three miles long, and probably from a mile and a half to two miles broad. Its highest elevation is, above the level of the sea, seventy-five hundred and sixty-four feet; above the convent in the valley at its base, twenty-one hundred and twelve feet. Though broken into many wild and ragged ravines and elevations, it rises at last into two great peaks—to the southern one the name of Sinai has been more particularly attached, to the northern one, Horeb. The confusion and misunderstandings that have arisen from the use of these terms, will make appropriate a more particular allusion to the

NAME OF THE MOUNTAIN.

The first allusion we have to the place is in Exodus iii. 1. In speaking of Moses, we are informed "he led the flock to the backside of the desert, and came to the Mountain of God, even

to Horeb." Here it was the angel of God appeared to him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush. After this, we have frequent allusions to it under the same name. In allusion to the making of the golden calf, Israel is said to have been "stripped of their ornaments by Mount Horeb." The Lord is said to have "spoken to the people in Horeb;" and in Horeb he made his covenant with his people. The same writer, Moses, who uses the name of Horeb, speaks of the same events as occurring at Sinai. Thus he speaks of the "Lord's coming unto them in Sinai;" "the glory of the Lord abode upon Mount Sinai;" "the Lord gave Moses at Mount Sinai two tables of stone." Nothing is plainer than that Sinai and Horeb were two different names applied to the same locality. Some have supposed that Horeb might have been a general name applied to a large extent of country, or a whole range of mountains, and Sinai a particular locality or peak, but I can find no evidence even of that. The present application of Sinai to one peak, and Horeb to another, is a modern appropriation of the names, and not to be taken into the account in determining the locality of particular scriptural events. If the earlier Christians or modern monks chose to call the southern peak Sinai, or Jebel Mousa, and the northern peak Horeb, it does not thence follow that we must fix the scene of the giving of the law upon their Sinai. Nor must we necessarily infer, as Robinson seems to, that because the peak now called Sinai does not overlook the plain of Rahah, where the children of Israel must have been encamped, that therefore Moses had nothing to do with it. It is by no means certain, that even the monks, in fixing the name Sinai, or Jebel Mousa—*Mountain of Moses*—upon the peak that overlooks their convent, meant thereby to be understood that they claimed it as the place of all the wonderful phenomena that accompanied the giving of the law. It might have been the part of the mount upon which the burning bush was seen, and on this portion of it Moses might have had some of his long interviews with God; on another portion of it he might have stood to receive the tables of the law, and God have shone forth from the cloud, and appeared in glory in the presence of all the people.

Sinai and Horeb are all one mountain. As one mountain, separated from all about them, they spring up from the plain. And it is not until they rise as one more than a thousand feet, that the top is cleft asunder, and the two separate peaks rise in bold and solemn grandeur, the one perhaps the scene of Moses' retirement and communion with God, the other the consecrated spot where the Almighty stood in his glory and majesty—the awe-inspiring pulpit from which he proclaimed his law. And when he touched the mount and his glory kindled upon it, it was not one solitary peak only that felt his presence, but the *whole mountain* was in a blaze, and the *whole mountain* trembled to its base.

Having thus described the locality of the mountain, and settled the application of the name, we have another question to determine before our evening's work is done. Do these localities correspond with the scriptural narrative? First, then, let us raise an inquiry as to

THE DESIGN OF ISRAEL'S VISIT HERE.

In leading his people out of Egypt, God had great and important ends to attain, aside from their mere settlement in the land of their fathers. He had a revelation of himself to make—his law to impart to them. He had to instruct them in a knowledge of their duties to him and each other. He had an important system of worship to establish. An ignorant and undisciplined mass of people were to be instructed and trained, and brought under the restraints of law and order. A great revolution in the moral and religious regimen of the world was to be developed. The old patriarchal system was to be broken up and abolished, to be supplanted by a new system of faith and worship; and a whole twelve-month's time was to be spent in the inauguration and establishment of this new order of things.

In carrying this plan into effect, two things were absolutely essential. They must find a place in these mountain recesses where they could be secure from their enemies, and where a great multitude could find an appropriate place for an encampment. That such a place was found here, we think will appear

evident to any one who examines, even casually, the plain and its surroundings. Look then at

THE PLACE OF THE ENCAMPMENT.

This place we have shown you on the Plain of Rahah, and its adjacent valleys. There is not another spot in all this region so well adapted to it as this—a beautiful, level, gravelly plain, of ample dimensions—a place, at that time, where considerable vegetation existed, though that was not absolutely essential, except for their animals, as their own immediate wants were supplied by the perpetual miracle of the manna. Here, too, was water—an abundance of good, sweet water—for the most of the springs of the desert are found in the immediate vicinity of Sinai.

Then, as a place of security and defense, what general could ever have chosen a more prudent and secure position? If the Creator had designed it for this express purpose, could it have been more admirably adapted? It appears that they had enemies strong and powerful. They had left an enemy behind them in Egypt. The nations and tribes about looked upon them with jealousy, and arrayed themselves in hostility against them. Already the Amalekites had opposed them, and they had fought their way through Rephidim. For the peaceful purposes of religious instruction, the establishment of law and order, they must now have a place where they could remain unmolested till their tuition was over. To such a place the Lord brought them. It was a by-place, far away from the thoroughfares of travel by the surrounding nations. It was a quiet desert sanctuary, where they would be likely to remain undisturbed. It was a secure, place easily defended. Look at the diagram we have given, and observe the passes that lead to it through those openings in the mountains. In their then mode of warfare, a handful of men could have defended any of these passes against a multitude. Again, it was an

ENCAMPMENT BEFORE THE MOUNT.

In the second verse of the nineteenth chapter of Exodus we read, that when the children of Israel removed from Rephidim

they came into the desert of Sinai, "*and there Israel encamped before the mount.*" The remark seems to have been a casual one, and certainly made without any design of aiding future visitors in fixing the locality of the place; and yet we now see how accurately the language corresponds with the position. The mountain we have seen, rising up in majestic altitude, its perpendicular walls, like frowning battlements, looking down upon the Plain of Rahah. An assembly of people resting upon this plain, may literally and truly be said to be encamped "*before the mount.*" The existence of such a plain, in such a situation, is, as one has said, "so remarkable a coincidence with the sacred narrative, as to furnish a strong internal argument, not merely of its identity with the scene, but of the scene itself having been described by an eye witness." Another evidence of a similar kind is furnished by

THE BOUNDARIES ABOUT THE MOUNT.

The directions and precautions given to Moses would, in ordinary circumstances, seem very strange and unnecessary, and, in most instances, very difficult to comply with. God was about to make an exhibition of himself upon the mount, and that mount was to be considered a sacred place. Its sanctity must be invaded by no intruder of man or beast. "And thou shalt set bounds to the people round about, saying, take heed to yourselves, that ye go not up into the mount or *touch the border of it;* whosoever toucheth the mount shall surely be put to death." Ex. xix. 12. This stern and imperative command applied to both man and beast.

Visit almost any mountain or mountain range, and how rare a thing it is that a mountain comes down so directly, and with such abrupt descent upon the plain, that you can determine just where the mountain begins. There is usually such a mingling of hill and valley, of gentle ascent and descending slope, your are often far up the ascent before you are aware that you have reached the mountain, and it would be most difficult to say when you had *touched the borders of it.* But here is a locality, strange as it may seem, answering exactly to the scriptural precaution given by Moses to the people. Just here by our en-

campment, and all along the base of the mountain towards the west, as we have before noticed, this great granite wall rises so abruptly and perpendicularly from the plain, you can come directly up to it and lay your hand upon it, like standing upon the ground and laying your hand upon the perpendicular wall of a house. And we were surprised, as we walked over the ground, to find a long, low, alluvial mound, at a little distance from the perpendicular cliff, and running along for a great distance nearly parallel to it, as if left there to remind the visitor that a boundary was once built here by the direction of the Almighty. Thus, again, have we this remarkable coincidence of the features of the mountain and plain with the scripture narrative; another evidence, among others, that no careless or ignorant writer was wielding the pen that recorded the phenomena and incidents of Israel's encampment on this plain.

And then, again, the locality of the plain, and the position of the mountain as a fit and appropriate place for the people to witness such an exhibition of the majesty and glory of God, and from which the words of the Almighty could be addressed to the vast multitudes, impress every beholder as he approaches the place; and every subsequent examination of the localities only deepens the impressions. Surely the hand of God is in these things. These mountain hights and plains and valleys are pages of God's great historic book, and here he has written lessons three thousand years have not had power to efface. The testimony of Moses has been perpetuated by the hand of man, and the testimony of these desert pages by the power of God; both now conspire to establish his veracity and wisdom, and witness to the truth of the story of Israel's visit and God's revelation. Once has the Almighty spoken, twice have we heard his voice, and no one can stand on this plain, and look up to yon sublime mountain hight, and not be impressed with the legible traces of God's Handwriting that has been left on all about him.

And now we have been round the base of the mountain; have looked into the valleys and ravines that encircle it; have see the altitude and form of the majestic elevation, and the peculiar position of the plain upon which Israel encamped "be-

fore the mount." From this examination we shall now be better prepared to ascend the Mount of God—to go under the impression that we are climbing along the pathway where Moses ascended to receive the law; visiting the localities where some of the most remarkable phenomena that have attended the revelation of God to man have taken place. While we have been engaged on this, the evening hours have stolen away, our candle has burned low into its socket, the camp-fire has gone out, and Mohammed and the cook are enjoying a profound slumber. Let us seek a night's rest. To-morrow, at 8 o'clock, we are to meet our guides, and make the ascent of the mountain—a rare privilege, which comparatively few are permitted to enjoy.

CHAPTER XIV.

ASCENT OF SINAI AND HOREB—SIGHTS BY THE WAY—REFLECTIONS UPON THE SUMMIT—DESCENT AND VIEW OF THE MOUNTAIN FROM THE PLAIN.

March 4th. This is the coolest morning we have seen in the desert. The water left standing in our wash-pan froze over in a short time. We are now so far elevated in these mountainous regions as to have quite a different climate from what we had along the sea-shore. Our breakfast was soon over, and we were anxious to commence the ascent of the mountain.

The guides for these excursions are usually furnished by the convent. We had one monk and one of the menial Arabs, a number of whom are employed about the convent, and whose living seems to depend upon the small allowances received from the Christian inmates. Either one of them would have been sufficient, but the monks, in all their arrangements, wish to conciliate the Arabs, so they allow them to share in these attentions to visitors, and receive a small share of the compensation. The charge for these guides is one dollar and fifty cents a day for each.

About 8 o'clock we passed out of the gate of the rear wall of the convent, and immediately commenced the ascent. Our Arab servant carried upon his head a basket of supplies, for our refreshment during the excursion. This was a kind gratuity upon their part, but quite a fortunate arrangement for us. The contents consisted, as we afterwards found, of a bottle of arrack, dried dates and figs, with coffee. The arrack we should not have ordered, had we been consulted about the arrangement, but the monks seem to think it one of the necessaries of life.

We took a narrow path leading diagonally up the mountain side. It was quite steep and rocky, and in many places difficult of ascent. In less than half an hour we reached a cool, refreshing spring, imbedded in rocks, in a deep ravine, and sending out a copious stream of clear, sweet water. Here we stopped a few minutes to rest and refresh ourselves. Our path now became more difficult. It wound along the bed of this narrow ravine, tall cliffs rising up on the right and left, while we picked our way among huge granite bowlders, scattered about in wild profusion. Along the more difficult and precipitous passes, the monks have arranged the stones in artificial stairways to facilitate the ascent. We soon reached a small, rudely built, dilapidated chapel, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, vulgarly known as

THE CHAPEL OF THE FLEAS.

The story of its erection is as follows: The monks in the convent were once assailed by such swarms of fleas they were compelled, for their own comfort, to leave the place. This they did, resolving never to return. With many regrets at leaving their old home, they commenced a mournful march up the mountain side. At this place they were met by the Virgin Mary—in what form she appeared I could not learn—who commiserated their condition, and gave them solemn assurance if they would return she would expel their tormentors. They did return, and the story says the convent has since been free from these troublesome intruders—and yet not entirely free, as I can testify from experience. For this remarkable deliverance, this chapel was built and dedicated to the Virgin. We went in. It was a miserable, dirty place, and sadly out of repair. The careless monks, I fear, had either forgotten the favor, or the remembrance of it no longer excited their gratitude. Upon the arching of a little door leading into a kind of sacristy, where stood an altar and font for holy water, I read the name, "Rev. B. P. Durbin, U. S. America." I had not thought of leaving my own name, but a sudden impulse moved me. I reached up, wrote and left my name beneath that of my distinguished fellow-countryman. These chapels upon the mountain

are in a sadly neglected condition; in some of them the doors are broken down, and goats herd within their walls.

OLD GATEWAYS AND GARDENS.

Continuing our ascent along a mountain ravine, we passed a narrow gateway, arched with stone, and soon after, another, similarly constructed. Here, it is said, in former days, a monk was always stationed to confess the pilgrims that ascended to the higher and holier parts of the mountain. This superstitious practice, however, was long since abandoned, and these little gateways are fast crumbling to ruin. Passing on above this, we came to a beautiful garden-spot upon the mountain. This was a depression or basin in the mountain side—a sort of amphitheatre, containing an acre or two of ground. The hills rose up in gentle slopes all around it, while on one side still far above us we lifted our eyes to the lofty peak of Sinai. In the center of this was a small stone tower, and near it a beautiful spring of water, handsomely walled round by the labor of the monks; while above the spring a tall cypress lifted its thick and sombre branches. Several little patches of ground here and there were under cultivation by the monks, and a number of fruit trees had recently been planted. Here, also, we saw two quails, the only birds we saw in our ascent up the mountain. In contrast with the bleak, sterile rocks that surrounded it, and the wild mountain scenery that towered above it, this was a bright and charming spot. I could not resist the impression that this secluded dell must have been one of Moses' favorite resorts for contemplation and communion with God. After refreshing ourselves for a short season in this attractive place, we again commenced our ascent. The next place of interest we reached was a low stone building, with a flat roof of reeds and clay, containing

THE CHAPELS OF ELIJAH AND ELISHA.

The chapel of Elijah covers a small grotto in the rocks, and is shown as the place in which the Prophet rested when he fled into the desert from the persecuting malice of Ahab and Jezebel, and came to the Mount of God. It was a natural cave

among the granite rocks, about large enough for three persons in a stooping or sitting posture. We went into the little grotto, sat down, and recalled the interesting episode in the life of the Prophet that gave so much interest to the place. I saw him first, as, weary and oppressed in his flight, he slept under a juniper tree. Aroused by the angel of God, he refreshed himself with the cake of bread and the cruise of oil that had been so miraculously prepared for him, and went on the strength of that meat forty days and forty nights unto Horeb, the Mount of God. "And he came thither unto a cave and lodged there." 1st Kings xix. 9.

Afterward came the inquiring voice of the Lord God, "What doest thou here, Elijah?" "And he said, I have been very jealous for the Lord God of hosts; for the children of Israel have forsaken thy covenant, thrown down thine altars, and slain thy prophets with the sword, and I, even I only, am left, and they seek my life to take it away." Then came that wonderful exhibition of the Divine power and glory. A terriffic wind swept over these mountain peaks, and went howling through these mountain gorges. The terrors of an earthquake shook the mountain, and it trembled, as when of old the Lord set his feet upon it in the presence of Israel. Then a kindling fire, as if with the fierceness of the judgment day, seemed to wrap all in a consuming flame. But these terrific manifestations passed away. They were but the precursors of the Divine presence—a calm and solemn stillness succeeded, and in a still, small voice, God communicated his will to the trembling and adoring Prophet. "And it was so when Elijah heard it he wrapt his face in his mantle, and went out and stood at the entering in of the cave," and received instruction from the Almighty. Was this the place? I could not say it was, yet it was probably in this very mount, and I seemed to be near the scene of those solemn and interesting events. What sublime and wonderful exhibitions of God have been made amid these mountain rocks and dells!

Leaving this traditional spot of Elijah's interview with God, we passed on towards the top of the mountain. How often we paused to wonder if it was really along these narrow pathways

that Moses climbed in his intimate interviews with God! Our path was now growing steeper and more difficult. It was only by the aid of a rude stone stairway, constructed by the monks, that we were able to ascend at all.

A CAMEL'S FOOT-PRINT.

As we moved along this rugged pathway, the guide called our attention to a singular impression upon a level place in the bed of rocks, said to be a foot-print of Mohammed's camel, left there when he ascended to the top of the mount. Various stories are told of this somewhat singular impression. Its shape is prescisely such as would be left by a camel's foot pressed upon some soft substance. Some affirm it to be an accidental indentation of the rock; while some of the Arabs stoutly assert that it was actually made by the foot of the beast on which the Prophet rode, though it does not appear likely any camel could ever have made his way along this rough, precipitous ascent. Some say it was made by some mischievous monk of the monastery, to produce some superstitious effect upon the Moslem Arabs. Certain it is, many of these Arabs seem fully to believe it was actually made by the beast of the Prophet. The toilsome ascent was at last completed, and about two hours and a half after leaving the convent, we stood

ON THE SUMMIT OF SINAI!

According to Stanley's measurement, we had ascended, from the level of the sea to reach the convent of St. Catharine, 5,452 feet, to reach the top of the mount, 2,112 feet more, making the summit of Sinai 7,564 feet above the sea. The mountain is an elevation of bare granite peaks, red granite at the base, and gray granite as you near the top. Very little vegetation grows upon it; for the last thousand feet, scarce any thing is seen, and but very little soil. A few hardy herbs take root in the crevices of the rocks and among the bowlders, but no tree or bush is seen near the top. In several places, sheltered from the sun, quite large bodies of snow were yet to be seen, slowly melting away under the influence of the increasing heat of summer.

The top of the mount is a pointed peak, and cannot be mistaken. There is a diameter of thirty or forty paces upon which you can walk about, though quite rocky and uneven. A few paces below the summit is a cleft in the rock, about large enough to admit the body of a man. This, according to the monks, is the place in which Moses was hid when the Lord passed by and proclaimed his glory. On the top is a Moslem mosque and a Christian chapel. The mosque has fallen into decay, and is no longer used. The chapel is still taken care of by the monks, and is ornamented with candlesticks, lamps and pictures. One of the first things our attendant did, was to open the chapel, having brought the key with him, light the lamps, burn incense, and perform his devotions at the altar. But all these things were nothing to me. The mountain itself was a great consecrated altar; the sun in the heavens the illuminating lamp; the aspirations of an adoring heart the incense.

Here we stand upon the MOUNT OF GOD! Here is the end of our journey. For this we have made our long and weary pilgrimage across the desert. This mount has been the chosen theatre for one of the most glorious and astounding revelations of God to man the world has ever witnessed. On this mount God once came down in awful grandeur and majesty; and on this sublime elevation his glory was displayed. I withdrew from my companions behind the cover of a rock, and gave myself up to the emotions the place was calculated to inspire. I read aloud from my Bible a description of the august and imposing scene, when the mount was made to tremble beneath the majesty and glory of the presence of Deity. I read the commandments that were rehearsed in the hearing of the people. I fell on my knees, and lifted up my heart and voice in prayer to Almighty God; and here I fulfilled the pledge I made to my church and people, that I would pray for them from the top of Sinai. It was to me an hour of devout and solemn communion with the God of Abraham and of Isaac, of Jacob and of Moses.

DESCENT FROM THE MOUNT.

We spent from an hour and a half to two hours upon the top of the mount. During this time our Arab servant succeed-

ed in gathering sufficient dry herbage to kindle a little fire, and boil some fresh coffee, from which, with the dates and brown bread he had brought with him, he served us a very acceptable and refreshing lunch. Our repast over, we took our last earnest look from the top of the mount, bade a reluctant farewell to the place, and commenced our descent, not to return to our tents, but to ascend the Horeb peak. This part of the mount, many think, and with good reason too, is the place from which the law was actually proclaimed. This is called by the Arabs Jebel Safsafeh, the Mountain of the Willow, so called from one or two willow trees that grow upon it.

We descended by the same path that had led us to the top, until we came to the place we have before described, where are found the cypress tree, the fountain of water, and the chapel of Elijah. From this we passed in a northerly direction, along the western brow of a ridge lying between the two peaks. The path was a very rough and fatiguing one; sometimes we were descending into valleys, sometimes climbing over rough and naked ridges. In this way we passed on, I should think, near two miles, keeping about the same average elevation upon the mountain. In one place we passed an old stone chapel, erected in honor of John the Baptist, and then another dedicated to the "Virgin of the Zone." These chapels, I suppose, were used in former days, when these mountain caverns were occupied by the religious devotees who had here secluded themselves from the world. They have now ceased to be used, and are rapidly falling into ruins.

From this last chapel the summit of Safsafeh, or Horeb, is seen towering upward in bold, naked, precipitous peaks. Near this we came upon the ruins of an old willow tree. The main trunk of the tree had perished, either from the decay of age or from the destructive hands of the Arabs. From the decaying stalks we took the liberty of cutting each of us a cane, the only opportunity we found of securing such a trophy upon the whole mount, aside from the cultivated shrubs of the convent garden. The almost utter barrenness of this mountain scenery is one of its striking peculiarities. The cheerless sterility of naked rocks surround you on every side. Shrubs and trees,

and grass and flowers, are not found here, to give variety and beauty to the landscape.

THE ASCENT OF HOREB.

We saw we had some hard climbing to do to reach the summit of those precipitous cliffs. It is impossible for one to conceive, without an actual visit to the place, the wild and rugged aspect of this pile of granite peaks. They are smooth, solid masses of stone, some of the points so sharp it is impossible to ascend them; while here and there are precipitous cliffs, and immense yawning chasms, with huge bowlders scattered about in strange and wild confusion.

Our monk, wearied with his long walk, concluded to remain at the base of these cliffs, and sent the Arab servant on with us. Our design was to get upon one of the highest peaks overlooking the plain of Rahah. The guide proceeded with us for some distance, conducted us to a shelving point of rock that overlooked a deep chasm below, and then endeavored to make us understand that this was as far as travelers ever went. We were not satisfied, and insisted on being taken on to a higher point. He shook his head forbiddingly, but we determined to proceed. We retraced our steps part way to where we had left the monk, and shouted to him for assistance. He replied by telling us that travelers did not go to the top of the mount. This we did not believe, for we knew others had ascended; and to the top we had determined to go, if we had to go without monk or Arab. We took another course, and again commenced the ascent. By this time we were satisfied our guide knew no more about the way than we did, so we left him to take care of himself, and took the matter into our own hands. We climbed on up the steep, rocky ascent, sometimes on all fours, holding on with both hands, and climbing along the edge of precipices of frightful hight, till we could get no further; still we were at least a hundred feet below the summit. Again we retraced our steps, took a circuit around to another portion of the mount, and again climbed our way upward. The grit of the rocks was so sharp as to cut our hands and tear our clothes, and we sometimes had to climb on hands and knees.

But our efforts at last proved successful. We gained not the highest point, for we saw two higher peaks back of us, but we gained a point that overlooked the plain below.

It was by perseverance, and hard, laborious toil, we reached the place; but we were richly rewarded for all our efforts. Robinson, Durbin, Stanley and others, had climbed to these summits before me, and had all been impressed with the appropriateness of the place for that grand display of majesty and glory, when God came down upon the mount in the presence of the people. There was the great plain of Rahah, lying just at our feet — a beautiful camping place for the many thousands of Israel. Stretching away beyond it, was the long, low range of hills — Sena and Fureia — upon which thousands more might have been gathered in full view of the mount. Opening away down to the right was the Wady es Sheik, along which valley three or four miles the encampment might have spread, and yet all have been in view of these tall peaks, covered with the majesty and glory of God.

And there, I said, as I looked down upon the plain, was *the place of the encampment!* There Moses went down to sanctify and prepare the people. Along the edge of that plain, from which the mountain rises so abruptly, he set boundaries about the mountain, and there the people drew back with astonishment and affright at the awful exhibitions of the glory of God. What strange emotions I felt as I looked down upon that plain! What a multitude of reflections came crowding upon my mind! I recalled the time when that broad plain and these hill-sides and surrounding valleys were dotted over with the tents, and swarming with the gathered hosts of Israel's tribes. These mountain fastnesses were to them a refuge and a sanctury. Here they learned how to worship God. On that plain, that lay just at my feet, the busy multitude labored to prepare the Tabernacle of God. There they collected the gold and the silver, the fine linen, the blue, the purple and scarlet. There they cast the silver blocks of the foundation, and hewed the boards, and overlaid them with gold. There Bezaleel had his forge and shop; and there cunning workmen, with a skill kindled by a strange inspiration, prepared the golden candle-

stick, the table of shew bread, the altar of incense, and, more than all, the wonderful ark, with the mercy seat and golden cherubims, upon the wings of which rested the Shekinah, the abiding token of God's glory in the midst of the camp.

There, encircled by that amphitheatre of hills, was God's sanctuary; there was his congregation; and more than all, where I now stand was his majestic pulpit, with its awful canopy of clouds and fire. Was ever before or since such an audience! such a pulpit! such a preacher! such a sermon! So terrible was the scene that Moses said: "I exceedingly fear and quake." And all the people drew back awe-stricken, and, retiring into yonder mountain recesses, said unto Moses: "Speak thou with us and we will hear; but let not God speak with us, lest we die."

It was an impressive region of solitude and silence; of mountain ruggedness and sublimity; of solemn and soul stirring remembrances! I stood overawed and adoring, amid the majestic grandeur and awful sublimity of the scene. I felt like Elijah, when, on this same mount, he went forth and stood at the entering in of the cave. The tempest, the earthquake, and the fire had all passed, and in the midst of the solemn silence that gathered about the mountain peaks, I heard only the "still small voice," and, like him, I covered my face in reverence and communed with God.

THE DESCENT TO OUR TENTS.

Our stay upon the mount must not be protracted. Would it not be pleasant, like Moses, to linger here forty days in communion with God? Let us go, having that holy law that was here uttered, amid such majesty and glory, more deeply than ever impressed upon our hearts. Slowly and reverently we turned away. We shall never visit the hallowed spot again; but the impressions that have now been made upon our hearts will not soon be effaced.

We had been standing almost directly above our tents, and we made a rapid and direct descent towards our encampment. We passed down through a ravine, so precipitous that a passage would have been impracticable had it not been for the

roughness of the rocks. Upon these we were enabled to hold, and thus resist the force of gravity that would otherwise have sent us headlong to the plain below.

The sun had sunk far below the hoary peaks of Sinai, Horeb and St. Catharine, when, weary and hungry, we reached our tents. The cook had anticipated our wants, and the smoking viands were soon spread for our refreshment. We ate with a relish that abstinence and hard labor only can beget, and were soon enjoying the rest our weary limbs so much needed.

March 5th. Another night was passed in safety. We found ourselves so lame and stiff from our long mountain excursion yesterday, we had but little inclination to repeat the excessive labor. Mr. Baker took the guides and started for an excursion to the tall summit of St. Catharine, while Mr. Lempriere and myself concluded to remain nearer home, and spend the day about the base of Sinai. Desolate as the country is, one does not soon tire of wandering among its wild and rugged scenery. Besides, there are many localities here that stand, in name at least, identified with the scripture narrative. Here, close by our tent, is the Hill of Aaron; yonder, a round-topped elevation of a peculiar green color, pointed out as the site of Jethro's house.

THE MOLD OF AARON'S CALF.

One of the monks accompanied us, and took us first to the mold in the rock where a superstitious fancy has fixed the place of the casting of the golden calf. Its location may be seen by reference to No. 6 on the diagram on page 304. It is a small, hollow place in the rocks near the base of the mountains, about the size and somewhat the shape of an ox's head. It requires, however, a great stretch of imagination to transform it into a suitable mold for such a purpose as Aaron would have required. That it is something in the shape of a calf's head, cannot be denied; but that it could ever have been used for the purpose of giving shape to Aaron's idol, is utterly impossible. Its size would have been an objection; and such is its shape that a liquid mass once poured into it and hardened, could never have been withdrawn. It seems to be simply a hollow place—a

softer portion of the rock, worn out by the action of water; and I do not suppose that even the most ignorant and superstitious monk really believes Aaron's calf ever had any connection with it.

THE SMITTEN ROCK.

We next passed round into the valley, Leja, a deep ravine along the western base of Sinai. It is a wild, rocky gorge, terminating in a huge fissure in the mountain side, called Shouk Mousa, "Cleft of Moses." Some distance up this ravine, about half an hour's walk, marked by No. 7 on the diagram, we were shown the *Smitten Rock.*

Different visitors seem to have been differently impressed in their visits to this singular rock. Dr. Durbin makes the following note of his visit to it:

"From the accounts of previous travelers, and my settled conviction that the legend in regard to the rock was but a fable, I had made up my mind that there could be no interest excited about it. May I tell the reader, that notwithstanding my good stock of skepticism, this stone made more impression upon me than any natural object claiming to attest a miracle ever did? Had any enlightened geologist, utterly ignorant of the miracle of Moses, passed up the ravine and seen the rock as it now is, he could have declared—though the position of the stone and the present condition of the country around would have opposed any such impression—that strong and long continued fountains of water had once poured their gurgling currents from it and over it. He could not waver in his belief a moment, so natural and perfect were the indications. I examined it thoroughly, and if it be a forgery, I am satisfied, for my own part, that a greater than Michael Angelo designed and executed it. I cannot differ from Shaw's opinion, that 'neither art nor chance could by any means be concerned in the contrivance of these holes, which formed so many fountains.' The more I gazed upon the irregular, mouth-like caverns in the rock, the more I found my skepticism shaken; and at last I could not help asking myself whether it was not a very natural solution of the matter, that this was indeed the rock which Moses struck, that from it the waters 'gushed forth,' and poured their stream down Wady Leja to Wady es-Sheik, and along it to Rephidim, where Israel was encamped, perishing with thirst?"

Dr. Robinson says:

"As to this rock, one is at a loss whether most to admire the credulity of the monks or the legendary and discrepant reports of travelers. It is hardly necessary to remark that there is not the slightest ground for assuming any connection between this narrow valley and Rephidim; but, on the contrary, there is every thing against it. The rock itself is a large, isolated cube of coarse, red granite, which has fallen from the eastern mountain. Down its front, in an oblique line

from top to bottom, runs a seam of a finer texture, from twelve to fifteen inches broad, having in it several irregular horizontal crevices, somewhat resembling the human mouth, one above another. These are said to be twelve in number, but I could make out only ten. The seam extends quite through the rock, and is visible on the opposite or back side; where also are similar crevices, though not so large. The holes did not appear to us to be artificial, as is usually reported, although we examined them particularly. They belong rather to the nature of the seam; yet it is possible some of them may have been enlarged by artificial means. The rock is a singular one, and, doubtless, was selected on account of this singularity as the scene of the miracle."

Of this same rock Stanley speaks as the most famous of all the relics here found:

"Slightly leaning forwards, a rude seam or scoop running over each side, intersected by wide slits or cracks, which might, by omitting or including those of less distinctness, be enlarged or diminished to any number between ten and twenty; perhaps ten on each side would be the most correct account; and the stone between each of those cracks worn away as if by the dropping of water from the crack immediately above. Unlike as this isolated fragment is to the image usually formed "of the rock in Horeb," and incompatible as its situation is with any tenable theory of the event with which it professes to be connected, yet to uncultivated minds, regardless of general truth, and eager for minute coincidence, it was most natural that this rock should have suggested the miracle of Moses. There is every reason, accordingly, to believe that this is the oldest legendary locality in the district. It is probable that it was known even in the time of Josephus, who speaks of the rock as "lying beside them"—an expression naturally applicable to a fragment like this, but hardly to a cliff in the mountain. The situation and form of this stone would also have accommodated itself to the strange rabbinical belief that the "rock followed" them through the wilderness; a belief, groundless enough under any circumstances, but more natural if any Jewish pilgrims had seen or heard of this detached mass by the mountain side. It next appears, or rather, perhaps, we would say, its first unquestionable appearance, is in the reference made more than once in the Koran to the rock with the twelve mouths for the twelve tribes of Israel, evidently alluding to the curious cracks in the stone, as now seen. These allusions probably increased, if they did not originate, the reverence of the Bedawins, who, at least down to the present generation of travelers, are described as muttering their prayers before it, and thrusting grass into the supposed mouths of the stone. From the middle ages onwards, it has always been shown to Christian pilgrims; and the rude crosses on the sides, as well as the traces of stone chipped away, indicate the long reverence in which it has been held. In more modern times, it has been used to serve the two opposite purposes, of demonstrating on the one hand the truth of the Mosaic history, and on the other hand the lying practices of the monastic system. Bishop Clayton triumphantly quotes it as a voice from the desert, providentially preserved to put the infidels of the eighteenth century to shame. Sir Gardner Wilkinson as positively brings it forward to prove the deceptions practiced by the Greek Church to secure

the respect of Arabs and the visits of pilgrims. It is one of the many instances in which both arguments are equally wrong. It is evidently, like the other examples given above, a trick of nature, which has originated a legend, and, through the legend, a sacred locality. Probably less would have been said of it, had more travelers observed what Sir Frederick Henniker alone has expressly noticed, namely, the fragment which lies in the same valley, less conspicuous, but with precisely similar marks. But, taking it merely for what it is, of all the lesser objects of interest in Sinai, the Rock of Moses is the most remarkable; clothed with the longest train of associations, allied in thought, though not in fact, to the image which, of all others in the Exodus, has, perhaps, been most frequently repeated in the devotion of Jewish and Christian worship; of all the objects in the desert most bound up with the simple faith of its wild inhabitants and of its early visitants."

Dr. Shaw, who was here nearly one hundred and fifty years ago, speaks very seriously of this rock, and seems to take it for granted, that as "neither art nor chance" could have produced the water-worn channels by which it is marked, they must have been produced by a miraculous flow of water from its indentations. Such contradictory opinions having been expressed with regard to this rock, my curiosity was highly excited, and I made a very critical examination of it. The water-worn seam that distinguishes it is certainly a very singular one, and yet nothing but what might have been very naturally produced, had it ever lain in a position where a current of running water could have poured over it. That it is the result of the action of water, I think there can be no doubt. I have no idea any one has attempted to impose on the credulity of travelers, by originating or enlarging any of its crevices. It is a huge granite bowlder, that at some distant period has fallen down from the overhanging cliffs. The lower part of it lies imbedded in the sand, gravel and stones that have accumulated about it. I applied my tape-line to it, and found the part above the ground to be about fifteen feet high, twenty feet long, and about ten feet thick. The front of it presented a flat surface, somewhat irregular, the top protruding over in the form of a heavy, irregular cornice. As you stand facing it, near the right hand side, and running up and down a little obliquely, is a seam in the rock evidently worn by the action of running water. This seam has also a number of transverse seams lying across it at right angles, and more deeply indented in the rock in the form

of mouths, or rather the lips of a closed mouth. There are some of them from one to two inches deep. It is these mouths that Shaw and others speak of as the holes in the rock from which the water probably gushed out. But they evidently never served any such purpose. They are simply the result of the action of the elements that produced the upright seam operating upon a softer portion of the rock, wearing a deeper channel.

Passing round to the backside of the rock, by the aid of some other bowlders lying near, I was able to climb upon the top of the rock. I found the same seam marking the top, and running clear down the back side, but not so marked and deeply worn as on the front. The seam is from six to ten or twelve inches broad, of a whiter color than the other portions of the rock, and most of the way worn very slightly into it. That this portion of the rock has been subjected to the action of running water cannot be denied. But when and where? Certainly not where it now lies, but probably before it was torn from its mountain bed. I think this seam to be a softer portion of the rock, that yielded more readily to the action of the elements. In confirmation of this, I found some portions of the top of the rock quite soft and crumbling, easily displaced, so that I broke off, without much difficulty, portions of it as large as the end of my finger.

Was this the rock smitten by Moses? To this we might reply, in part, by asking another question: Was any rock smitten by Moses in this place? We think not, for the following reasons:

1. There seems to have been no necessity for the production of water by miracle in this vicinity; for, as we have before stated, the best and most copious fountains of the whole peninsula are found about this mountain; and at the very time we visited this rock, a stream of fresh water was gurgling along down the valley by it.

2. The rock smitten by Moses was in Rephidim, and before they came to Sinai. Where Rephidim was we may not now be able to tell, but the narrative plainly informs us that they

moved from that place, and continued their journey before they encamped in front of the mount.

3. If a rock had been opened for water to supply the encampment, would it have been in such an out-of-the-way place as this, in a deep, narrow, rocky gorge, very difficult of access, and a mile or two from the nearest part of the camp?

4. When God works miracles, we always find it has been the order of his Providence to make no unnecessary display of Omnipotent power, but to work by the simplest means; generally producing the result by the operation of known and natural agencies. Had a rock been opened for the production of a flow of water, would it have been likely to have been an isolated one, where a perpetual miracle would be necessary—a continued act of Creative Power to maintain a flowing fountain? Would it not be much more likely to have been the opening of some cleft in the mountain side, from which a copious stream might have been made to issue, poured forth from the inexhaustible fountain the Almighty has treasured in the bowels of the earth?

5. There is nothing in the marks upon this rock necessarily leading us to the conclusion that they must have been produced by a miraculous flow of water. Indeed, the peculiar character of the seam proves the contrary. Its running across the top of the rock and down both sides, is conclusive it was worn by the action of water running over it, and not bursting out from it. It is not uncommon in rocky mountain regions to find fragments of rocks thus marked by seams and eddies that have been produced by the natural action of the elements. And if, as Stanley says, another rock has been seen in this same valley with similar seams, it may fairly be concluded that the two have been produced by the same natural causes.

6. If it was necessary to work a miracle in this vicinity to bring water out of the flinty rock, why may we not conclude it was in some place easy of access, on the side of the mountain next to the great encampment—the place, for instance, just a few rods above where we pitched our own tents, where a copious fountain of pure, sweet water comes gushing from a cleft in the rocky base of the mountain in a stream sufficient to

supply a city of many thousands. As I stood by the side of that noble fountain, and looked upon the strange cleft where some superhuman power had rent the solid rock asunder to give the water egress, I found myself almost involuntarily asking: "Did not that wonder-working rod of Moses have something to do with this?" Why has not tradition located the scene of that stupendous miracle right here, where that strange and violent opening in these solid rocks, and the voice of those gushing waters speak of the power of Omnipotence? Why not locate it *here*, rather than upon that dry, isolated rock in the distant valley of the Leja?

But perhaps I am devoting too much time to this "rock in Horeb." I have done it because I know many feel a deep interest in the question, and are anxious to have all the information possible upon the subject. However much other travelers may have been impressed with the superstitious legend that has identified this with the rock smitten by Moses, I cannot for a moment entertain the idea. That a wonderful miracle was wrought in bringing water from the flinty rock, I have no doubt; but I cannot for a moment entertain the idea that this was the rock upon which God stood, and which Moses smote. The locality of that rock is lost and may never be known again; it is not essential it should be, for it has fulfilled its mission. But it had a high and holy significance as the type of Him who was to come after, from whom should flow the living streams that should bless the world! "They drank of that spiritual rock that followed them, and *that* Rock was CHRIST." Now, though we may never find the rock of the wilderness, the true rock stands revealed in the presence of the whole world, and we hear him saying: "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink."

Our last day at Sinai is drawing to a close. We must return to our tent, and make ready for our departure early to-morrow morning. But as we have a little more time for contemplation, let us improve it by spending an evening hour in a walk over this great plain of Rahah. There are many interesting themes of contemplation suggested as one walks about these valleys, and looks upward to the mountain peaks; a hundred questions

connected with the wonderful events that have here transpired, occur to the inquiring mind.

AN OBJECTION ANSWERED.

It has been asserted by some objectors to the Divine record, that the sublime exhibitions upon the mount might have been a deception upon the part of Moses, by taking advantage of some natural agencies known only to himself—perhaps the occurrence, just at that particular time, of some volcanic eruption and earthquake's shock. I hear from some the inquiry: "Did you see any evidence, in your visit upon the mount, of the action of such agencies."

The question can be answered promptly and explicitly. Taking the whole character of Moses into the account, we have every reason to conclude he was not a man to practice deceptions in these sacred revelations, had there been an opportunity to do so; but there is no evidence that he could have called such agencies to his aid had he desired it. Had there ever been a volcano here, the traces of it would still be visible; among these barren hills, where there is no accumulation of vegetation, the traces of it would not be obliterated till the end of time. There are here no extinct craters, no appearance of volcanic action, or of any eruption or violent commotion of nature since the first great upheaval of the granite ranges, which must, as every geologist will tell you, have taken place many thousands of years before Moses set foot upon the mountain's side, or Israel congregated at its base. "There are," says Stanley, "at first sight, many appearances which, to our unpracticed eye, seem indications of volcanic agency. But they are all, it is believed, illusory. The vast heaps as of calcined mountains are only the detritus of iron in the sandstone formation. The traces of igneous action on the granite rocks belong to their first upheaving, not to any subsequent convulsions. Every where there are signs of the action of water, no where of fire."

Walk with me now along this broad plain. We had a view of it as we stood upon that lofty peak, and contemplated the hosts of Israel upon the plain below, adoring and trembling at

the awful display of Divine majesty and power. Let us now look upward, and contemplate for a moment the cloud-covered mount, as God descended upon it. Six days the cloud covered those majestic peaks, and the glory of the Lord abode upon them, "and the sight of the glory of God was like a devouring fire upon the top of the mount." Of all the scenes man has ever been permitted to witness, none has equaled this in awfulness and sublimity; no other one has ever been attended by such amazing phenomena.

And now, standing here, with the remembrance of all these strange exhibitions and revelations full in mind, it seems appropriate once more to call to mind that great leader and lawgiver in Israel,

THE MAN MOSES.

Contemplate him as a general, reducing to order the undisciplined mass of human beings with whom he had to deal, and marshaling his great army of six hundred thousand men; or as a legislator, dictating and establishing a new code of laws; or as a religious teacher, instituting a new order of worship; and we are compelled to acknowledge he was certainly a most wonderful man. We have seen him in Egypt, condemned to death from his very birth; have stood by the waters of the Nile, that went rippling by the frail ark of rushes in which his life was exposed; have seen him nursed and educated under the shadow of the throne of the Pharaohs; have looked upon him as he appeared at the renowned and powerful court of Memphis, overawing by the dignity and majesty of his presence the proudest and most renowned of earthly monarchs, dictating terms of deliverance for his oppressed people.

Now in these secluded mountain retirements we meet him again. Standing on yonder commanding hights, amid clouds, darkness and tempest, in the awful presence of Divine majesty and glory, he holds audience with the King of kings. Contemplate him as you will, the triple crown of warrior, legislator and prophet is justly his; and though near four thousand years have passed away, the lapse of time has not diminished aught of the radiance that enshrouds him.

We have stood by the side of the mighty pyramids his cotemporaries were engaged in rearing; they are gigantic piles, yet only monuments of human frailty, and tombs of human hopes. The superstructure he has reared is a far more enduring one. Its base is the immutable law of Jehovah, its summit is lost in the glories of heaven. The founders of the pyramids built to immortalize their names, and make for themselves a tomb; Moses built to honor God and elevate man. He asked for no monumental tomb, and God buried him in the obscurity of the mountain recesses of Nebo, and his sepulchre no man has ever known; but his works are an everlasting monument, from which his name will never perish.

But we must away to our tents. Another night's rest, and we shall bid a final adieu to these sacred localities. Sheik Medaka is here with his camels, despite his protestations he would leave us to perish in the wilderness. He and the dragoman have been carrying on a fearful war of words, and the quarrel of the old tin pan has all been fought over. They seem to have come to no settlement to-night, and the sheik and his men have withdrawn in sullen mood and built their fire a little distance from our camp. The contest will be renewed in the morning, but I have no doubt but he and his camels are to perform the service. This terrible war of words seems to be an inseparable prelude to all their bargains.

ROUTE BY AKABA AND PETRA.

It was with reluctance we made preparations to retrace our steps to Suez and Cairo. We had not seen all we wished to see of Israel's route to the Holy Land. It had been our intention from the first, if possible, to continue our journey through the desert to Akaba, and thence by Mount Hor and Petra to Palestine; but this we found impracticable. The Arab tribes about Petra, always quarrelsome and inhospitable, and a great annoyance to travelers, have of late years become so engaged in hostile feuds among themselves, and so unfriendly and insolent to foreigners, it is dangerous for travelers to attempt to pass through their territory. While we were at Cairo, an English gentleman of wealth, with a large retinue of camels and

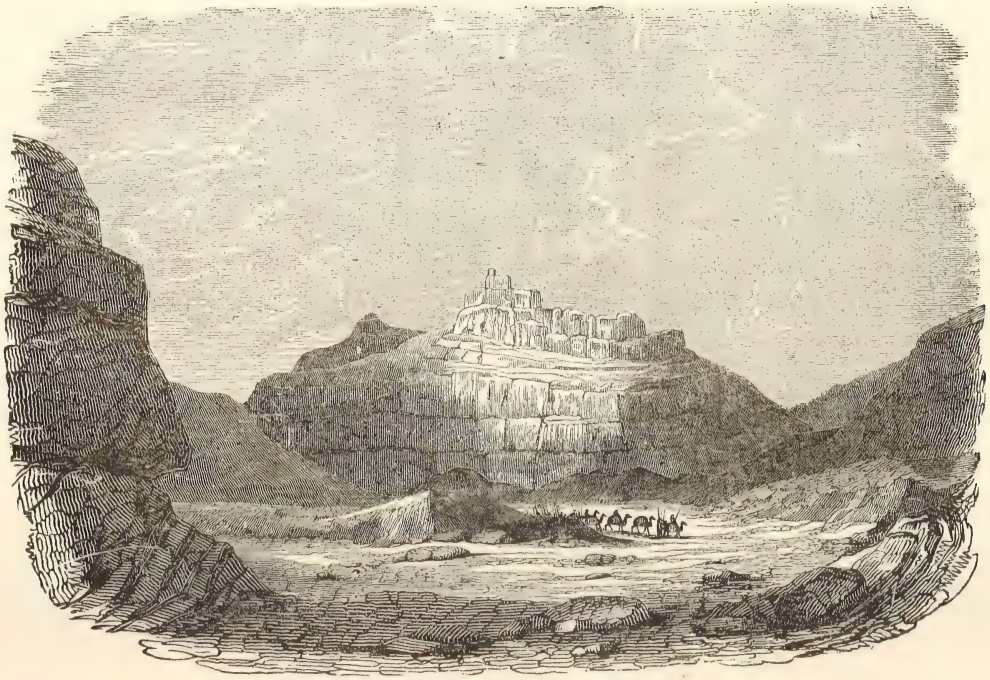
servants, endeavored to negotiate some arrangement beforehand for passing through their territory, but could not succeed, and was compelled to abandon the enterprise. There is a shorter and more direct route by which the tourist can reach Hebron from Sinai, by striking directly across the desert, leaving Petra to the east; but it is a long, tedious, desert route, and extremely difficult to get supplies, while there is nothing to be seen in its whole course of special interest, and the time occupied is about thirteen to fourteen days; so that it is much preferable to return to Cairo, and reach the Holy Land by the way of the Mediterranean Sea and Jaffa.

When the route by Akaba and Petra can be taken, you can leave the convent under the escort of the Tawara; two days' travel of nine hours each will bring you to Hazeroth, supposed to be the third station of the Israelites after leaving Sinai; one day more to the shore of the Gulf of Akaba, the ancient Elath, where, near three thousand years ago, the fleets of Solomon sailed, bearing the gold of Ophir and the spices of India to the little kingdom of Israel. From this about two and a half days brings the traveler to the Castle of Akaba. Beyond this point the Tawara Arabs are not allowed to go, and the traveler is handed over to the Alawin, "an impudent and lawless set of vagabonds as ever a pilgrim had to deal with." A few years ago travelers had to bargain with old Sheik Hussein, long noted for his exorbitant extortions, and the little disposition he manifested to accommodate travelers after he had pocketed the backsheesh. His son, Mohammed, is more favorably spoken of by those who have had occasion to deal with him. The distance from Akaba to Petra is about three days' ride of nine hours each; from Petra to Hebron, from five to six days, according to the route taken. The sums paid by different travelers at different times to Sheik Hussein are stated as follows: Kinnear and Roberts, for a party of three persons from Akaba to Hebron, for camels, escort, etc., two hundred and eighty piasters, and for each Arab forming the escort, two hundred and sixty piasters. Miss Martineau and party, each person to pay one thousand piasters for escort, and two hundred and fifty piasters over and above for every camel required. Mr. Bartlett,

from Akaba to Petra, and thence back to Cairo, three thousand piasters, including every thing. The price, of course, varies materially, according to the acommodations furnished. In the above list of prices, I suppose it is understood the parties furnished their own servants, provisions, cook, tents, etc., except in the case of Mr. Bartlett. Dr. Robinson paid one hundred and thirty-five piasters for each camel from Akaba to Hebron. It was with Sheik Hussein Dr. Durbin and his party had to deal. The terms demanded were, for conveying the party of five from Akaba to Hebron, one hundred and sixty-eight dollars for the use of fourteen camels, and one hundred dollars for protection money for each person. The price of the camels was not objected to, but the payment of five hundred dollars tribute money was stoutly resisted, ending in a compromise, fixing it at two hundred and fifty dollars. In 1857, travelers began to encounter more than usual difficulties in attempting to pass through this portion of the country. The Alawin were engaged in war with another tribe, while the Fellaheen inhabiting the defiles of Wady Mousa—Valley of Moses—along the entrance to Petra, manifested an insolence and rapacity far beyond all former experience. Since then the difficulties have increased, until now the way is entirely obstructed.

It would be interesting to follow the pathway of the mysterious cloud, and journey over the track of the Israelites along their desert route, and see those portions of the country where, for near forty years, they wandered from place to place, till, punished for their idolatry and unbelief, God strangely led them into the Promised Land. The knowledge of the particular localities where the prominent events in their history occurred has been lost; but it was on this route that the rebellion of Korah, Dathan and Abiram occurred, who, with their associates, met so signal and fearful a doom; on this route the brazen serpent, the type of Christ, was set up, the remedy for the deadly bite of the fiery serpents their murmurings and idolatries had drawn upon them; on this route, too, it was that Aaron, the first consecrated high-priest, found his grave.

Among the places in this desert land I had a desire to visit was one, access to which has ever been difficult; the place



MOUNT HOR—TOMB OF AARON.

which Burckhardt found it so difficult to reach, and from which Robinson and his company, by the lawless sons of Ishmael, were rudely turned away without being allowed to explore. I had to content myself, as the reader must, by looking upon the picture of it, and reading the description given by another. This place was

MOUNT HOR AND AARON'S TOMB.

It is another of the places revered alike by Jew, Christian and Moslem. Stanley says:

"It is one of the very few spots connected with the wanderings of the Israelites which admits of no reasonable doubt. There Aaron died in the presence of Moses and Eleazer; there he was buried; and there Eleazer was invested with the priesthood in his stead. The mountain is marked far and near by its double top, which rises like a huge castellated building from a lower base, and on one of these is the Mohammedan chapel, erected out of the remains of some earlier and more sumptuous building, over the supposed grave. There was nothing of interest within; only the usual marks of Mussulman devotion, ragged shawls, ostrich eggs, and a few beads. These were in the upper chamber. The great high-priest, if his body be really there, rests in a subterraneous vault below, hewn out of the rock, and in a niche now cased over with stone, wood and plaster. From the flat roof of the chapel we overlooked his last view—that view which was to him what Pisgah was to his brother. To us the northern end was partly lost in haze; but we saw all the main points on which his eye must have rested. He looked over the valley of the Arabah, countersected by its hundred water-courses, and beyond, over the white mountains of the wilderness they had so long traversed; and at the northern edge of it, there must have been visible the hights through which the Israelites had vainly attempted to force their way into the Promised Land. This was the western view. Close around him on the east were the rugged mountains of Edom, and far along the horizon the wide downs of Mount Sier, through which the passage had been denied by the wild tribes of Esau, who hunted over their long slopes. A dreary moment, and a dreary scene—such, at any rate, it must have seemed to the aged priest."

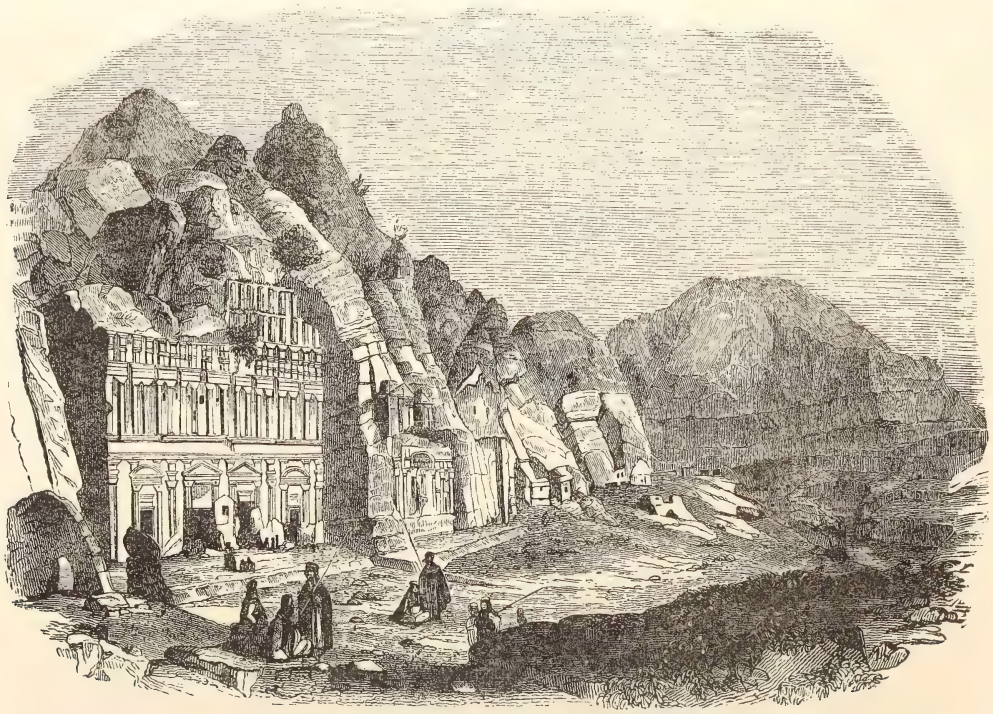
I say it was with regret I yielded to the necessity that barred the way to this mountain tomb. How much I should have enjoyed a visit to this spot where the great Hebrew high-priest laid aside his sacerdotal vestments, resigned the honors of his high position, and yielded to the stern mandate that closed his earthly mission. "And Moses stripped Aaron of his garments and put them upon Eleazer, his son; and Aaron died there in the top of the mount." Num. xx. 28. Near

this, also, is that now ruined and deserted but once populous and wonderful

CITY OF PETRA.

Here was Edom, the "bloody or red-earth." Here was Mount Seir, here, also, the inheritance of Esau, and here once lived the Horites, "dwellers in caves," whom Esau and his descendants displaced. Here, as early as three hundred years before Christ, the Nabatheans became the conquerors and possessors of the land. They were an Arab tribe, descended from Ishmael's eldest son Nebaioth. They became a numerous, powerful and commercial people, and were the artificers of the world-renowned monuments that are now the astonishment of all who visit the land. It is Petra and the monuments of its vicinity that, aside from Mount Hor, constitute the great attraction that draws the curious traveler to the place, and would attract hundreds more, were it not for the obstacles thrown in the way by the lawless, plundering tribes that now infest the land. The gorgeous coloring of the rocky cliffs, with their ever varying hues of blue, purple and yellow, are spoken of as being inconceivably beautiful. In many places, these cliffs have been carved into beautiful sculptures of dwellings, tombs and temples. These tombs are not only cut with immense labor, but with exquisite taste and skill. Here are tombs story above story, and numerous labarynthine ramifications—tombs of Corinthian mold, of arched terraces, with Latin inscriptions and Sinaitic inscriptions.

As you come upon the city, we are told that a single glance at the heaps of hewn stones, broken columns and mounds of rubbish that cover the whole valley, is sufficient to show that every available spot was once occupied by buildings. What is most singular is, that so many of the structures here, not of tombs merely, but of public buildings and dwellings, are hewn entire from the rocky cliffs that abound in the valley. The most remarkable one of all these is called "the Deir." This is a huge monolythic temple, hewn entire—Corinthian columns, entablatures, arches, stairways—with all its rooms and appendages, cut from the solid rock of the mountain side—a massive



VIEW AT PETRA—THE ROCK-HEWN TEMPLE.

SEPULCHRAL CAVES IN THE CLIFFS OF WADA MOUSA IN MOUNT LEVI.

structure, the lower row of columns being seven feet in diameter and fifty feet high, even rivaling in point of magnificence those of the renowned temple of Balbeck!

But these things we were not permitted to see. Toward them, as we stood upon the mountain hights of Sinai, we cast long and earnest glances, but upon them we were compelled to turn our backs. They are among the ruins that stand as monumental records of the genius and enterprise of an extinct nation. They are a portion of the HANDWRITING that God has left in this wonderful land of his judgments and overruling Providence. What could be supposed to be more enduring than temples hewn from solid rock? What people could have been more secure than those who were shut in and fortified amid these mountain ramparts? And yet, as the traveler comes and wanders among these ruins, sits down amid their solitude and silence, and gazes upon their crumbling, moldering monuments, he reads, as if re-written by the finger of the Almighty, the declarations recorded by the prophets: "Thorns shall come up in her palaces, nettles and brambles in the fortresses thereof . . . . When the whole earth rejoiceth, I will make thee desolate . . . . Thou shalt be desolate, O Mount Seir, and all Idumea, even all of it . . . . Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, they shall build and I will throw down . . . . Thy terribleness hath deceived thee, and the pride of thine heart, *O thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rocks*, that holdest the hights of the hill; though thou shouldst make thy nest as high as the eagle, I will bring thee down from thence, saith the Lord. Also, Edom shall be a desolation, *every one that goeth by it shall be astonished.*" Isa., Jer., Ezekiel.

BREAKING UP OF THE CAMP.

March 6th. Again the morning dawns upon us, but the night has added another to the interesting variety of incidents that has characterized our stay at the mount. This was the fall of a slight shower of rain, the first we have seen since we left Egypt. But little rain fell, scarce enough to wet the canvas of our tent; but what to me was of particular interest, it was accompanied by one broad flash of lightning and a heavy

clap of thunder. As the thunders woke the echoes of the mountain cliffs, and reverberated from peak to peak, how forcibly it reminded us of those grand exhibitions of Divine power, that near four thousand years ago had been enacted on these very hights. Slender as our tent was, and poorly as we were prepared to endure a storm, I should have been sorry to miss this interesting little episode in our stay at the mount, by which we were carried back to the scene of the giving of the law, and reminded of the thunderings and the lightnings that there accompanied the appearance of God in his majestic descent upon Sinai.

Our dragoman called us at half-past 4 o'clock, that we might be ready for an early start. As we had supposed, our old sheik, Medaka, with his attendants, proceeded to pack our camp equipage upon the backs of his camels, though it was accompanied by a wonderful war of words, and a great amount of wrangling and violent gesticulation. Quite a number of Arab men and boys gathered around to witness our departure, but they were all respectful, and there was no clamoring for backsheesh. Children and women, during our stay, often made earnest solicitation for it; one woman, in particular, threw back the folds of her dress, and exposing the head of her little squalid looking infant, laid her hand imploringly upon it, and begged for a few paras.

Notwithstanding our vigorous efforts for an early start, it was near 8 o'clock before all was in readiness and our camp was in motion.

FAREWELL TO SINAI.

We had come in by the Valley of Rahah; we took our departure by the Valley es Sheik. We left our camels and walked on some distance down the valley. We looked back again and again, and gazed long and earnestly upon the tall peaks of Sinai, as they stood in towering grandeur, kindled by the glory of the morning sunlight. For near three miles down the valley the frowning summit of Horeb remained full in view, and we could not but think how from this valley, as well as from Rahah, the tented hosts of Israel must have witnessed

the sublime descent of God upon that lofty peak. At last a bend in the valley brought the circling hills in a closer amphitheatre about us. We turned, and gazed and gazed, as the mountain gradually vanished from our sight. It was with a feeling of regret we turned away, impressed with the thought that we should see it no more.

Farewell, thou Mount of God! Thy visitants come and go, and they may die and be forgotten, but thou remainest forever the same. The purple sunlight of autumn, and the kindling glories of spring bring no changes for thee. Thy towering crags expose their naked breasts to the blue sky, defying alike the wintry storm and the lightning's scathing blast. Thy sublime and monumental peaks stand enthroned amid perpetual silence and solitude. Thou hast no wooded dells; no green slopes; no perfume of flowers, or song of birds. Thine ornaments are frowning cliffs, overhanging crags, and solitary glens. But thou hast an everlasting name, as thou art an everlasting monument. Hither have I traced the overruling providence of God, guiding the pen of human genius and art in the records of forgotten tombs and sculptured tablets. On thee I have seen the finger of God writing upon tables of stone his own unchanging and everlasting law. O, Sinai, what lessons thou hast taught the human race! What imposing architecture stamps thy majestic pile! God's mighty cathedral—his pavilion of glory! Jehovah's presence thine unapproachable light, his rolling thunders the solemn anthem bell that summoned the audience! Was it not for this purpose God reared thee on high, a mighty altar, from the deep foundations of the solid globe? The great drama completed, the law given, the new dispensation established—once sanctified by the presence of the Amighty—he has gathered around thee these barren hills, these wide wastes of desolate and gloomy sands, these lofty defenses of solitary mountains, and shut thee out from the busy world, for thou art never to be used again! In thine own solitude and silence thou standest, an everlasting preacher—a perpetual memorial of God's revelation of himself to man! Thanks for the lessons thou hast taught me. Mount of the living God, Farewell! Farewell!

CHAPTER XV.

RETURN TO SUEZ—ANCIENT EGYPTIAN RUINS—ARRIVAL AT CAIRO—CONCLUDING REMARKS.

March 7th. A violent altercation took place this morning among our camel drivers and the sheik, in which I observed the dragoman took no part. He afterwards informed us it was because there were more men and camels than were needed. One was to be dispensed with, and it was difficult to decide who should leave. It seems this business of transporting travelers is considered as belonging to the tribe, and, therefore, the labor is divided among as many as possible, and each one is anxious to share in the gains. One man proposed to leave, and the sheik offered to compromise with him by paying him one dollar and a quarter. With this he was not satisfied. He, however, left; but how it was settled we did not learn. We regretted his leaving, for he had a milch camel, and having had a taste of the beverage in our tea and coffee, we had formed the purpose of sponging a little daily, from the baby camel for our own use.

THE GRAVE OF THE SHEIK.

Soon after starting this morning we passed another Bedawin burying-ground. It had no inclosure, and each grave was distinguished by a heap of stones at the head, and another at the foot. It was a desolate, cheerless looking place, amid the profound solitude and silence of the naked desert; and yet I wondered if there had not been shed upon those bleak, hard-featured, formless graves as honest tears of genuine sorrow as any that ever fell amid the sculptured marble and blooming flowers of Laurel Hill or Mount Auburn.

One grave attracted particular attention. It was distinguished by a monument in the usual Moslem form, and over this had recently been placed a canopy of long, brown weeds, as a mark of special honor; upon these several different colored strings and sticks had been hung. This was "the grave of the Sheik"—the resting place of a holy man—and the earth that touched it became holy also. It was but a few steps from our road, and our sheik and drivers hastily ran up to it, snatched from it, each, a handful of earth, sprinkled it upon their own heads and rubbed it upon the heads of their camels. In taking the dust, each gathered a handful from another place and threw it back upon the grave, that the supply of holy earth might not be exhausted.

March 8th. We encamped last night in Wady Kemileh. Our first two days' ride had so wearied us we could scarcely sleep. The morning was clear, cool and invigorating, and we were soon ready for another day's ride. We had come this way to visit some interesting ruins upon the summit of a mountain called

SURABIT EL KHADIM.

We had talked with our dragoman several times about seeing this mountain, and understood we were traveling this way for that purpose. We knew that a diagonal road turned off from our main path, and by this detour the mountain was usually reached. We rode on, expecting to be led to it, when we found we were likely to pass it, leaving it a mile or two to our left. Suspecting something wrong, we inquired of our dragoman if we were not going to visit the mountain. He replied, "he did not know we wanted to *go to it*, he thought we only wanted to *see it*." This was an interpretation of language we had not anticipated, and to correct the blunder, or rather the deception—for I believe it was an artifice of his to save three or four hours' time—we were forced to make a direct turn from our road to the mountain. A half hours' ride, however, brought us to its base. The mountain is about seven hundred feet high, and one of our drivers acting as guide, we immediately commenced the ascent.

This we found a more difficult task than we had anticipated. It was near midday, and the sun's rays were reflected from the heated rocks with an intensity that, at times, almost suffocated us. Our pathway lay along shelving, precipitous rocks, where we could scarce retain a foothold, sometimes with difficulty holding on with our hands; and this, too, in many places where a misstep would have been hazardous, not only to limb, but to life itself. The mountain is sandstone, and, in some places, has been much worn by the action of water into most singular and fantastic shapes. In several places, the face of the rocks looked like a net work of iron.

After three-fourths of an hour's hard climbing, we found ourselves upon the summit. On searching for the ruins, they were no where to be seen. Looking across a deep ravine, we saw the scattered heaps upon an opposite peak. Our guide had made a mistake, and led us up the wrong ascent. It appeared but a short distance across to the ruins, but a deep valley intervened, and we had learned enough of the deception of these mountain passes not to trust our eyes.

Down we went, clambering along the rocks—down, down, until at last we reached the bottom of the deep ravine, and again we commenced the ascent. This blunder of our guide was extremely provoking, and cost us much hard labor. At last, every thread of our under-clothes wet with perspiration, we reached the summit of the right peak. The top was a broad, oblong plain, containing one or two acres.

THE RUINS

Were more extensive and of more interest than we had anticipated. They are considered some of the most remarkable, as well as the most ancient, of any in the peninsula. Dr. Robinson's description of them is so accurate, we have taken the liberty to copy from him:

"They lie mostly within the compass of a small inclosure, one hundred and sixty feet long by seventy broad, marked by heaps of stone thrown or fallen together, the remains, perhaps, of former walls, or rows of low buildings. Within this space are seen about fifteen upright stones, like tombstones, and several fallen ones, covered with Egyptian hieroglyphics; and also the remains of a small temple, whose columns are decorated with the head of Isis for a capital. At the east-

ern end is a subterraneous chamber, excavated in the solid rock, resembling an Egyptian sepulchre. It is square; and the roof is supported in the middle by a square column left from the rock. Both the column and the side of the chamber are covered with hieroglyphics; and in each of the sides is a small niche. The whole surface of the inclosure is covered with fallen columns, fragments of sculpture and hewn stones, strewn in every direction; over which the pilgrim can, with difficulty, find his way. Other similar upright stones stand without the inclosure in various directions, and even at some distance; each surmounted by a heap of stones, which may have been thrown together by the Arabs. These upright stones, both within and without the inclosure, vary from about seven to ten feet in hight; while they are from eighteen inches to two feet in breadth, and from fourteen to sixteen inches in thickness. They are rounded off on the top, forming an arch over the broadest sides. On one of these sides usually appears the common Egyptian symbol of the winged globe with two serpents, and one or more priests presenting offerings to the gods; while various figures and cartouches cover the remaining sides."

ORIGIN OF THE RUINS.

While such are the ruins that are now found upon this elevated out-of-the-way place, the question arises: "When, and by whom, were these structures built?" They were not the work of Christians, or of the solitary anchorites, who, in the early ages of Christianity, made homes and sepulchres among these gloomy hills. They are evidently of Egyptian origin, and of a date long anterior to the Christian era. The tablets are covered with Egyptian heiroglyphics, some of them of a very ancient date. The names of several Egyptian kings are found on these stones; among them Osirtasseen, 1740 years B. C.; Thothmes III and IV; Remeses the Great; Remeses IV and V; the latest one found being that of Remeses VI. The place is supposed to have been a temple or sacred inclosure for worship, and that these sculptured tablets were erected in honor of the successive sovereigns of Egypt, according to their succession.

But the question again arises: "Why were they built, and for what purpose were the people that built them here?" The solution of this is found in the supposed existence of copper mines in this immediate vicinity. We have before spoken of such mines in Wady Magarah, and of the inscriptions left there by the ancient workmen. The mines in this vicinity are not now known, but the evidences of such mines having been

worked still remain. Lepsius tells us that he observed in the vicinity of these ruins great slag hills of a dark color, with traces of ancient roads leading into the neighboring mountains. These show that extensive copper mines existed somewhere near, and that this was a place chosen for smelting operations. Not far from this, to the westward, he also found some places formerly used for smelting purposes.

From these statements, it appears that as early or before the time of the Exodus, men of science and art, probably from Egypt, had penetrated among these hills, and opened the bowels of the earth for their hidden treasures. Here miners lived and toiled—here built their temples and worshiped their deities. It is supposed these mines were finally abandoned as early as 1170 years before Christ.

Our excursion upon these mountains, added to a long day's ride, was very fatiguing; we welcomed the return of night, and the cot bed of the desert seemed to us softer than the eider down of a kingly palace. In this sterile desert, one seldom meets with any thing that has life, but to-day we saw two quails, much like our American quails, except that the color was more like the sands among which they lived.

March 10. Some trouble and delay were occasioned in the camp this morning. One of our dromedaries took it into his head during the night to escape from servitude. He was no where to be found, and it was clear he had run away. One of the pack camels had to be substituted, and his load apportioned among the rest, while one of the drivers was dispatched to search for the fugitive.

Soon after starting, we met a caravan of nearly one hundred camels. They were divided into squads of eighteen to twenty-five each, with several drivers for each company. They had been to Suez or Cairo for supplies for the Arabs in the southern part of the peninsula, and were mostly loaded with grain.

A GRAVE OF A HORSE.

About half way between Wady Useit and Ghurundel, we passed a cairn, or pile of stones and dirt, said to be the grave of the horse of Abou Zennab—his horse killed in battle. All

concerning him seems to have passed from the memory of the Arabs, except that he left a request, or command, that every one that passed should throw a stone or some sand on the pile, and say: "Eat, O horse of Abou Zennab!"

Just before reaching this, we passed another pile of stones in a little hollow by the roadside, upon which one or two of our drivers cast a stone. I inquired what it meant, but none of them could give any account of it, except the Arabs throw stones on the pile, and say: "Arise, O man!"

Soon after leaving the pile that perpetuates the memory of the horse, we came to another similar pile of stones by the roadside, which our dragoman said was the grave of a guilty couple, convicted of a violation of the laws of chastity. They were slain, and buried here, and the Arabs throw stones upon the grave, and thus heap reproach upon the memory of the guilty parties.

As we rode on we ascended an eminence, and caught a view of the Red Sea. It was an animating sight, and we hailed it with joy, as indicative of our near approach to a land of civilization. About 12 o'clock we came again to the supposed place of Israel's encampment by the fountains and the palm trees of Elim. Here we stopped to take our noon-day lunch, and here we were initiated, by one of our attendants, into the Arab method of

MAKING BREAD.

The process is a very expeditious and simple one. A few small sticks of brush and dry roots were collected, a small space leveled upon the sand, and the fire kindled. While the sticks were being reduced to coals, a few handfuls of flour were put into a small wooded bowl that answered the purpose of a kneading trough, a little salt thrown in and sufficient water to wet it. The whole was thoroughly mixed with the hands. The ball of dough was then laid upon a cloth and patted out with the hands into a thin cake, looking much like a New England short-cake. By the time the dough was kneaded the fire was ready; the coals were raked aside with a stick; the cake, by the aid of both hands beneath it, carefully laid upon

the hot sand, and the coals and ashes raked over it. Here it was allowed to lie six or seven minutes. The fire was then raked off, the cake turned, and the coals and hot ashes again covered over it. In about twelve minutes after it was put into the fire, it came out full baked. The ashes and sand were shaken and brushed off, and it was laid before us as a part of our lunch. We were surprised at the facility with which the work was done, the whole process occupying but little more than a quarter of an hour.

This bread came out of the ashes not only astonishingly clean, but the flavor was unusually sweet. We not only ate it with a relish, but after having lived so long on dry brown bread, we wished for more. This simple process of making bread, we suppose was an illustration of the manner in which old Abraham baked his bread on the plains of Mamre, four thousand years ago, when he entertained the angels. We also thought we had learned the use and necessity of the kneading troughs of the Israelites, which they carried with them when they went out of Egypt. This was the way they baked their bread in the wilderness, and this is the way the Arab tribes have baked it ever since.

During the afternoon we passed the fountain of Marah, with its bitter water, and a few miles beyond it, encamped for the night. Toward morning, the man who went in search of the runaway camel came in, bringing the deserter with him. A simple breakfast of ham and eggs was dispatched, and again we were on our way, anxious to escape from this dreary wilderness. Towards night the wind increased, and the sands came driving like snow across the open plain; we were under the necessity of covering our eyes, and the camels seemed to be nearly blinded by it. The whole air was thick and dark, and we could see but a few rods in any direction. The night came on cold and dreary. We could find no shelter of bush, bank or hill, behind which to pitch our tent. About 5 o'clock we camped on the open plain, the wind driving up furiously from the direction of the sea. For sometime I feared the men would not be able to make our tent stand. At last, by the help of extra ropes, it was made fast, and poor as the shelter was,

we were glad to take refuge in it from the driving storm of sand.

The cook contrived to kindle his charcoal fire, and from the remnant of our stock of chickens prepared us a comfortable supper, which we ate with a hearty relish, though well peppered with the drifting sand. One can scarcely conceive a more dreary and cheerless condition than a camp at such a time and in such a place—the sands drifting about you, and the folds of your little cloth tenement flapping and snapping in the wind, the frail ropes strained to their utmost tension, liable every moment to snap asunder, and leave all to the mercy of the tempest. But it is our last night in the desert. A half-day's ride will bring us to Suez. Cheered with the thought that we were so near our journey's end, we lay down to rest, and despite the cheerlessness of our condition, were soon enjoying a profound slumber.

ARRIVAL AT SUEZ.

March 12th. The wind this morning has considerably abated. It is the last day of our camel riding. At 10 o'clock, Moses' Wells appeared in sight on a distant elevation, about one hour ahead of us, and far beyond Suez was in full view, looking precisely like a great clump of trees on the sea-shore, though there is not a tree in the place. Hail, cheerful sight!

At 1 o'clock we reached the landing opposite Suez, sent our camels and baggage round the head of the gulf, and signaled for a boat to come and again ferry us over the waters that, in ancient times, divided their yielding waves to make a highway for the ransomed people of God. While waiting, we took the opportunity of refreshing ourselves after our long and dusty ride by an invigorating bath in the waters of the sea; and if, after your long and intimate association with camels and Bedawin, old saddles and old blankets, you find a few stray denizens of the camp have taken up their residence in your apparel, don't be alarmed. A few changes of clean linen will set things all to rights. A remnant of one of the great plagues of the Exodus still cleaves to Egypt and the desert, sometimes to the great annoyance of the traveler.

The waters were passed. It being low tide, our boat could not reach the landing, and we were carried on shore, sitting astride the shoulders of an Arab boatman, holding on with both hands clasped about his forehead. The first thing I did, was to hasten to the reading-room of the European hotel, in search of home news. I found London papers of February 24th, containing a summary of American news to February 13th. Though just one month old, it was all news to me, and I devoured it with the eagerness a famishing man would his meal.

ADIEU TO ARABS AND CAMELS.

March 13th. Our tent life in the desert is over. Thanks to modern art and enterprise, Cairo, instead of three day's weary camel ride across the desert, can now be reached by railroad in a few hours. We took leave this morning of our camel drivers and sheik, we to visit other lands and other bible scenes; they to return to their solitary desert homes. Dreary and forbidding it indeed seemed to us; but to its scanty fare and cheerless sands they were born and bred, and there, in comparative contentment, they live.

The sheik pressed his claim quite importunately for a backsheesh, but our bargain with our dragoman had been so explicit, we determined not to depart from it. Believing we had paid our dragoman sufficient to allow him to fully compensate his employees, to him we referred our desert guide. In all our intercourse with him and his men, we found them kind and obliging; would that we could command a richer blessing on them than the Prophet has power to give—the blessing of that Savior whose knowledge maketh rich. Among the remembrances of our visit to the Mount of God, the erect form, pleasant countenance, and kindly greetings of Sheik Medaka will hold a conspicuous place.

RIDE TO CAIRO.

At half-past 3 o'clock our train was in motion—Suez and the sea faded away behind us—the desert, like a mighty ocean, once more closed around us. Again we hailed with joy the

cheerful sight of the green valley of the Nile, the walls, minarets and citadel of Grand Cairo! Again, the doors of the European hotel opened for our reception, and we were among English and American friends. That night, as I laid my head once more upon a pillow in a good bed, and in a comfortable room, after having slept seventeen nights in a tent, and endured the toil and fatigue of desert life, the incense of gratitude went up from my heart to Almighty God, whose protecting care I had enjoyed, and by whose kind Providence I had been granted a safe return.

CONCLUSION.

Our stay in this land of antiquities is about to close. How many places of interest we have been allowed to visit! How many lessons we have learned! We have seen Egypt and Sinai; have stood amid the moldering ruins of the one, and the stern grandeur and impressive sublimity of the other. We have walked over the land of Israel's bondage, gazed upon the sea that opened its waters for their deliverance; traversed the desert in which God sustained them, and climbed the mount that trembled at his presence! We have ascended the pyramids, and felt the vanity of human greatness, and the uncertainty of human hopes. The Sphinx has preached to us; the fallen statue of Remeses has been our instructor; we have walked over the ruins of On and Noph, and strange voices have we heard amid their desolate solitudes! Ancient tablets have spoken to us, and tombs have been eloquent with sermons and lectures. We have read the HANDWRITING of God and seen the traces of the foot-prints of Deity!

Truly, this land is one of God's great historic books. Here he has written lessons for all coming posterity, and page after page is now being unfolded and read. Their dead men speak, and stones come up and testify. A signet ring from the vault of an ancient tomb, the inscription upon which centuries of decay have not been able to deface, fixes the reign of a king, and determines the date of an important event. Bricks of unburnt clay, torn up from some long buried ruins, speak of Israel's bondage and labor. A planetary configuration upon the crum-

bling walls of some ruined palace or temple, fixes an important era in chronology. Household implements, workmen's utensils, articles of apparel and ornaments, remnants of idols, broken altars and paraphernalia of worship, preserved in tombs and sarcophagi, and recovered from the long buried ruins of cities, tell us how four thousand years ago men lived, thought, felt, labored and worshiped. Here we are taken back to the infancy of history—to the days of Abraham's journeyings, Israel's bondage, and Moses' mission. We learn how he was selected by the Almighty to transmit to posterity the ancient history of the world. We learn that as early as seven hundred years after the flood, and but little more than two hundred after Noah's death, here was a people ruled by a king, with laws, literature and religion. We see how Manetho and the Egyptian monuments unite to substantiate the truth of what Moses has written, and how recent developments are settling chronological dates and historic facts with astonishing precision. Surely, the hand of the Lord is in all these things. He who formed the earth and the world, though vailed in clouded majesty, has been present, Omnipotent in power, Infinite in wisdom, directing and overruling all!

Our travels are not yet ended. We have now a journey to make to

THE HOLY LAND.

We are to go through the Land of Promise—of Israel's inheritance and Israel's rest—the land of Patriarchs, Prophets and Apostles—the land of the Savior's nativity, of his mighty works, his wonderful death, and his glorious resurrection and ascension! The results of this visit will be embodied in another book. May the journey be as full of interest and instruction as the one just closed has been. May the Lord give us eyes to see, ears to hear, and hearts to understand the lessons of instruction that will meet us at every step of our way. So for the present,

ADIEU.

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O Jerusalem Jerusalem
how often would I
have gathered
thy children
together
even as a hen gathereth
her chickens under
her wings, and
ye would
not
Engraved by H. B. Hall
Christ weeping over Jerusalem

THE

HANDWRITING OF GOD

IN

EGYPT, SINAI,

AND THE

HOLY LAND:

THE

RECORDS OF A JOURNEY FROM THE GREAT VALLEY OF THE WEST TO THE SACRED PLACES OF THE EAST.

BY REV. D. A. RANDALL.

WITH

MAPS, DIAGRAMS, AND NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.

"The Universe is the Handwriting of God, and all objects are words in it."

COLUMBUS, OHIO:
RANDALL AND ASTON.
SHELDON & CO., NEW YORK.
1862.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862,

By D. A. RANDALL,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States
for the Southern District of Ohio.

OSGOOD & PEARCE,
PRINTERS.

TO MY CHURCH,

TO WHOSE SYMPATHY, ENCOURAGEMENT AND PRAYERS, I AM DEEPLY INDEBTED:

TO MY SUNDAY-SCHOOL,

WHOSE KIND REMEMBRANCES DURING MY JOURNEY, AND WELCOME GREETINGS ON MY RETURN, HAVE BEEN LIKE SUNLIGHT UPON MY HEART:

TO MY FAMILY,

FOR THEIR PROMPT AND CHEERFUL AID IN MY TRAVELS AND LABORS:

AND TO MY NUMEROUS FRIENDS,

FOR THEIR ACTS OF KINDNESS AND WORDS OF CHEER,

THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED,

WITH THE HOPE THAT THEY MAY ALL ENJOY AS MUCH IN THE READING, AS THE AUTHOR HAS IN COLLECTING AND PREPARING THE CONTENTS OF IT.

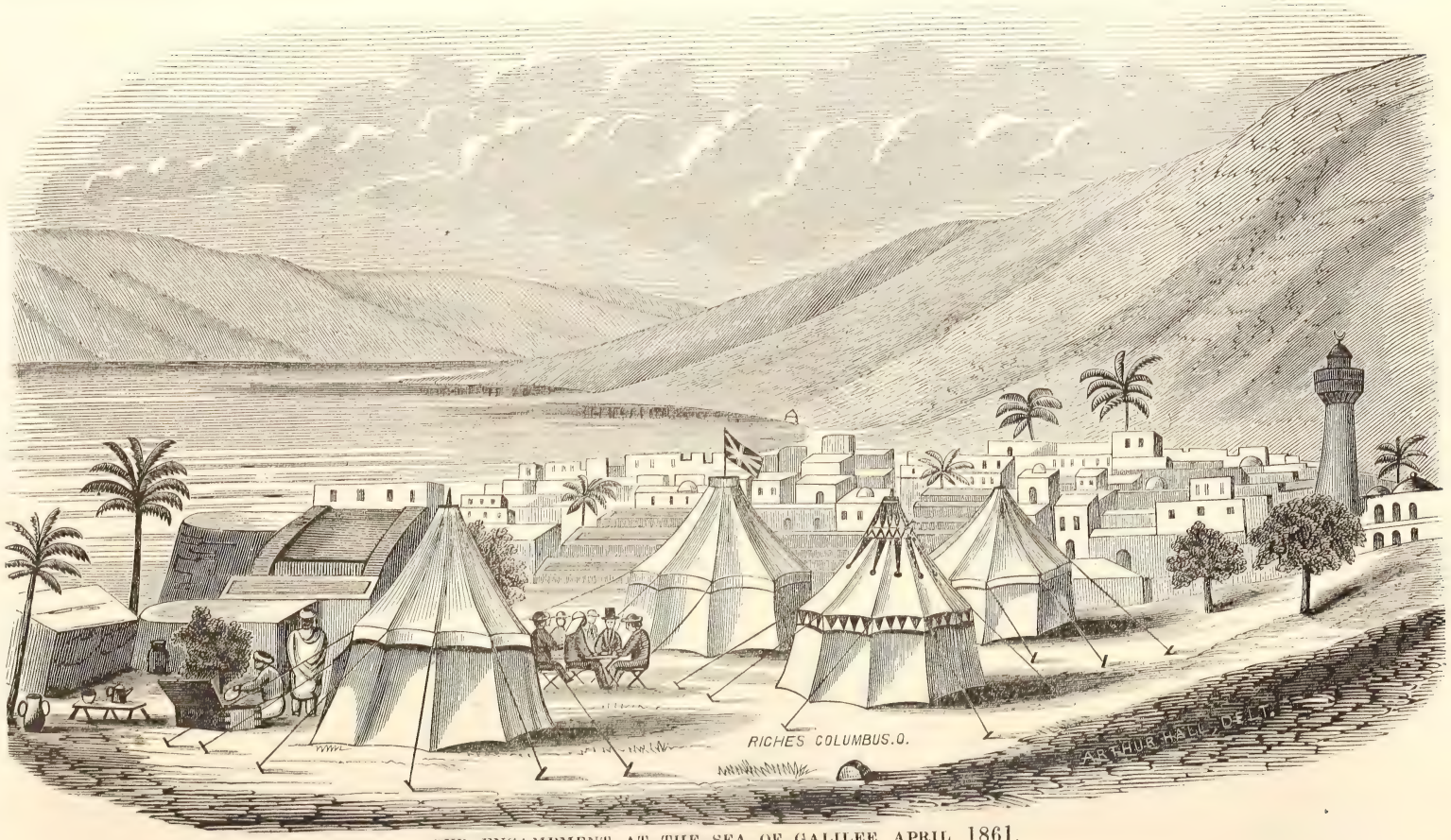
INTRODUCTION.

The reasons for writing this book have been given in the previous work on Egypt and Sinai. The purpose at first was to publish but one volume, but in the preparation of the work it was found necessary to extend it far beyond the original design.

The author was also in hopes to have included in the work the narrative of his tour through Europe, but, as the work progressed, it was found impracticable to do so, as it would either too much extend the size, or crowd out the notice of many interesting things in the Holy Land which it seemed important to mention.

In consideration of the size of the work, it has been deemed advisable to divide it into two parts, one on Egypt and Sinai, the other on the Holy Land. The paging and indexing have been made to correspond to this arrangement, so that the two parts can be put up separately or together, as patrons may wish. Should it yet be deemed advisable, a supplemental volume will be added of the return home through Europe.

We repeat here what we said in the introduction to the first part of the work, that the book is not designed for the critic and the scholar, but for the mass of common readers. The portion of country through which it takes the reader is, to the Christian, one of the most interesting in the world; and the book is given to the public with the same desire that accompanied its predecessor, that it may be read with profit, and prove a useful auxiliary in the increase of knowledge and the establishment of truth.



OUR ENCAMPMENT AT THE SEA OF GALILEE, APRIL, 1861.

The Breakfast.

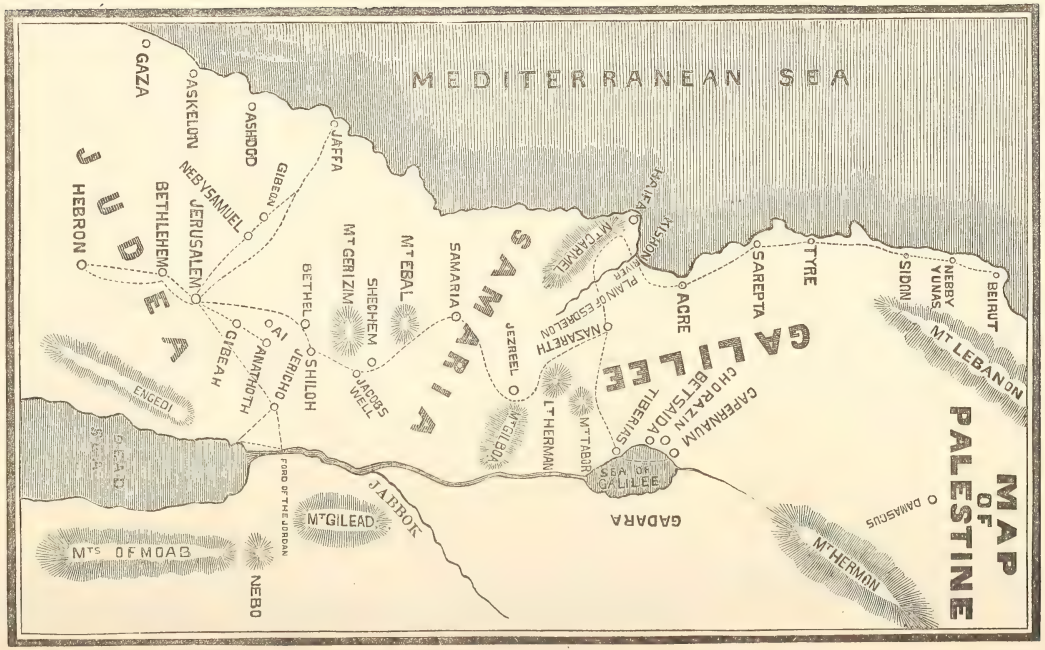
THE HOLY LAND.

"Those holy fields,
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet,
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nailed,
For our advantage on the bitter cross."

KING HENRY, IV.

"Thy holy cities are a wilderness,
Zion is a wilderness, Jerusalem a desolation,
Our holy and our beautiful house,
Where our fathers praised thee,
Is burned up with fire;
And all our pleasant things are laid waste."

BIBLE.



MAP SHOWING THE ROUTE TAKEN THROUGH THE HOLY LAND,
and most of the principal places visited.

THE HOLY LAND.

CHAPTER I.

DEPARTURE FROM EGYPT—VOYAGE FROM ALEXANDRIA TO JAFFA—RIDE FROM JAFFA TO JERUSALEM.

CAIRO, EGYPT, March 15, 1861.

IN our work on Egypt and Sinai, we have taken the reader to some of the most interesting localities of Lower Egypt; have looked upon its remaining monuments, and reflected among its ruins. We have also taken him through the dreary desert of Sinai, and stood with him amid the sublime scenery of the Mount of the Law. These rambles have been full of interest, and many an instructive voice have we heard, impressing upon us lessons not soon to be forgotten. We are now to resume our travels, and make the tour of the Holy Land. The Holy Land! How the heart beats high with expectation at the very thought! A land dear to the Jew, and the very mention of which kindles the devout emotions of every Christian heart!

As I have before stated, I met in this place two American gentlemen, with whom I made arrangements to make the tour of Palestine with me. Our preparations were soon completed, and on the 15th of March we bade adieu to Grand Cairo. A ride of one hundred and thirty miles on the Viceroy's fine railroad brought us to Alexandria. This journey can be made for about nine dollars and a half, five dollars or two dollars, according to the class of cars selected. Time, about six hours.

Saturday was spent mostly in business arrangements preparatory to our departure. In getting drafts on London cashed here, in British or French gold, we found the rate of exchange and commission about four per cent. against us. In Cairo, it was about the same. We called on the American Consul and

had our passport recognized, though a *vise* for Syria is not necessary here, if one has been procured in England or France—Egypt and Syria being under the same government. Our consul here assured us it was necessary, and took from us a fee for doing it, but we found no use for it. Our passports were not called for in any port or city in Syria; and after leaving Alexandria, we had no call for them by any government official till we reached Smyrna, in Turkey.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL IN ALEXANDRIA.

In the evening we called upon the American Missionaries of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church. The mission is in charge of a Rev. Mr. Hoge and his lady, of Scotland. A Miss Dale, of Philadelphia, and a Miss McCullouch, of Ohio, are assistants. We had an interesting interview with them, and on Sabbath morning accompanied them to their Sabbath school.

After wending our way through many of the narrow lanes of the city, and in the thickest portions of it, we were taken to one of those strange looking eastern houses, which I cannot describe, and up two pairs of stairs to the school room. Here we found about fifty children, a large proportion of them girls, neatly clad, looking sprightly and intelligent, listening with apparent interest to the instruction given. They were all shades of color, and the representatives of several different nations—native Egyptians, Copts, Jews, Italians, French, Syrians, Maltese, etc. Some of them, the teacher informed me, could speak several different languages, and some of them could write the Lord's prayer in four different languages. I was much interested in two Syrian young ladies, assistant teachers, from Damascus. They had lost their mother by death, and their father was killed in the recent massacre of the Christians in Syria. They were accompanied by two little brothers, who, with them, had escaped, and had been driven to this place for protection. Their story was a sad one, and touched the sympathies of my heart, but I rejoiced in the thought that in Jesus they had found a friend dearer than any earthly one, and in God a father, who has given his special pledge to provide for

the orphan. The school appears to be in a prosperous condition, and, I should think, was sowing seed that will ripen into a future blessed harvest. They sang our common Sabbath school tunes, set to Arabic words. The language I could not understand, but I could sing with them in spirit, and my thoughts were carried back to my own school, and the interesting scenes of a Sabbath morning in my own native land were vividly before my mind.

ALEXANDRIA TO JAFFA.

Monday morning, 10 o'clock, found us on board the Russian steamer Pallas, in the port of Alexandria, bound for Jaffa, the nearest landing place in the Holy Land, the distance about two hundred and fifty miles, the time of the voyage usually from thirty to thirty-six hours. We had on board a motley crew of divers nations, professions and languages. There was not one of the officers or crew with whom I could talk. Fortunately, one of my traveling companions could master a little Italian, and the steward of our cabin could answer to it, so we had no difficulty in making our wants known.

In getting on board we had the usual gauntlet to run of donkey boys, boatmen and loungers. Our boat engaged, we handed in our traveling bags, and were about to step from the wharf, when a tolerably well-dressed man, with loose trousers and turban, and a staff of honor in his hand, stopped us, and claiming to be an officer of the customs, intimated that our luggage should be examined. We did not believe he had any authority to interfere with us, but supposed it to be some menial of the police after a backsheesh. We peremptorily told the boatment to push off. He hesitated, as if afraid to comply, and replied: "O, gib him sumftin." Not knowing how cheaply the official could be bought, but disposed to try, I handed him an English sixpence for our company of three. He seemed disposed to protest, but I turned my eye upon him with a look in which he read an emphatic "that's all." He turned his back upon us, and we proceeded without further molestation, but with a hearty laugh among ourselves at the cheapness of the bribe.

There are lines of French, Russian and Austrian steamers from Alexandria to Jaffa, Beirut, Smyrna, and all the principal ports of the Levant, so that there are generally one or two opportunities every week of leaving this place for the Holy Land. Our steamer is a Russian craft, but well built, manned and furnished. The rates of fare to Jaffa are about twenty dollars for first cabin, and twelve dollars and fifty cents for second. Many poor pilgrims take a deck passage, and are carried for a very trifling sum. Persons wishing to economize their expenditures, will find a second cabin passage on any of these steamers comfortable as they could desire. The state-rooms are good, beds are clean, and table well supplied with a good variety of provisions, and well cooked.

At 10 o'clock we moved out of the harbor, and steamed away in a northeasterly direction. I stood upon the promenade deck, my eyes intently fixed upon the receding shore, and as it faded from my view I bade

FAREWELL TO EGYPT.

Adieu, thou strange and wonderful land! Desert and garden, river and plain, modern cities, majestic and moldering ruins, adieu! Land of the labyrinth, the phœnix, the pyramids and the Sphinx, I shall see thee no more! What a treasure book of history and of study thou hast been! The scholars of modern nations have wandered among thy ruins, and thou hast been their teacher. The spirit of modern investigation has brooded over thee, and the chaos of thine ancient history has assumed form and shape. God in his wisdom has caused light to shine out of thy darkness.

Once thou wert the pride and glory of earth, but now how changed and fallen! The tombs of thy scholars have been lost; thy Phœnix has perished no more to renew his sepulchral flames; thy Memnon is forever silent, and thy temples and gods have crumbled into dust! O, Egypt! how thou hast been plundered of even the remnants of thy former greatness! The denizens of thy tombs have been borne away; thine obelisks have been removed; and what remained of thy statues, altars and images, have been stolen to adorn the parks and enrich the

museums of modern cities. Degenerate land, thy children once called thee "Mother of the World!" "Thou, who hast given all things to mankind—laws, science, industry, arts—why hast thou kept nothing for thyself?" But still thou hast a name—an everlasting name. Thou hast monuments that can never perish. And though thou sittest in silence, solitude and degradation, the traveler will still come and muse among thy ruins, and thou wilt long continue to be an instructor of the nations!

Such were the reflections that pressed themselves upon me as the dark line of shore grew fainter and fainter, blended with the rolling billows of the deep, and—was gone. I looked about me, there was the ship on which I stood, the deep blue vault of the heavens over my head, the vast expanse of waters that encircled me—all the rest had disappeared.

We have now a ride of a day and a half from Alexandria to Jaffa; how shall we occupy the time? There are so many inquiries for information as to the modes of foreign travel, necessary outfit, and best mode of getting along, I propose to give the reader some of the results of my experience thus far. Other particulars, as to time, expense, and the like, I will give hereafter. So take a seat with me under this deck-awning, and I will give you a few

GENERAL DIRECTIONS.

Most persons burden themselves from the very start with too much luggage. Let the quantity be as limited in amount, as light, snugly packed, and portable as possible. I took no trunk with me. Two good sized leather traveling bags or carpet sacks, which you can take in your hands, if necessary, are amply sufficient. You need take no change of clothing except under garments, and of these only two or three changes, as you can get washing done frequently, and when your garments are worn you can get new in any city of the East, even in Cairo, Jerusalem and Beirut, cheaper than at home. One pair of pants lasted me through all my travels in Egypt, Sinai and Syria, till I reached Smyrna, where they were exchanged for new. One traveling coat lasted me till I was as far on my return as Rome, where for eight dollars I bought a good black broadcloth one,

that served me the rest of the way, and in which I was not ashamed to make my appearance among my friends at home. One pair of boots is sufficient. Have them made large, of best calf-skin, and double soles. If you intend to visit mountain regions and make foot excursions, this last direction is absolutely essential. These excursions make a heavy draft on shoe-leather. One day's climbing amid the sharp, granite rocks of Sinai and Horeb will nearly demolish an ordinary pair of light boots. Besides enduring the wear, the heavy soles are essential for the protection of the feet. With a large sized, thick-soled boot, the feet will not blister and suffer as with light ones. You will also need to take with you a good overcoat and a large blanket shawl. You will find many places where both these articles will add very much to your comfort. A light umbrella will often be needed to protect you from the sun, sometimes from the rain, and a light India rubber wrapper is often a great convenience.

Have your name plainly printed on your traveling bags or trunk, if you carry one, and put on a temporary card labeled with the place of your immediate destination. The more closely you can attend to your baggage yourself, the less likely you will be to meet with loss or delays in having it left or misdirected. The above directions as to the amount of luggage, of course, applies only to single gentlemen, and those wishing to travel as economical as possible. If you have ladies with you, luggage and expenses, as a consequence, must be proportionally increased; and if you wish to fee servants and pay extras, you can take as much with you as you are willing to bear the trouble and expense of.

On landing in a foreign port or at a railway station, you will immediately find yourself surrounded by runners and criers, and if among people of a strange language, a perfect jargon of sounds will be poured into your ears. Hotel cards will be thrust into your hands, prices bawled out, and a dozen porters will be snatching for your luggage. This will increase the farther you go east. The insolence and rapacity of boatmen, hackmen, runners and carriers seem to increase in proportion as the intelligence and refinement of the countries in which you

travel decrease. The Englishman, or the American even, will bleed your purse as freely as the Arab or the Turk; but he will do it so much more politely and adroitly, you will scarcely realize the swindle.

PASSPORTS

Are quite a source of trouble and expense. The necessity of having them recognized and countersigned at the different ports, as you pass from country to country, often occasions much delay and trouble. You have to visit sometimes two or three different consuls, as well as the police officers. In a city of strangers and a strange language, this is often quite perplexing. Yet, vexatious as it is, the passport sometimes becomes very necessary; and the right of appealing to the consul of one's own nation for protection and justice, is found a very essential and important privilege. If two or more persons are traveling together, the expenses may be greatly diminished by having their names all on one passport. This any consul in any port where company may join you has a right to do, and the expense of a *vise* is no more for a passport containing a dozen names than for a single person. This is worth remembering. The expenses of one's passport for a tour through Europe and the East, if alone, will amount to near twenty dollars, and if you have several traveling companions, this can be divided among them.

CUSTOM-HOUSES,

As well as passports, you will find a serious annoyance, but you must learn to let patience have her perfect work. In some ports, though not many, you will not be permitted to take your own baggage with you on shore. In most places, custom-house porters are appointed to convey it from the vessel to the revenue office, and these porters are responsible for its safety. You must follow it yourself, or send your keys by some servant or agent. In the examination, do not be cross, or in a hurry. Open your packages, and invite examination. Courtesy and good humor will be almost sure to meet a corresponding return. The officers have their duty to do, and it is often a disa-

greeable one to them as well as you. Avoid any thing calculated to increase the unpleasantness of that duty, for they can return any lack of courtesy on your part a thousand fold. If you have any articles you know are liable to pay duty, declare them to the officer. If they are in small quantities for your own use, or for presents to your friends, you will seldom be charged any thing on them. If you attempt to conceal them, and they are discovered, they are liable to seizure and confiscation. Remember, also, that any police officer at any time, and in any place, has a right to demand and examine your passport; and any custom-house officer, if he choose, has a right to search your person.

MAKING ACQUAINTANCES.

Under this head I cannot do better than to give the substance of what an experienced person has said: "Let the American trust mostly to the force of his own address, and the occasional contact incident to travel, for the formation of pleasant acquaintances. An intimacy will often be established in the course of a few hours' journey, of a more substantial, enduring and profitable character, than may be achieved through the medium of a letter of introduction. What Queen Elizabeth is alleged to have said of the recommendatory character of a 'good face,' is of great force among the middle classes in Europe. And better even than the good face, is the pleasant manner, the unaffected disposition to be satisfied, the anxiety to obtain, and the readiness to communicate information. Reserve and taciturnity must be scattered to the winds the moment a person leaves home to seek knowledge and agreeable intercourse abroad. Let not the apprehension of a rebuff deter the traveler from asking questions of any fellow-traveler—be that individual a gentleman or lady—upon matters of general interest. The chances are that in nine cases out of ten he will receive courteous replies and ready information. And this will be likely to be more prompt and cordial, if he proclaims himself an American, making a tour in gratification of a laudable curiosity. There is a natural desire, among all civilized countries, to create favorable impressions on the minds of for-

eigners. Many, on discovering they are communicating with persons of intelligence and good breeding, will tender an invitation to their dwellings, or volunteer to become the *cicerone* of the stranger."

The excellency of this advice I proved on many occasions. I went with my eyes and ears open, and my tongue loose, and many a profitable and pleasant acquaintance did I form, on railroad cars, ships, and in hotels; and the declaration of American citizenship I found a talisman to unlock the reserve of the most taciturn. While upon this point I will mention but one thing more. A friend, who had been over the ground before me, in closing his directions, gave me, as a last and general rule, to be remembered in all my travels: "Believe nobody, trust your common sense, and go ahead." Unpleasant as it may be to carry in one's heart such distrust of those about him, I found the precept of great use to me in many trying circumstances.

But while we have been talking, darkness has settled down upon us. Other directions and particulars relating to expenses and the like will be given as we proceed. Let us now commend ourselves to the protection of Almighty God, and seek a night's rest. To-morrow we hope to press with our feet the soil of that land towards which we have so long and so anxiously looked.

Tuesday, March 17th. Yesterday we had a heavy sea. To-day the wind has abated, the sea is comparatively calm, and the day bright and pleasant. Most persons, in entering Palestine from this direction, take a dragoman with them from Alexandria. This we did not do, as we had no doubt but we could readily enough make our way to Jerusalem without, and then we could take one when we found it necessary. This, though it subjected us to some extra perplexities, was a great saving in our expenditures. We were favored also in having in our company a German from Alexandria, who could talk Arabic, and who thus became to us a sort of guide and interpreter.

About 1 o'clock all eyes were turned anxiously towards the land, eager to catch a first view. In about half an hour, a long,

low, dark line was visible, beneath the great bank of fleecy clouds that skirted the horizon. Some said it was land, some affirmed it to be only a bank of clouds. A field-glass was brought into requisition, and the question settled—it was the Holy Land. As we approached it, the outlines became more distinct, the hills assumed shape—the whole line of coast was distinctly seen, and the queer looking stone city of Jaffa—the Joppa of the New Testament—with its fort-like houses, rising tier above tier, upon the hill-side, was fully and clearly in view. I will not attempt to describe my feelings as I approached it—far different from any I ever experienced before. I was about to realize the long anticipated desire of my heart, to walk upon the soil pressed by the feet of patriarchs, prophets and apostles, and visit the localities where they lived and labored, and communed with God.

THE LANDING.

This was far more difficult than I had anticipated, both from the roughness of the sea, and the rudeness of the rabble around the beach. There is really no harbor at Jaffa, and in high winds it is unsafe for vessels to stop at all, and they are frequently compelled to take the passengers on to Beirut. The sea was not so rough as to prevent a landing, but enough so to make it difficult. It was dusk as we approached the shore, and the landing place was a scaffold built out over the sea, ten to fifteen feet above our heads, and as the waves lifted us up, we must be caught and pulled up by the natives standing above. Here they had crowded, half-naked, barbarous looking fellows, as thick as they could stand, yelping, crowding and pushing, eager to lend a helping hand that they might claim a backsheesh. It was a long time before I would consent to pass up my baggage, for there was no one above to be responsible for it. At last, seeing no alternative, I passed up my bags, and they were immediately snatched by half a dozen, and while they were contending who should take them, a couple of stout fellows seized me by the arms, and dragged me upon the platform. I soon succeeded in wresting by main strength my carpet sacks from the contending crowd, got them upon the shoulders of a

native, and with him, amid shouts for backsheesh, forced my way through the crowd. I had scarcely got out of the press, when a savage looking fellow seized me by the shoulder, calling out in broken English, "Backsheesh, backsheesh, I pull you up;" immediately another was upon me, "Backsheesh, I pull one arm." I was glad to get rid of the crowd on any terms, and handing them a quarter of a dollar, they decamped. I thought I had been in many close places, among hackmen, boatmen and donkey boys, especially at Alexandria and Cairo, but I had never seen the like of this before. But our difficulties at last were at an end, and we found a quiet retreat for the night in the Latin convent of the place. The monks treated us kindly, and made the best provision they could for our comfort; but their convent is a dark, cheerless looking place. There is one public house here for the accommodation of strangers, but the traveler will find no special inducements to prolong his stay.

Before leaving home I had, by the kindness of a friend, been furnished with letters of introduction to Dr. Barclay, author of "The City of the Great King," an American by birth and education, and for many years a resident of Jerusalem, and missionary of the Disciples. He was now residing at Jaffa, where he has a beautiful location among the orange groves near the city. I went out to call on him, desirous of availing myself of his knowledge of the country in the further prosecution of my journey. Through the lying treachery of some Arab servants, my design was frustrated, and, much to my disappointment, I failed to see him. I afterwards met the Doctor in Jerusalem, and received from him much valuable assistance and information.

The forenoon was mostly spent in procuring horses and making arrangments to go on to Jerusalem. The distance is about thirty-six miles; the time about twelve hours; the roads mere foot-paths, up and down rocky hill-sides, and along rough and difficult ravines. The usual price for a horse to Jerusalem is twenty piasters, or about eighty-five cents. In consequence of the number of pilgrims at this season of the year, (Easter,) and the increased demand for conveyance, one hundred piasters was

demanded for one horse. After considerable bantering, a very common thing here, we succeeded in procuring horses for our company of six at sixty-five piasters each, a piaster being, as we have stated before, about four and one-fourth cents.

JOPPA AND ITS HISTORY.

This place is now called Yaffa by the Arabs, and Jaffa by the Franks. The houses are all of stone, very compactly built, the streets very narrow, and many of them, like Malta, stone stairways, arched over head. It contains about five thousand inhabitants, about one thousand of whom are Christians. A few Jews are found here, perhaps not more than one hundred and fifty in all. The town has the usual accompaniment of dogs, fleas, ragged children, and lazy, dirty, half-naked men.

This city is of very ancient date, ranking among the oldest in the world. It is several times mentioned in the Old Testament. In the apportionment of the land among the tribes under Joshua, Joppa is mentioned as one of the maritime towns allotted to Dan. When Solomon commenced building the House of the Lord, the cedars which the King of Tyre cut upon Lebanon were floated down to Joppa, and from thence conveyed across the country to Jerusalem. After the return from the captivity in Babylon, we are informed that the Jews gave "meat, drink and oil unto them of Zidon, and to them of Tyre, to bring cedar trees from Lebanon to the sea of Joppa," for rebuilding the House of the Lord. But the chief place of interest to the Christian visitor is

THE HOUSE OF SIMON, THE TANNER.

This is the house where Peter lodged, and upon the top of which he had his remarkable vision. Dorcas, a renowned Christian disciple, had sickened and died. Peter was stopping at Lydda, but a short distance from this place, and his fame for working miracles had spread over the country. A delegation was sent from the bereft friends of Dorcas to call him to this scene of mourning. And when he was brought into the upper chamber, "all the widows stood by him weeping and showing the coats and garments which Dorcas had made." Dorcas was

restored alive to her friends, and Peter was invited to lodge with Simon, the tanner.

Whether the house to which we were taken is really the one, may be considered very doubtful, but it certainly answers to the description given in the 10th chapter of Acts. It is by the sea side, and one of the terrace walls is washed by its restless waves. The house is a very ancient one, and being strongly built of stone, is well calculated to endure the wear and tear of time. But whether the house can be identified or not, there is no doubt but this is the city; and either on this roof or some other one not far distant, Peter performed his devotions, and had that remarkable vision, in which he was taught that God was no respecter of persons, but that in all nations he that feared him and worked righteousness should be accepted of him—that the gospel was not for the Jew only, but for lost and sinful man wherever found. Here it was that the vision was interpreted, and Peter's doubts resolved, by the arrival of a delegation from Cæsarea, with whom he was instructed to go, with the assurance that the vision was of God. Cæsarea was visited; the prayer of Cornelius was answered; himself, and his worshiping company, received the word of God, the consolations of Christian faith and hope were imparted to the Gentiles, and the door of the Christian church opened for their admission.

To me there was many an interesting reflection connected with this event. I had been traveling over the ground where the ordinances and ceremonies had been instituted, that had hedged in, like an impassable barrier, the Jewish nation. Now, I was entering upon the land where these partition walls of laws and ordinances that were against us, had been broken down, that all men might become fellow-heirs in the blessings of a glorious and eternal salvation.

From the battlements of this roof we could look down upon the shore from which Jonah embarked on his perilous voyage; for when he undertook to run away from obedience to the commands of the Almighty, he came to Joppa, and found a ship going to Tarshish. Here our eye rested upon the waters that were lashed into fury by the fearful storm, and there dwelt the

leviathan in whose capacious maw the disobedient prophet found a living tomb. If all who thus attempt to run away from the Lord should meet the fate of Jonah, what an amount of work the "great fish" of that sea would have to do!

This city was one of the strongholds of the Assyrians. In their wars with the Jews, they and the Egyptians sacked and pillaged the place five times; three times it was taken by the Romans, and twice it was plundered by the Saracens, in one of which conquests eight thousand of its inhabitants were butchered. March, 1799, it fell into the hands of Napoleon, and the visitor now goes down to stand upon the spot where four thousand soldiers, chiefly Albanians, in violation of the terms of capitulation, were marched out with their hands tied behind them, and deliberately shot by Napoleon's order. Here, too, the traveler is told, this same military commander, when forced to commence his retreat across the desert to Egypt, finding in his hospitals from four to five hundred of his own men whom he could not remove, administered to each a dose of poison and left them behind!

The modern city, which, but twenty years ago, contained only about six thousand inhabitants, has, within a few years, including the gardens of the suburbs, more than doubled its population. Her gardens, orchards, and orange groves now constitute some of the most delightful portions of the land.

DEPARTURE FOR JERUSALEM.

At 2 o'clock our arrangements were completed, our horses were at the place of rendezvous, and our luggage packed upon a couple of mules. When my horse was brought me, I found a poor, miserable, foundered nag—an ugly looking ringbone on one of his feet—totally unfit for service. The horses furnished the others, though mean enough, were far superior to mine. I declined to accept him, and decidedly refused to go unless a decent horse was furnished. A rabble of Arabs always gather around on such occasions, and they declared he was *tibe*, (good,) and to prove it one of them mounted him, to show off his agility. In starting, he struck his ringbone foot against a stone, and went hobbling off on three legs, much to the chagrin of

the rider, and the great amusement of the by-standers. The scene was so ludicrous, roars of laughter burst from every side. Still the groomsman declared he was *tibe*, and would do well, after he had gone a mile or two. But I was firm, and refused to accept him. I was then solicited to ride him as far as the gate, assured that there another should be furnished. I suspected this was only a ruse to get me started, and then leave me to get on as best I could, and I learned afterwards such was the fact. I had no idea of being turned off with any such shabby, broken-down pack-horse, and after much gesticulation and higgling, seeing no way of bringing the rascals to terms, I peremptorily ordered my baggage to be taken from the pack-mule, and told them I would look out a horse for myself. This had the desired effect, and in less than ten minutes a decent horse was furnished me. I mention this as one incident among many of a similar kind, showing the disposition of the natives and the manner of their dealing with travelers, as well as the necessity that often compels one to contend sternly with them. As a general thing, those natives the traveler comes in contact with in business transactions are an arrant set of knaves.

RAMLEH AND PLAIN OF SHARON.

We left Jaffa by the only gate upon the land side, and set our faces towards the Holy City. The country about Jaffa is certainly a most delightful one. Extensive plains, covered with luxuriant vegetation, stretched along the shore of the sea, and far into the interior. Large orange groves were just yielding their luxuriant harvests of golden-colored fruit. Such oranges I had never before seen, and had no idea they ever grew to such great size. The ground was dotted with flowers of every hue, and the air was vocal with the music of birds.

Our road lay directly across the beautiful Plain of Sharon. It commences on the north at the base of Carmel, and thus in scripture we find Sharon and Carmel mentioned together. It is a long, low, maritime plain, running southward to Philistia. Sharon signifies "level ground," or a "a plain." In the early history of Israel it was noted for its fine pasturage.

In the days of the prophet Isaiah, the voice of inspiration

proclaimed that Sharon should be a wilderness. What was then predicted is now fulfilled. The traveler every where, as he rides over this beautiful plain, sees written in unmistakable language the fulfillment of the prediction. But few villages are seen, and but few cultivated spots adorn it. It has become a home for the lawless, wandering Bedawin. Here his black tents dot the landscape, and here he roams with his flocks of sheep and goats. With its wide undulations and verdant slopes, it is still beautiful to the eye; and one, as he rides over it, cannot but regret that it should be given up to neglect and desolation.

THE ROSE OF SHARON.

We wondered if we could be favored with the sight of that once renowned and beautiful flower to which Solomon likened his beloved. A missionary, long resident in the country, informed me, as the result of his investigations, that it was now impossible to determine what particular flower was meant. No one, he thinks, can now tell what the Rose of Sharon was. Another one thinks the malva, a sort of marsh mallows that grows abundantly upon this plain, rising into a stout bush, bearing thousands of beautiful flowers, may be the plant alluded to. Others, again, object to this, and contend for the real rose, queen of flowers, wild varieties of which are said to grow on some parts of this plain. It is quite certain the rose was known to the ancients, and beautiful ones might have been grown upon the dry, sandy soil of this plain. The knowledge of the particular flower alluded to may have been lost; we may never see its beauty or be regaled by its fragrance; but the real Rose of Sharon lives—his beauties are unfading, and he unfolds his charms to every believer, whether he be an inhabitant of the plain, a child of the desert, or the mountain. On this route you pass near, and can visit, if you choose, the ancient city of

LYDDA, OR LUDD,

As it is now called. It numbers about two thousand inhabitants, and is surrounded by beautiful groves, among which may be seen the olive, the fig, and the pomegranate. Despite the

ruin that has crept over the country, it is a pleasant spot for the eye to rest upon, and there is about it an air of thrift and prosperity that can be seen in but few places in the land. Here are the ruins of the old church of St. George; indeed, it is said to be the birth-place of that renowned knight and dragon-killer. One noble old arch of the church is left standing, a sad memento of its former imposing grandeur.

This is one of the few places that retains its ancient Hebrew name. Of the children of Lod there returned from the Babylonish captivity seven hundred and twenty-five, and Nehemiah mentions this city as being in the valley of craftsmen. But what is of more interest, we shall now be constantly passing over ground that has been consecrated and immortalized, not only by deeds of Old Testament history, but by the marvelous miracles of the New. Once there lay in that city a poor, afflicted man, who, for eight years, had kept his bed with the palsy. An apostle of the Savior came journeying this way, and stood by the bed-side of the helpless man. What strange language he uttered. "Eneas, Jesus Christ maketh thee whole; arise, and make thy bed." And he arose immediately. It was the fame of this great miracle that called Peter to Joppa to restore Dorcas to life, and that ended in his illustrious mission to the Gentiles. Surely we are entering upon the arena of renowned and wonderful events. We should have mentioned as we passed about an hour's ride from Jaffa,

BEIT DEJAN, OR BETH DAGON.

In this name the reader will readily recognize an ancient scriptural locality, suggestive of the old deity of the Philistines. Indeed, stretching away all along to the south of us is the country of that powerful race of people, who so long and so successfully opposed themslves to the people of God. There is Askelon, Ashdod, Gath and Gaza, from which the intrepid Sampson bore the ponderous city gates. It was on this field, too, he performed many other renowned exploits. Here he slew the lion and puzzled the people with his strange riddle; and near us are some of the great battle-fields where fearful scenes of blood and carnage have been enacted. It was among these

cities the captive ark of God went wandering, when the people, troubled and afflicted at its presence, sent it from place to place. Beth Dagon means "House of Dagon." So we may conclude that here that renowned deity had one of his celebrated temples. It was into one of these temples the people brought the captured ark of God, and in the morning their god Dagon was found prostrate before it. An invigorating ride of about two hours brought us to

RAMLEH.

Ramleh means "sandy," and is surrounded by a sandy plain, covered with luxuriant vegetation. The large gardens, inclosed with enormous cactus hedges, have a very singular appearance. As you approach the place, your attention is arrested by an old ruined stone tower of great size, and one hundred and twenty feet high, standing upon an elevation one-fourth of a mile from the town. How came that imposing specimen of architectural skill and industry here? Who can tell? As you approach it you pass over many old vaulted cisterns, and other ruins are seen in the vicinity, indicating the existence, in former days, of a population in its immediate vicinity. The Arabs now claim it as the minaret of a ruined mosque; but it was probably the tower of an ancient church erected by the Crusaders; and long before the muezzin's call to prayer was heard there, it was the tower of a Christian church, from which the tolling bell called to the worship of the Savior.

Ramleh some suppose to be the Arimathea of Joseph. Others tell us it was not a New Testament town, but was probably built in the early part of the eighth century. It has a prominent place in the history of the Crusaders. They found it a walled city, with four gates opening to each of the four cardinal points. It had its markets, mosques, and stores of provisions. In 1099, as the Crusaders approached, the city was deserted by the inhabitants, and the invaders found rest and refreshment within its walls. Here, it is said, they held a great feast in honor of St. George, and formally installed him as their patron, on account of the miracle he had wrought in their favor at Antioch.

About an hour before sunset we entered the town. There is

no public house here, but there is a Latin convent, occupied by a few Spanish and Italian friars, within the walls of which travelers can find a resting place—not, however, on the principle of charity—the monks expect a liberal fee for their boiled eggs and brown bread. We furnished ourselves with a day's rations at Jaffa, the German missionary of the town furnished us an empty room, matrasses and blankets, and we passed a second night in the Holy Land in comparative comfort.

OUR FACES TOWARDS THE HOLY CITY.

Anxious to be on our way, we rose at an early hour in the morning. At 3 o'clock we made a frugal breakfast of bread and coffee, and were several miles on our way before the morning light had illuminated the eastern sky. The ride from Jaffa to Jerusalem is said to be one of the most dreary in all the country. The road winds over rocky hills, through deep and crooked ravines, and along slippery banks. There was, undoubtedly, a good road through here in Solomon's time, and so there must have been in the days of the Roman occupation; but nearly every vestige of these former roads have been swept away. The ravines and side-hills are annually washed by the torrents of the winter rains, and it can scarcely be said there is any road at all. A bridle-path is all that exists, and this is, in many places, extremely difficult, even for the experienced horses of the country. The distance is probably about thirty-six to thirty-eight English miles. With luggage and ordinary horses, it can be passed over in about twelve to fourteen hours; with a good horse and no incumbrances, a person might perform the journey in seven or eight hours.

We passed near the head of the Valley of Ajalon, and sent an earnest, searching look along the country over which Israel pursued their discomfited enemies, while, at the command of Joshua, the sun and moon stood still in the heavens to give them time to finish the work of destruction. We soon left the plain and entered upon the "hill country." Our road now became rough and more difficult. Sometimes our horses were sliding along smooth, shelving beds of solid rocks; now climbing a rough ascent, where it would seem only goats could get

a foothold; now tramping the pebbly bed of some wild, deep ravine. The horses of the country are accustomed to traveling here, and it is astonishing with what carefulness and precision they will make their way along these difficult roads.

FALL OF ONE OF OUR HORSES.

Notwithstanding the perilous condition of the road, but one accident occurred. The horse of one of the party slipped upon the edge of a ravine, fell, and rolled into a ditch that had been plowed out by the winter torrent. There the poor beast lay, back down and feet up, wedged under a projection of rock, unable to move an inch. It took several men to lift the helpless brute into a position where he could again recover his standing. The rider slipped from his back and came off with only a sprained ankle; the horse came out unharmed. We began now to understand the force of the scripture expression, "hill country of Judea;" hilly enough, indeed, we find it, the rocky ascents rising all around us. Few signs of inhabitants were seen, and the country has a neglected and desolate look. But though the hills have been washed by winter rains till the projecting rocks are bare and barren, the evidences of former industry and fertility are every where apparent. The remains of the terraces that once adorned them from base to summit, are still visible, and, occasionally, a straggling olive, or an emblematic fig remains, to tell the story of former cultivation and fruitfulness.

A ROBBER'S GLEN.

One of the wild ravines through which we passed is celebrated as the scene of the exploits of a robber chieftain, named Abou Gaush. No one could go through this narrow pass without his sanction. The solitary traveler and the grand caravan were alike the object of his plunder. The whole country stood in fear of him, and travelers trembled at his name. Two pashas, on one occasion, attempting to pass here with their retinues, were shot dead by this daring bandit. For nearly fifty years he contrived to elude capture, and prosecuted his career of plunder and crime. At last, in 1846, himself and several of

his principal men fell into the hands of the Turkish authorities, and were sent to Constantinople. The road is now safe, but the remembrance of these bloody atrocities often sends a thrill of terror to the heart of the timid traveler. Emerging from this dark glen you come upon

KIRJATH-JEARIM.

Like most of the villages you see here, it is built of stone, and stands high up the hill-side. The hill is terraced, and dotted with olive and fig trees. The massive walls of a fine old Gothic church, dating back to the days of the Crusaders, add to the picturesque appearance of the town; and towering among the smaller houses, may be seen two or three castle-like buildings, that were once the stronghold of Abou Gaush, the bloody chieftain. Here some of his descendants still reside, and the people of the place are said to still inherit much of the turbulent and hostile spirit that their former education has infused into them.

This place is now called Kuryet el 'Enab, "the Village of Grapes," and is the site of the Kirjath-Jearim of scripture, "the Village of Forests," originally one of the cities of the Gibeonites, who so adroitly beguiled Joshua into a league of peace. It is also called in the Bible Kirjath Baal; and stood on the southwest angle of the territory of Benjamin, ten miles from Jerusalem. But it was none of these things I have mentioned that led me to linger as my company rode onward, and turn and look again and again upon Kirjath-Jearim. I remembered it as the place *where the ark of God rested.*

Near three thousand years ago that ark had been taken from its resting place beneath the covert of the tabernacle at Shiloh, and borne before the armies of Israel. But Israel had sinned against the Lord, and though they carried the symbol of his presence, God went not with them. They were overcome in battle, and the ark of God was captured by their enemies. The Philistines carried it to Ashdod, and Dagon fell prostrate before it, and fearful judgments troubled the city. They sent it to Gaza, and thence to Ekron, but God had never intended that the profane hands of idolaters should pollute the

consecrated symbol of his presence and glory. Wherever it went plagues followed it, and fear fell on the people. At last it was sent back to its own people. The men of Kirjath-Jearim received it. On the top of yonder hill, they brought it into the house of Abinadab, and sanctified Eleazer, his son, to keep it; and here it rested till David, after he was crowned king, prepared a place for it on Mount Zion.

I had stood upon the place where that ark was built and sanctified, and God first covered it with the cloud of his glory. I had dwelt with intense interest upon every portion of its history. I was anticipating a visit to old Shiloh, where for six hundred years it stood as the center of Israel's worship; and every spot of ground over which it had been carried seemed to possess a peculiar sanctity.

FIRST SIGHT OF ZION.

On we went, sometimes climbing along the rocky hill-sides, and now picking our way along the water-course of some deep glen. Nothing can be better calculated to awaken thoughts of robbers and banditti than some of these wild mountain passes, and no place could be better calculated to shield the assassin in his deeds of blood. A dense tangled growth of dwarf-oak, hawthorn and rock-rose crowd close upon the pathway, and the jagged rocks lend their aid to increase the security of these lurking places.

About 12 o'clock we were on the look-out for the city of our destination. Passing down a long defile into a deep valley, we flattered ourselves we should catch a glimpse of the wished for place as we ascended. Up the opposite ascent we slowly and wearily toiled. We thought we had gained the summit, and strained our eyes for a glimpse of Zion and Olivet. Still there was another hight beyond. Up, and up, and up we went. At last we reached the summit, and looking far ahead, the distant mountains of Moab rose first upon our view; then the deep valley of the Jordan and the Dead Sea; a little nearer, and the minarets first, then the domes, and the houses, and the massive walls rose up before us. Involuntarily we exclaimed: "*The*

JERUSALEM WITH ITS WALLS AS SEEN FROM THE NORTHWEST.

Holy City! THE HOLY CITY!" How appropriate the words of Tasso seemed:

"Lo, towered Jerusalem salutes the eye!
A thousand pointing fingers tell the tale;
'Jerusalem!' a thousand voices cry,
'All hail, Jerusalem!' hill, down and dale
Catch the glad sounds, and shout, 'Jerusalem, all hail!'"

Mr. Herrick and myself were riding side by side, separated from the rest of our company. We stopped our horses, uncovered our heads, and fixed our deep, earnest gaze upon the sacred place, fraught with so many hallowed associations—the great central point from which has gone forth the influence that is regenerating the world.

How deep the emotions, and how inspiring the associations that came crowding upon us! The history of three thousand years seemed compressed into a brief space, and the eye of memory took them all in at a glance. There was the city of David, and of David's Lord; there was Zion, Moriah, Gethsemane, Olivet and Calvary! Our eyes seemed riveted to the sacred spot. We uncovered our heads in reverence, and lifted our hearts in grateful thanksgiving to Almighty God, who had spared us in all the perils of a journey of near seven thousand miles, and granted us so much of the desire of our hearts. I believe our feelings were in unison. It was no superstitious or noisy enthusiasm that moved us. It was a moment of deep, silent, solemn, reverential awe.

But the first emotions kindled by the sight subsided. On we went, rapidly nearing the place. Just about 1 o'clock we entered the Jaffa gate, and our feet stood within the walls of "The City of the Great King."

CHAPTER II.

Our Home in Jerusalem—A Glance at the City—Sketch of its History.

We entered Jerusalem on the 21st of March. The accommodation for travelers in the way of public houses is quite limited and expensive. The Mediterranean hotel is the principal one, at two dollars and fifty cents a day. A Christian Jew keeps a sort of boarding-house—"Traveler's Rest"—where a comfortable home can be found at one dollar and twenty-five cents a day. There is also a German Hospice, established in part for the entertainment of Christian travelers, where a limited number, usually not more than six or eight at a time, can find agreeable quarters, at three dollars and fifty cents a week. Hundreds of the poor pilgrims of the different branches of the church are entertained gratuitously in the different convents of the city. In consequence of the previous acquaintance of one of our company with a monk of the Franciscan convent, and who had invited him on his visit to Jerusalem to make the convent his home, we were induced first to make application to that institution.

The door-keeper carried our request to the Father Superior, who, after some questioning as to who we were, whence we came, and what our object in visiting the Holy City was, gave us an order of admittance.

The first home of these Franciscans, in Jerusalem, was in the Hospital of St. John. From this they were driven by a change of masters, when they established themselves on Mount Zion, near where the Moslem tomb of David now stands. Here they remained from A. D. 1313 to 1561. Another change of masters expelled them from this, when they bought the present

convent of St. Salvador, where they still continue. The house for the entertainment of travelers is attached to the convent, and is called "The New House of the World for the Entertainment of Pilgrims." It is open, as the rules declare, for the reception of pilgrims from all parts of the world, without any distinction of nationality or religion. Visitors, by conforming to the rules, are allowed to remain thirty days. No charge is made, but presents are not refused. The living is plain, but plentiful; the cooking is done by the monks, and servants are employed to take care of the rooms. The Father Superior is always an Italian, and the monks are nearly all Italian, and the Italian language is mostly spoken among them. We were there during Lent and Easter, and a large number of visitors were in attendance, mostly Italians and French. Several high church dignitaries from different parts of Europe were stopping there, and during ten days of the time about sixty officers of the French army from Beirut. A portion of the time their house was full, and from eighty to one hundred dined at their table.

A GLANCE AT THE CITY.

Although we were protestants and among strangers, we were treated with kindness and attention. Among the monks we found an Irish priest by the name of Stafford, who seemed much pleased to find company with whom he could converse in English. He spent considerable time with us in our rooms, and went with us several days in our excursions about the city and country. We obtained much valuable information from him as to the number and influence of the different religious sects in Palestine and Jerusalem, and also with regard to the so called Holy Places. The monks of this convent appear to be quite an intelligent and industrious class of persons. They have, within the walls of their convent, a mill driven by horse-power, where they grind all their own grain; they have also quite an extensive printing establishment, where they manufacture books for their churches and schools. Other kinds of mechanical labor are also carried on among them.

Here, then, we are, after a long and fatiguing journey, in one

of the most interesting places in the world. "Our feet stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem!" What a history this city has! Jerusalem, "The Abode of Peace." The Greeks called it Hierosolyma, hence the sacred Solyma. The derivation of the name has been a subject of much dispute. The Jewish rabbins have ingeniously reconciled conflicting opinions as follows: "The name of the place is Jehovah-Jireh. Abraham called the name of the place Jireh; Shem called it Shalem. Saith God: 'If I shall call it Jireh, it will displease Shem the just; if I shall call it Shalem, it will displease Abraham the just. I will, therefore, put the name upon it which was put upon it by both—Jireh-Shalem'—Jerushalaim—Jerusalem. The Arabs and Turks call it El-Khuds, "the Holy, or Beit-el-Makhudis," "the Holy House, or House of the Sanctuary."

Once it was the royal residence of Melchisedek, the prince and priest. Here was Moriah, to which Abraham came on the third day from Beersheba, when, in the stern resolution of an unwavering faith, he laid his only son upon the altar, and received him back as one alive from the dead. Here, for many long years, was the capital of the Hebrew nation; the royal palace of her kings, and the center of their worship. Hither the tribes came up, the tribes of the Lord, to worship in his holy temple. "In Salem was God's tabernacle, and his dwelling place in Zion." And here, inspiring thought! in subsequent times, a greater than Abraham bound his only and well beloved son to the altar of the cross; and here the world welcomed him back from the dead, the blessed harbinger of light, life, and immortality. What interesting walks we shall have among these sacred localities! What impressive lessons we shall learn as we wander over its hills, and reflect among its ruins. Contemplate

JERUSALEM AS A BATTLE-FIELD.

As a "Habitation of Peace," how often its history has contradicted its name! What wars have been waged; what scenes of carnage and bloodshed have here been enacted! Of what took place here after Abraham's visit, and prior to the occupation of the land by the children of Israel, we have no historic

records to inform us. What contentions may have arisen among fierce Canaanitish tribes, none can now tell. Joshua found here a stronghold in possession of the Jebusites. They were a warlike race, and strongly fortified, and no attempt seems to have been made by him to conquer them. After his death, the tribe of Judah took Jerusalem, and smote it with the edge of the sword, and set it on fire. But it seems far from having been a complete conquest, for we are informed, in another place, the children of Israel could not drive out the Jebusites inhabiting Jerusalem. The Benjaminites made an attempt, and also failed. They seem, however, to have possessed some portions of it, for the Jebusites and Israelites are mentioned as residing here together. It was not until David had reigned king in Hebron seven years and six months, that he went up to Jerusalem to fight against the Jebusites. At this time, so strongly were they fortified, they defied him with taunts and insults, and dared him to make the assault. Joab signalized himself by leading the attack; the Jebusites were expelled and utterly overthrown. David made Jerusalem the capital of his kingdom; built his palace upon Mount Zion; removed hither the ark of the Lord; built and consecrated an altar on Mount Moriah in the threshing-floor of Araunah, the Jebusite, and for thirty-three years reigned king over Israel and Judah.

Its occupation by David was the commencement of its prosperity. He greatly enlarged and strengthened it. It continued to increase in population, wealth, power and splendor, and under Solomon reached the zenith of its glory. Rich tributary streams from the surrounding nations poured into it. Africa contributed her luxuries, and India brought her spices and gold. The wisdom of its ruler, and the splendor of its court, were the wonder and astonishment of distant nations, and many, like the Queen of Sheba, came to witness its glory. What immense wealth was gathered into this city during this prosperous reign! The quantity of gold left by David for Solomon to expend upon the temple, amounted to more than one hundred millions of dollars. Solomon obtained more than sixteen millions of dollars in gold in one voyage to Ophir, while silver was so abundant, "it was not any thing thought of," and the king made it "to

be in Jerusalem as stones." The reign of Solomon, the building of the temple, and the permanent establishment of the Hebrew worship, was the crowning glory of the nation, and Jerusalem wore the coronet among the world's sisterhood of illustrious cities. With the death of Solomon commenced

ITS DECLINE.

The first reverse was the revolt under Rehoboam. Ten of the tribes rebelled. Judah and Benjamim only remained in their allegiance, and Jerusalem was the capital of but a small portion of the national territory. Soon after, Jeroboam instituted the idolatrous worship of the golden calves at Bethel, and Dan and the ten tribes ceased to go up to Zion to worship in the House of the Lord.

While Rehoboam was yet king, nine hundred and seventy-three years B. C., Shishak, king of Egypt, came up against Jerusalem, conquered and pillaged it, and carried away with him immense quantities of gold and silver, robbing even the sanctuary of God of its gold and silver vessels. The record of this conquest is preserved among the sculptured tablets of Upper Egypt. The chiseled walls of the ruins of Karnack tell the same story that the biblical student may read in the twelfth chapter of the 2d book of Chronicles; another striking evidence of the manner in which God has left his Handwriting upon the monuments of heathen nations to corroborate the truth of his written word! Three thousand years of the craft of designing men, and of the efforts of unbelievers, have not been able to destroy the one, nor the lapse of time and the ravages of war to deface the other. They are both God's witnesses, and by him have been wonderfully preserved!

The contending tribes of Israel and Judah were often at war with each other, and Jerusalem was often the scene of strife. Eight hundred and twenty-six years B. C., Jehoash, king of Israel, conquered Jerusalem, broke down a large portion of the wall, demolished the palace of Amaziah, and plundered the temple of God. The city continued to pass through a variety of fortunes. Sometimes the temple of God was honored, and his altars burned with holy sacrifices, and the incense of an

adoring people ascended from its courts; at other times idolatrous rulers defiled it with their polluting sacrifices. At last, the cup of their iniquity was full. Then came

THE GREAT CAPTIVITY.

About six hundred years B. C., and a little more than four hundred and fifty years after David erected his palace upon Mount Zion, Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, laid siege to Jerusalem. Three years the city resisted all the efforts of this powerful monarch to reduce it to submission. But resistance was in vain—the invading army triumphed. The walls were razed to the ground—the costly and magnificent temple, and the splendid palaces of the city were burned with fire. Jehoiachim, with all his kindred and courtiers, were taken prisoners. The conquering king returned in triumph to Babylon, taking with him an immense amount of plunder, including ten thousand able men of the city, many thousands from the surrounding country, together with the vessels of gold and costly furniture Solomon had made for the temple. The horrors of this siege, and the massacre that followed, are beyond description. The brutal soldiery had no compassion on young men or maidens, old men or infants. O, Jerusalem! what terrible scenes of plunder and carnage thou hast witnessed! But the worst has not yet been told.

THE GRECIAN INVASION.

The long, tedious captivity of seventy years passed. God provided for the return of a punished and penitent people to their former home. Jerusalem was re-built; the beautiful temple again arose from its ruins. When its foundations were laid, the people, Ezra informs us, shouted with joy, while some of the old Levites, who had seen the glory of the first temple, wept with a loud voice. The prophecies that foretold this captivity, the exact time of its continuance, and the manner of the restoration, are among the most remarkable portions of the revelation of God. They are the unmistakable imprint of the hand of the Almighty in the Written Record he has given us.

After the return from the captivity, Jerusalem, for a series

of years, seems to have enjoyed rest and quiet. Three hundred and thirty-five years B. C., Alexander, the Macedonian, commences his career and extends his conquests over the Persian empire. Before leaving home, in the visions of the night, a man, curiously and strangely attired, stands before him. Words of encouragement seem to fall upon the ear of Alexander, and the vision assures him that his expedition to the East shall be successful. Dominion passes from the Persians to the Greeks. Jerusalem is too important a city to be left out of the programme, and Alexander must go up and punish them for their fidelity to the Persians. Again a hostile army is encamped against Jerusalem. Must former scenes of murder and pillage be re-enacted? Jaddua, the high-priest, arrays himself in his costly sacerdotal vestments, and at the head of a train of priests, with the emblems of peace in their hands, marches out to meet the dreaded conquerer. Alexander regards them, at first, with stern and angry menace. But no sooner has his eye caught a glimpse of this strange figure at the head of the procession, than astonishment takes the place of anger and revenge. "The very figure I saw in my dream in Macedonia. What does it mean?" The mission is received with reverence and respect. He returns with them to the city—visits their temple and joins with them in their sacrifices—reads from their sacred books the prophecy of Daniel, that a Grecian should arise and overthrow the Persian empire. Instead of conquests and slaughter, he confers upon them important privileges and immunities, and retires with his army from their city and country. What hand but the Hand of God could have guided the pen of Daniel, when, in his far off captivity, he wrote Persian, Grecian and Jewish history many years before the events transpired!

THE ROMAN OCCUPATION.

The triumph of the Macedonian conqueror was of short duration. The reign of the Ptolemies in Egypt was another important era in the history of Palestine. For more than sixty years, under their sovereignty, Jerusalem had rest. After that, in the wars between Seleucus, son of Antiochus, and the Ptolemies, the province of Judea and the adjoining country became

the theatre of many bloody contests. About three hundred years B. C., the Assyrian monarch gained the ascendancy, and not only the peace, but the very existence of the Jewish nation seemed to be involved. One hundred and fifty years B. C., Epiphanes plundered Jerusalem, sacrificed a swine upon the holy altar of their temple, and with its filth polluted the whole building. Two years after, he sent his general, Apollonius, to complete the destruction. He selected the Sabbath day, the sanctity of which he knew the Jews would not violate, even by fighting in self-defense. His soldiers, like demons incarnate, went through the streets slaughtering all they met. The women and children were spared to be sold as slaves. The houses were pillaged, the city walls laid prostrate, every street and lane, and even the courts of the holy temple, flowed with blood. Jerusalem was left desolate—sacrifices and oblations ceased—the sacred temple of the living God was dedicated to Jupiter Olympius, and the holy altar of the Deity polluted by the sacrifices of idols.

We cannot follow Jerusalem in its fortunes under the reign of the Maccabees. The Roman Eagle at last gained the ascendant. Thirty-four years B. C., the last prince of the Asmonean line was murdered by the Roman prefect of Syria, and Herod the Great made king of the Jews. Then came a season of tranquility. The nations of the world had rest. The oblations upon the altars of Moloch ceased, and the temple of Janus was shut. Angelic messengers announced the appearance of the Prince of Peace, and Christ, the Redeemer and Savior, walked the streets of Jerusalem. But he walked among the tombs of murdered kings, over the wreck and ruin of buried palaces, and along the avenues that had again and again streamed with blood.

MASSACRE UNDER TITUS.

City of Zion! is not the measure of thine iniquity, and the cup of thy suffering yet full? See, on yonder mount of Olives that Savior sits. His eye is fixed upon the city, while the long drawn sigh and the gathering tear indicate the deep emotions of his heart, as with prophetic ken he penetrates the future.

"O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee; how often would I have gathered thy children together as a hen gathereth her brood under her wing, but ye would not. Your house is left unto you desolate. Thy children shall perish within thee; thy walls shall be laid even with the ground, and of thy boasted temple not one stone shall be left upon another." Fifty years did not pass away before this fearful prediction was fulfilled.

Under Herod the city had been raised to a hight of wealth and prosperity it had not before enjoyed since its glory under Solomon. The place was enlarged, the streets improved, and the temple re-built and adorned, until, in many things, it even exceeded the magnificence of the one built by Solomon. But the hight of greatness to which it was raised, only added darkness and depth to the pit of its ruin. The horrors of the siege under Titus have often been portrayed, and are familiar to almost every reader. Such fearful sufferings, such indiscriminate slaughter, such awful scenes of carnage and cruelty, the historian has seldom been called upon to record. At last the slaughter ceased for the want of subjects. Titus saved a part of the western wall and three of its towers, as monuments to show posterity the great strength of the city he had conquered. It is said that the enormous number of one million one hundred thousand Jews perished in the siege and massacre, and nearly one hundred thousand more were taken prisoners. The walls, towers and fortifications, except the portion before mentioned, were utterly demolished, the holy temple was burned, and of all its glory a mass of ruins only remained. What terrible reverses for one single city! and yet we have not seen the end.

JERUSALEM WAS RE-BUILT.

Many Jews clung to the ruins, unwilling to abandon the hou[illegible]s and tombs of their ancestors. In the twentieth year of the Emperor Adrian an attempt was made to restore the ruined city. Jupiter was made the patron god of the place; statues of heathen deities were set up in the most holy places; the ancient capital of Israel, where God had manifested his glory, was transformed into a pagan city, and upon the very spot where

Christ had died, the altars of heathen deities polluted the ground. Then came the long and bloody conflicts between paganism and christianity. Bloody persecutions were waged as one or the other triumphed. At last the religion of the cross was established, and Jerusalem became a Christian Patriarchite. Churches and monasteries were built, holy places were honored and consecrated, and multitudes of pilgrims began to flock to these Christian shrines. Then came

THE MOHAMMEDAN CONQUEST,

Followed by the wars of the Crusaders. In A. D. 636, the Moslem troops under the Calif Omar laid siege to Jerusalem; and now on this battle-field, where all nations and languages had alternately contended for the mastery, Mohammedans and Christians engaged in fierce and deadly strife, and scenes of former carnage were again renewed. The Moslem triumphed, the religion of the false Prophet gained the ascendant, and on the very site of the ancient temple they built their mosque, and from the summit of Moriah the muezzin's call to prayer was heard. Then followed long years of strife. Bloody conflicts were waged, and terrible massacres succeeded each other. In 1050, Jerusalem came under the rule of the Turks. The situation of the Christians became deplorable. Both pilgrims and residents were subjected to terrible indignities and cruelties. Peter the Hermit, having witnessed these atrocities, returned to Rome to tell the harrowing tale. All Christian Europe was aroused. Legions of valiant knights and soldiers precipitated themselves upon western Asia. In 1099, they captured Jerusalem, and re-built the church of the Holy Sepulchre. They held the city eighty-eight years, when it was re-captured by Saladin, who, fearing the Christians would again obtain the rule, pulled down nearly all the walls, and for ten years they remained unbuilt. In 1229, Jerusalem was again delivered into the hands of the Crusaders. They attempted a few years after to re-build the walls, when a Moslem prince again attacked and captured the city. Four years after, the Christians again obtained possession of it, but they held it only a few months. In 1243, they were driven out for the last time,

and the crescent still triumphs. The proud Turk holds dominion, and the Mussulman dictates terms of citizenship to the follower of the cross. But thanks to the milder reign of the toleration that characterizes the present day, these hitherto contending powers do all now dwell here in comparative peace. The lion now lies down with the lamb; the muezzin's call to prayer, as it falls upon the ear of the faithful, mingles with the music of the cathedral bell, that reminds the Christian of his Savior, and the Jew worships the God of his fathers, and none molest him.

We have introduced this brief synopsis of the city's history, that the reader may see upon what strange ground we are now standing! What scenes of thrilling interest have here transpired! How often the clarion voice of war has awakened the echo of these mountains! Here, beneath our very feet, ruins have been piled upon ruins, and palaces above palaces have gone to decay; while on the very soil upon which we tread, the slaughtered heaps in weltering ranks have lain, and the dust of many nations has been blended in strange and promiscuous confusion.

WALKS ABOUT THE CITY.

And now to which of these interesting localities shall we first turn our attention? Where there is so much to be seen, where every foot of ground has its lessons, every hill-side mound and valley has been the scene of some thrilling event, or hallowed by some sacred association, we shall scarcely have time to linger over them all. Let me lead you, then, to that locality, the name of which has become so intimately interwoven with all the hallowed remembrances of both Jew and Christian, and that has given a name to the anticipated home of our future inheritance and rest. Let us stand upon Mount Zion.

A few minutes' walk from our convent, and we are upon its very summit. This is the mount upon which the original city was built. Here was the stronghold of the Jebusites, captured by David. Here was the palace of Israel's kings, and here the city that became the praise of the whole earth. This was God's hill, in which he delighted to dwell. Of this place David

speaks: "Walk about Zion, and go round about her; tell the towers thereof; mark ye well her bulwarks, and consider her palaces." "Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion." Alas, how changed! How fallen!

Zion occupies the whole southwestern section of the ancient site of Jerusalem, and was the largest of the mounts over which the city subsequently spread. On the west and south it has the valley of Hinnom. From this valley the sides anciently rose up in steep and rocky precipices. From the repeated destructions of the city, the ruins, in immense piles, have been tumbled into these valleys, so as to cover up, in many places, the precipitous ledges of rocks. The southern brow of Zion is very bold and prominent. The hight of the hill above the valley at the southwest corner of the city is one hundred and fifty feet; above the valley of Jehoshaphat, on the south, three hundred feet.

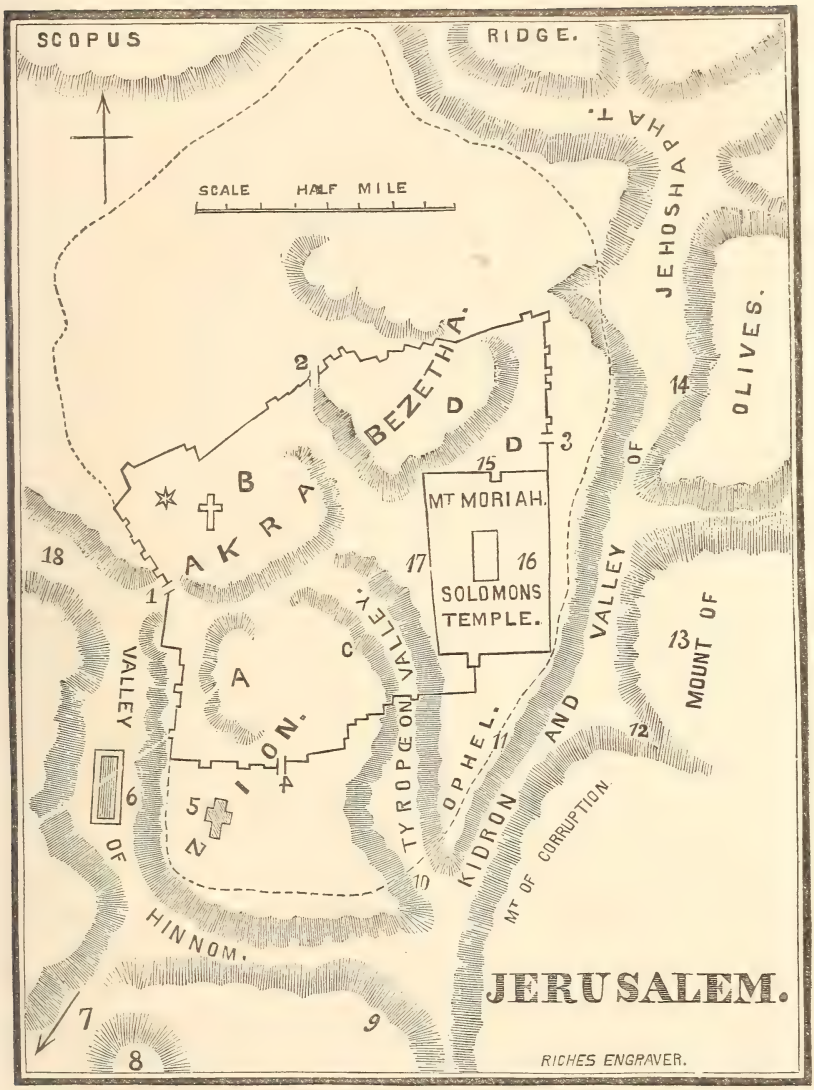
Standing here on the hights of Zion, turning your face to the east, and looking along down the slope, you have before you the Tyropean valley, now so filled up with the accumulation of centuries of ruins, as scarcely to have the appearance of a valley. As an evidence of the accumulation of this mass of ruins, upon the very hill-top where we are now standing, when, some years since, the English church was built, they penetrated between forty and fifty feet of rubbish before they found the original soil. If such has been the accumulation upon the hill, what must it be in the valleys below! Looking beyond this valley and a little to the northward, the eye rests upon Mount Moriah, where the temple of Solomon once stood, its summit now crowned with a costly Moslem mosque. Beyond that still, to the east, is the deep valley of Jehoshaphat, with the brook Kidron and the Garden of Gethsemane; and beyond all these, rises the beautiful summit of the Mount of Olives. To the left, or northward, of where you stand, is Akra, and east of it, Bezetha, two other hills over which the city originally spread, and a part of which it still covers. Such is a hasty view of the position of the prominent localities of the city in which we now stand.

Where the ancient walls stood, it is now impossible to tell.

Ruin has been piled on ruin, and destruction, as we have seen, has followed destruction. The ancient city, according to Josephus, where it was not considered impregnable on account of its deep ravines, was fortified by three walls. These walls, however, were built at different periods to inclose different portions of the city. The original city, as we have before said, covered this Mount Zion. As the city was enlarged, a wall was built around the portion that extended over Akra, and another around Bezetha. The city is now much smaller than in the days of Christ, but it is still encompassed by a very strong wall. This wall is just about two and a half miles in circumference, and very strongly built. A variety of different stones are worked into it, indicating that the materials were quarried and chiseled in different ages of the world. Its average hight is about forty feet, its thickness from twelve to fifteen feet; in some places, owing to the inequalities of the surface of the ground, it is much higher than in others; the highest places being full seventy feet, while the lowest places are thirty to thirty-five feet. The present walls are supposed to have been built about 1542, occupying very nearly the same lines as those built by Hadrian. But probably every siege and pillage of the city has changed some portions of the walls.

CASTLE OF DAVID.

Just at the right, as you enter Jaffa gate, is a celebrated tower, remarkable for its great strength and venerable antiquity. It is called the tower of Hippicus, sometimes the "Tower of David," and by Mussulmen, the Castle of David. The lower part of it is built of massive stones, from nine to thirteen feet in length, and some of them more than four feet thick. These stones are cut with a deep bevel round the edges, indicating their Jewish origin. The hight of this tower, above the present level of the fosse, is forty feet. It is built solid, and recent excavations show that for a considerable hight above the foundation, it is formed of the natural rock, hewn into shape and faced with stones. That this tower stood here in the days of Josephus, there is little doubt, and it is one of the towers saved by Titus, as a memorial of the almost impregnable strength of



PLAN OF JERUSALEM AND ITS ENVIRONS.

The inner wall or line denotes the present size of the city. The outer dotted line the walls of the ancient city. 1. Jaffa Gate. 2. Damascus Gate. 3. St. Stephen's Gate. 4. Zion Gate. 5. Tomb of David. 6. Lower Pool of Gihon. 7. Road to Bethlehem. 8. Hill of Evil Counsel. 9. Pottersfield. 10. Pool of Siloam. 11. Fountain of the Virgin. 12. Village of Siloam. 13. Ancient Jewish Cemetery and Tombs of the Prophets. 14. Garden of Gethsemane. 15. Pool of Bethesda. 16. Gate Beautiful, or Golden Gate. 17. Jews' place of wailing. 18. Upper Pool of Gihon. A. Armenian Quarters. B. Christian Quarters. C. Jewish Quarters. D. Mohammedan Quarters. * Franciscan Convent. † Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

the city he had captured. Some date its origin back even to the times of David. It seems strange to be looking upon structures of such wonderful antiquity, and examining stones that might have been cut by the workmen of David or Solomon three thousand years ago. This tower or citadel has a dirty, neglected appearance, and is mounted by two or three pieces of antique looking ordnance, occasionally used in firing salutes. If you have a written order from the military commander of the city, you can ascend the tower. From the top you have a commanding view of the city, the best in fact that any position within the walls affords. From this elevation let us take a look at the different quarters of the city.

THE CHRISTIAN QUARTERS.

Take the accompanying plan of the city, and you will see first the parts marked A and B, covering portions of Zion and Akra. Here dwell the Christian population of the city, for though we have assigned a separate quarter to the Armenians, they may all be included in the Christian category, the Latins, or Roman Catholics, and the Greeks having also their separate portions. To these may be added Georgians, Copts, Syrians, Protestants, and many other sects. There is here one of the most mixed and multifarious populations upon the face of the globe; there is scarcely a sect, tribe or language but has its representative in Jerusalem.

Among the prominent buildings and establishments located in this part of the city, belonging to the Armenians, may be enumerated the *Armenian Convent*, one of the largest establishments in the city; the *Armenian Church of St. James*, a fine building, containing many gorgeous decorations of pictures and ornaments; the *Patriarchal Palace*, a new and elegant building; the *Armenian Hospitals;* the *Church of St. Thomas; Church of St. James the Less.*

In this portion of the city may also be found the *Greek Convent of St. George; Syrian Convent and Church of St. Mark; Church of the Crusaders;* a *Reading-room for Polish Jews; Christ's Church*, or the *Anglican Cathedral*, to which is attached a large parcel of ground, containing gardens, various

offices, etc., the property of the *London Jews' Society;* a large and well conducted *English Hospital;* a *Prussian Hospice*, with a necessary supply of nurses and attendants; the *Great Church of the Holy Sepulchre; Church and Convent of Gethsemane; Church and Convent of St. John the Forerunner;* the *Convent of Constantine;* near this another *Greek Church*, a *Greek Convent*, *Greek Nunnery*, *Archimandrite's Residence*, *Nunnery and Alms-house of St. Basil.* In other portions of this quarter we find the *Convent of St. Theodore; Church of the Schismatics; Russian Consulate;* various school buildings; a *Copts Convent*, and near it a *French Hospital; Franciscan Convent*, and various smaller establishments too numerous to mention.

In the Jews' quarter, marked C, are several buildings of note, synagogues, schools, dispensaries, etc.; while the Mohammedan quarter, marked D, is distinguished by the prominent city offices, Pasha's establishment, residence of the Military Governor, numerous mosques, residence of the Cadi, or Chief Justice, soldiers' barracks, Turkish hospital, several large bathing establishments, etc.

The Greek and Latin churches are by far the most numerous of any of the Christian sects in Jerusalem. Dr. Barclay makes the following estimate of their numbers:

Greek Church—1 Patriarch; 1 Archimandrite; 6 Bishops; 150 Priests; 90 Nuns; 100 boys in training for the Priesthood; 1 Theological, and 3 Common Schools; 12 Convents, with 12 Churches attached; 1 Dispensary, with Physician and assistants. Total of membership, 2,250.

The Latins—1 Patriarch; 100 Priests; 10 Nuns; 2 Churches; 2 Convents; 2 Hospitals, with male and female Physicians; 1 Alms-house; 1 House of Hospitality; 1 Printing establishment; 1 Theological Seminary; 2 Common Schools. Total of members, 1,350.

The Armenians, with two convents and churches, number 464; other smaller sects, with 4 convents and several churches, number in all 204; Protestants about 250, making the Christian population a little more than 4,500.

All these sects, including also the Nestorians and Maronites, have chapels in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the great

center of interest and attraction. The Latins and Greeks have also several thousand members in their various convents near the city, principally Arabs. Many of these establishments are richly endowed, and the numerous offerings of the faithful enable them to deck their churches, chapels and altars with a gaudy display of wealth.

The same writer we have quoted above gives us a particular account of the Protestant missions in Jerusalem. The most efficient and best sustained of these is the "English Episcopal Society for the Jews." Then there is the "Church Missionary Society," and a "Lutheran Evangelical Department;" these all co-operate together. The American Christian Mission is for the present, I believe, suspended. The English Church Mission is well endowed and sustained. They have a splendid church edifice, now called "The Church of St. James," which, together with the consular residence attached, cost several hundred thousand dollars. The efforts of the Protestant missions in Jerusalem have not been attended by any great results. There are so many obstacles in the way of these devoted Christian laborers, such an amount of prejudice and bitter opposition, such strong counteracting influences from the education, habits and associations of the people, progress must necessarily be very slow. Let us now turn and look at

THE JEWISH QUARTER.

This, on our plan of the city, is marked C, and lies along the east of Zion, and between that and Mount Moriah. Alas, son of Abraham, how heavily the curse has settled upon thee!

The number of Jews in Jerusalem it is difficult to tell, as no regular census of the inhabitants of the city is taken. The best informed estimate the number from six thousand to eight thousand. Of these there are two great sects. The *Sephardim* are all of Spanish origin. Their language is a corrupt Spanish, very few of them speaking Arabic. Though subjects of the Sultan, they are allowed to live under their own rabbinical laws. Their chief rabbi is called "the Head in Zion," and his principal interpreter has a seat in the city council. Many

among them are very poor, and they are subjected to great privations.

The *Askenazim* are of German and Polish origin. These are all foreigners, and are under the government of the consular agents of their respective countries. They are said to be a worthless, indolent class of people, sustained principally from contributions from the Jews of Europe. From this source, it is said, each person among them, rich and poor, young and old, receives between seven and eight dollars annually. The effect of these charitable donations is to make those here more indolent, and to attract annually an increasing number of paupers to the place. Bad as their physical condition is, those best acquainted with them think their mental and moral condition still worse. "It is no wonder," says Dr. Barclay, "that these down-trodden out-casts of Israel are poor, illiterate and bigoted, for they are almost entirely disfranchised and constantly maltreated, not only by their Turkish masters, but by those styling themselves Christians and philanthropists. Even in this year of grace, 1857, it would cost any Jew in Jerusalem his life to venture into the so-called Church of the Holy Sepulchre, or within even what was once the outer court of his beloved Temple!"

The same writer also says: "The present condition of the Jews in Jerusalem is precisely what it is represented to have been by Hanani, when Nehemiah attempted its restoration. 'The remnant that are left of the captivity there in the province are in great affliction and reproach,' and their case is well calculated to produce upon us the same effect it did upon the pious old Reformer, when he sat down, mourned and wept certain days, and fasted and prayed before the God of heaven! But, alas! how few there are that sigh and cry for all the abominations that be done in the midst thereof! Who shall have pity on thee, O, Jerusalem? or who shall bemoan thee? or who shall go aside to ask how doest thou?"

MOHAMMEDAN QUARTER.

Now turn and cast your eye over the northeastern portion of the city, marked D. Here the followers of the Prophet con-

gregate. Here the lordly Turk and the servile Arab find a home. The Mohammedans probably number some four to five thousand, and are mostly natives of Syria. The officers and soldiers are mostly Turkish foreigners. They have, within the walls and near by, eleven mosques. The old temple area on Moriah, called the Haram, is their most holy place; a strict guard is kept around it to prevent the intrusion of infidels, and a large number of derwishees connected with it live in idleness on its ample revenues.

Now here we have stood on this old Castle of David, till the sun is settling behind yonder hills of Judah, and night is rapidly closing upon us. We must get back to our convent home before dark, for Jerusalem is a dreary place in the night. The streets are narrow and very roughly paved. The houses are mostly built of stone—a kind of cream-colored limestone—two, and often three stories high. The fronts are generally plain, the roofs flat and covered with a hard cement, and often surmounted by a dome, and surrounded by a balustrade. There are so very few trees in Palestine, all kinds of wood is very expensive and is seldom used in their buildings, except for casements to the doors and windows. The floors are generally of cement or stone, and the roofs of cement or tiles. This scarcity of timber gives rise to the construction of numerous arches, crypts, vaults and domes in the erection of their buildings. The dwelling apartments are generally in the upper stories, the lower ones, as in Cairo, are mostly occupied as lumber-rooms, stables and receptacles for rubbish of all kinds, and where various tribes of vermin, especially fleas, multiply in countless swarms. There are no gas-lights to cheer the narrow thoroughfares; the houses seldom have windows next the streets; where there are any, if they are large enough to admit a thief, they are grated with iron like a prison. It is quite recently that window glass has been introduced into a few houses of the better class. The numerous shops and bazars are all closed at nightfall, and the law enjoins the police to arrest any one found on the streets after dark, unless he carries a lantern. Few people are out in the evening; all business seems to be suspended, and darkness envelops the city.

Here we are at the gate of our "Pilgrims' Home." Supper is not quite ready, and the last rays of the departing sun are lingering upon the top of Olivet; let us go up a few minutes upon the house-top. The cemented roof is as clean as a house floor, and inclining only at a slight angle to allow the water to run off. A parapet about breast high encircles it, to prevent all danger of falling. This is an ancient practice, and so important for safety a special law concerning it was given to the ancint Israelites. "When thou buildest a new house, then thou shalt make a battlement for thy roof, that thou bring not blood upon thine house if any man fall from thence." Deut. xxii 8. These flat roofs are very convenient, and are used for a great variety of purposes. Here the stalks of flax are often spread, to undergo the process of rotting, and here the dressed flax is often laid to be bleached. It was in this way that Rahab concealed the spices Joshua sent to Jericho; she "brought them up to the roof of the house, and hid them with the stalks of flax which she had laid in order upon the roof." Here they stretch their lines and hang their clothes to dry; here they come with their neighbors to hold social converse; and here is often found a place for retirement and prayer. Of this we have an illustration now before us, for there on yonder side of the roof is a priest with his Bible in his hand, walking leisurely back and forth, engaged in devout meditation, reminding one of Peter when he went upon the house-top to pray. Here, too, the people frequently, in the heat of summer, come up to sleep, sometimes spreading their couch in the open air, sometimes erecting small booths of green boughs, an allusion to which is found in Nehemiah viii. 9. These booths I often saw upon the tops of the houses. What a pleasant place of resort this house-top will be during our stay in the city. What a delightful prospect we shall have from it! Here we can look out upon Zion, Calvary, Gethsemane and Olivet. How we shall delight to come up and spend the twilight hours, and hold communion with Him who has hallowed these places, and made them sacred by the intimacy of his associations with them!

And now we have seen the city as it is, and are prepared to continue our walks about it. What a strange interest it has to

all classes of persons! The Mohammedan esteems it; to him it is for sanctity the third city of the world—Medina and Mecca only are placed before it. To the Jew and the Christian it stands unrivaled; and one would think from the eagerness with which all religions congregate here, it was this Jerusalem, and not the one that is above, that, as Paul says, *is the mother of us all.* But there is our bell. Let us seek refreshment of food and rest. To-morrow we will have a ramble among the places most intimately connected with the history of our Savior.

SPARROWS.

Sleep, with gentle hand and strange, soothing skill, has relieved the weariness of our toil, and the jocund morning invites us to renew our rambles. Upon stepping from my room, one of the first things that attracted my attention was the countless multitude of sparrows that filled the air with the harsh music of their incessant chirping. They gather upon the house-tops, and find a home in the crevices of the walls, and impudently flutter about the doors and windows. I suppose they were just as numerous in the days of the Savior, when he says that five of them were sold for two farthings; yet insignificant and worthless as they comparatively were, God took care of them, and would much more take care of his children. Though they are a lively, cheerful race of birds, occasionally you may see one that has lost his mate. He sits perched alone upon some part of the building, and in mournful notes, makes known his sad bereavement. This, I suppose, is where David got his striking illustration of his sorrow: "I watch, and am as a sparrow alone upon the house-top."

CHAPTER III.

Rambles in Jerusalem—Mount Zion—Valley of Hinnom—Hills and Tombs.

I found in the city two clergymen from New York city, Rev. Mr. Newman and Rev. Mr. Williams, in company with two English clergymen, and we were soon after joined by six other clergymen from England and Scotland. Our association with these gentlemen added very much to the interest of our excursions about the city. At this time Dr. Barclay also arrived in the city from Jaffa. I presented my letter of introduction, and was cordially received by the Doctor and his excellent lady, who accompanied him. It was, indeed, a great and unexpected privilege to have the advice and instruction of one so intimately acquainted with the Holy City, and by whom every nook and corner of it had been explored. I wish here publicly to express my acknowledgments for the assistance received from him while in the city, and my indebtedness for the information I have derived from his elaborate book—"The City of the Great King." The Doctor not being specially engaged, kindly offered to honor our draft for any amount of time we might demand, in conducting us to the interesting localities about the city. What better cicerone could we wish for? His offer was so cordially and cheerfully made, as to leave no doubt of its sincerity, and we did not hesitate to avail ourselves of the privilege. So the reader will understand that in most of the places to which we are now about to take him, we had the advantage of the information that one who had spent twenty years in Jerusalem and its vicinity was able to impart. With Dr. Barclay, then, for a guide and interpreter, let us take a walk about Zion.

What narrow, crooked, miserable streets for so large a city! The houses are not numbered, and it is only recently that a few of the principal streets have received names. These names are highly suggestive of the days of olden time; thus we have the *Street of Mount Zion; Street of the Patriarchs; Street of David*, etc. The average width of these streets is not more than ten feet, many of them not more than half that breadth, and most of the public thoroughfares, where the bazars are situated, and a great part of the business done, and where thousands daily pass, are not more than twelve to fifteen feet wide. The main streets are said to be paved, but this paving is made of stones of all sizes and shapes carelessly imbedded in the soil, the sides raised a foot or so, and a trench left through the middle. How, you ask, can they manage to do their business in such miserable thoroughfares? First, they have no carriages to block up their streets. I did not see a wheeled vehicle while I was in Jerusalem—no, not so much as a wheel-barrow! They use camels, horses, mules and donkeys. Every thing is carried upon the backs of animals. Sometimes a huge camel, with a back-load of brush, or great packages of hay or grass, will attempt to pass through these narrow avenues, filling it from side to side, often creating severe contests for the right of way. Then, again, comparatively few women are seen in the streets, and those few adhere to the time-honored customs of dress that have come down from the days of Sarah and Rachael. When the modern European fashions are introduced among the ladies here, and crinoline gains the ascendency, there will be an end of business in the streets of Jerusalem. Taking the street of David, a few minutes' walk will bring us to

THE JAFFA GATE.

This the Arabs call Bab el Khalil, "*Gate of a Friend*"—that is, Abraham—or the Friend of God. A little to the right, as you approach this gate, are large heaps of old ruins; from some of the mounds the great stones are still protruding, and many of them are completely covered by the rank grass and weeds. What buildings once covered this ground none can now tell. What uncounted years may have measured the period of their

destruction who can know? Leaving Jaffa Gate to the right, let us pass along the ascending slope, and again we are on Mount Zion. Now take the plan of Jerusalem found on page 48, and I will point out to you the localities as we proceed. Let us ascend the city wall and walk along the top. You see there is a broad terrace near the top wide enough for two or three persons to walk abreast, while upon the outside a parapet rises as high as your head, that will not only prevent your falling in that direction, but is also pierced with loop-holes through which guns can be pointed in case of an attack. At convenient distances along the walls towers are erected, and embrasures constructed, and in these widenings in the walls you will sometimes find small chambers, now generally in a dirty, neglected condition, but in times of danger used, I suppose, by the guards upon the wall.

How strange it seems to be thus walking along the walls of this ancient city! How forcibly we are reminded of the words of the Psalmist: "Walk about Zion, and go round about her; tell the towers thereof. Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces, that ye may tell it to the generations following." Standing here upon the west wall of the city, you may look down into the valley of Hinnom, as it comes winding round from the south. This valley, as it bends away to the westward, takes the name of Gihon; and there, just near us, No. 6, is

THE LOWER POOL OF GIHON.

The Upper Pool lies higher up the valley, a little above No. 18. This Upper Pool is seven hundred yards from Jaffa Gate. From this pool the course of the valley is southeast for six hundred and thirty yards to the bend opposite the Jaffa Gate. Here the breadth of the valley is one hundred yards, and its depth forty-four feet. From this bend it runs nearly south for a short distance, having Zion on one side and a rocky acclivity on the other. About two hundred and ninety yards from the southern bend the arched acqueduct from Solomon's Pools crosses it; seventy-three yards lower down is the Lower Pool of Gihon. Near it a path runs across the valley, leading to the Bethlehem and Hebron road.

These two reservoirs are undoubtedly of great antiquity, and many interesting allusions are made to them, and many interesting facts connected with them. The Upper Pool is three hundred feet long, two hundred feet wide, and twenty feet deep; the lower one is six hundred feet long, two hundred and fifty feet broad, and forty feet deep—immense reservoirs, capable of holding water for thousands of people. The Bible has several notices of these ancient pools. The Prophet Isaiah was commanded by God to go forth and meet Ahaz "at the end of the conduit of the Upper Pool, in the highway of the Fuller's Field." Is. vii. 3. At the same place Rabshakeh stood when he delivered the royal message of his imperious master, the King of Assyria, to the messengers of Hezekiah. The story is an instructive one, and may be read in the 36th and 37th chapters of Isaiah.

We are also informed in 2d Chron. xxxii. 30, that Hezekiah stopped the upper outflow of the waters of Gihon, and brought it down to the west side of the city of David (Zion)." In confirmation of this, on the east slope of Zion, near the Greek convent, and directly behind Hauser's European Hotel, is what is now called

THE FOUNTAIN OF HEZEKIAH.

I went up on one occasion with my friend Herrick to examine it. It is an immense reservoir, two hundred and forty feet long and one hundred and forty-four feet wide. The bottom is formed of the natural rock, leveled and cemented. This reservoir is now known to be supplied with water by a small aqueduct from the Upper Pool of Gihon. There are several other allusions to Hezekiah's improvements in these water-courses. It is said, "he made a pool and conduit and brought water into the city." When the King of Assyria came up to besiege Jerusalem, Hezekiah "took counsel with his princes and his mighty men, to stop the waters of the foutains that were without the city. So there was gathered much people together who stopped all the fountains, and the brook that ran through the midst of the land, saying: Why should the King of Assyria come and find much water?" What was done with these waters, the

course of which was thus stopped or turned? Many evidences conspire to show that these waters were brought by subterranean passages into the city. In confirmation of this, it is said, that when excavations were made for the foundations of the English church, more than twenty feet below the surface the workmen came upon a vaulted chamber of fine masonry in a perfect state, resting upon a foundation of rock. Within it were steps leading down to a solid mass of stone-work covering an immense conduit, partly hewn out of the solid rock, and partly built with even courses of masonry, and lined and cemented an inch thick. The architect traced it eastward more than two hundred feet. Apertures opened into it at intervals from above, and the bottom was so nearly level that water would always lie upon it to such a depth as to enable people to draw with a bucket and line. May not this, says the narrator, be the conduit by which Hezekiah brought the water of the fountain of Gihon to the west side of the city of David? But we must leave these pools. It seems strange to be loitering about these places, and pondering over these events in which Isaiah and Hezekiah took a part nearly two thousand five hundred years ago. Let us now pass along westward towards Zion Gate. We may now notice another remarkable

FULFILLMENT OF PROPHECY.

Several portions of the city here have not only been utterly destroyed, but have not been rebuilt. Here, just where we are now walking, and within the walls, are several large patches of ground upon which the barley and wheat are now growing. But a few weeks since the plow passed over that ground, and the seed was scattered upon the furrowed soil; and close by it are great mounds of ruins covered with vegetation. Now open your Bible and turn to Micah, 3d chapter and 12th verse, and tell me who taught him more than two thousand years ago to say: "Therefore shall Zion be plowed as a field, and Jerusalem shall become heaps, and the mountain of the house as the high places of the forests?" Whose Handwriting can you read in these cultivated fields of Zion? and who has left there the impress of his unchanging word? Before you pass out of the

gate, if you have strong nerves, you may step down the side-hill a little to the east and look into

THE HUTS OF THE LEPERS.

Anciently, they were not allowed inside the gates, but the laws of ceremonial uncleanness have passed away, and they are now allowed to have their quarters inside the inclosure, though still separated from the other houses by a low wall. You do not often see any of them inside the city, but you may meet little squads of them almost any day about Zion and Jaffa Gates. They never approach very near you, but sit or stand at a respectful distance, and beg most piteously for alms. They are still, as in ancient days, considered unclean, and are shunned, not only for their loathsome appearance, but by many for fear of the contagion. The most that are now found in the land are congregated at Jerusalem and Nabulous; a few are found about other cities, and, in many cases, they are forbidden to enter within the gates.

One who has drawn his ideas of this horrible disease only from the Bible, and from the manner in which it was anciently regarded, feels strange sensations when he first comes in contact with it. The first I saw of it was among a crowd of beggars sitting by the road-side near the Jaffa Gate. There were about a dozen of them together, and as I approached them they began in strange, piteous cries and wails, a supplication for alms. They are generally miserably clad, and often frightfully distorted from the influence of the disease. The disease preys upon all parts of the system; sometimes the face is swollen and misshapen; the eye-brows and eye-lashes have fallen off; ears, chins and noses are missing; the palate, perhaps, has been eaten out and the voice is strangely affected. Sometimes the nails loosen and drop off, and joint after joint of the fingers and toes dry up and disappear, and all kinds of hideous deformities disgust the spectator. The disease is hereditary, and strange as it may seem, these disgusting specimens of humanity intermarry, and perpetuate their awful and mysterious disease among their offspring. It is this disease that is made in the word of God a striking symbol of man's moral leprosy—the fearful workings

of sin in the moral constitution—a disease that none but God can cure.

RUINS OF AN ANCIENT BRIDGE.

While in this part of the city, Dr. Barclay called our attention to the remains of an old bridge or causeway that once crossed the Tyropean, connecting Mount Zion with Mount Moriah. This ancient structure has almost entirely disappeared, but on the Moriah side, where it united with the temple wall, a portion of an arch is still to be seen, sufficient to show the nature and probable size of the structure. The span of this ruined arch must have been about forty-one feet. The Doctor calculates there must have been five of these arches to cross the valley, and as an immense heft of stone was to be supported, these arches were of enormous strength. Some of the stones now seen in the ruins are nearly six feet thick, and from twenty to twenty-five feet long.

This is the bridge supposed to be mentioned by Josephus, the construction of which is ascribed to Solomon. The only objection that has been raised to this is, that the arch was unknown in the days of Solomon; but recent discoveries show conclusively that the arch and the keystone were as well known in the days of Solomon as in modern times.

This is also supposed to be the wonderful ascent to the House of the Lord, that so astonished the Queen of Sheba, when she came to Jerusalem to hear the wisdom of Solomon, and to see his mighty works. It seemed strange, indeed, to be standing upon the ruins of structures that were a thousand years old when Christ walked the streets of Jerusalem; to be ranging over the ground where Solomon walked with the renowned queen, who came to him with all the pomp and splendor and magnificent retinue of an Eastern court, only to be overcome with a transport of astonishment at the astounding exhibition of wealth and the impressive displays of wisdom she saw around her. Surely, the hoary stamp of age is on these ruins, and they are eloquent with the lessons of the past!

Returning to the summit of Zion, and passing out of Zion Gate, we reached the supposed resting place of David, Israel's

king, No. 5. The place is a little down the southern slope of Zion, and is covered by a pile of buildings from which rises a conspicuous minaret, one of the most imposing objects seen on this side of the city. This place, in the estimation of its Mohammedan owners, is one of the most sacred localities in all El Khuds (the Holy). The first time I undertook to approach it in company with my friend, a hyena-looking dog chased us from the premises, and the Christian-hating loungers about the place, instead of preventing it, we thought hissed him on. To-day we have a respectable number in our company, and with Dr. Barclay to conduct us, shall get admittance to such portions of the building as Franks are allowed to visit. We first enter

THE CŒNACULUM,

Or dining-room—a large upper room, so called because it is said to be the place where Jesus held his last supper with his disciples, ate with them the passover, and instituted the memorial feast in remembrance of his bruised and broken body and flowing blood. The room is fifty feet long and thirty feet wide—"he will show you," said the Savior, "a *large upper room*." That this room is very ancient none can question, and may, perhaps, says one, be the same—the site is unquestionably the same—referred to by Cyril, Bishop of Jerusalem, in the middle of the fourth century, as the place in which the apostles were assembled on the day of Pentecost, when they received the gift of the Holy Spirit. Epiphanius, towards the close of the same century, states that this building, with a few others near it, escaped destruction when Titus overthrew the city.

On this Mount Zion, Christ ate the last supper with his disciples. From that interview he went out with them to go down into the garden of Gethsemane, from thence to be taken to the Hall of Pilate and the Cross of Calvary. On this mount the Spirit was poured out, and Peter preached on that memorable occasion, when three thousand converts were added to their number. Was this the room in which these wonderful events connected with the infancy of the Redeemer's kingdom transpired? It seems scarcely credible, and yet many here believe it to be so. If so, there was a depth of meaning in those words

of Peter, as he rehearsed the history of the past in that memorable sermon: "Men and brethren, let me freely speak unto you of the patriarch David, that he is both dead and buried, and *his sepulchre is with us* unto this day." Acts ii. 29.

THE SEPULCHRE.

Beneath this Cœnaculum, in the deep, rock-hewn vault, they say David's remains were laid. "But is there any certainty," I hear you ask, "that his tomb is here?" We know it was customary to have tombs hewn in the rocks, and the royal sepulchres were undoubtedly cut at great expense, and would not be places likely, soon, if ever, to be destroyed. That David and other succeeding monarchs were buried on Mount Zion, is a plainly attested fact in the word of God. His tomb appears to have been well known in the days of Josephus, for that historian says that Solomon buried David with great pomp, and placed immense treasures along with his body in the tomb. These, we are informed, remained undisturbed until the time of Hyrcanus, the son of Simon Maccabeus, who, being besieged by Antiochus Pius, and wishing to give him money to raise the siege, opened one room of David's sepulchre and took out three thousand talents. It is said the tomb was again opened and plundered by Herod the Great, who was disappointed at not finding more money, and consequently made an attempt to penetrate as far as the bodies, but, the account continues, "two of his guards were killed by a flame that burst out upon them," and the sacrilegious purpose was abandoned. These tombs being known at so late a period, the knowledge of the site would not be likely to have since been lost.

And now would you like to go down and stand within the rock-hewn chamber, and look upon the place where the great monarch and sweet singer found at last a quiet place of repose? It would, indeed, repay the labor of a long pilgrimage, thus to stand in the sepulchre of David; but alas! we cannot go. You can come into these upper rooms, and wander through these chambers, but the sepulchre beneath, like the Dome of the Rock, and the Cave of Machpelah, is one of those sacred places that the Moslem regards with such superstitious awe and

bigoted reverence, that he has not only placed the barrier of a rigid law, but loaded muskets and fixed bayonets between it and the Jew or the Christian, that it may no more be polluted by the presence of either. The potent power of backsheesh even loses all its magic charms. Stand back, you cannot enter. It does arouse a little of the vindictive feelings of one's nature, to come thousands of miles to visit the homes and tombs of patriarchs and prophets, and then, when you approach some consecrated spot, have a liveried soldier thrust his gleaming bayonet at you, and warn you off, simply because he hates the man that does not love his Prophet.

But has any one ever visited the tomb who could give us a description of it? Dr. Barclay's daughter is, I believe, the only Christian that, for a long series of years, has found admittance to the holy of holies of this Moslem sanctuary. The story is too long to repeat here; the Doctor has given it at length in his elaborate work, "The City of the Great King." It was through the connivance of a Moslem lady connected with the guard of the tomb, and was stealthily and hastily accomplished one Friday noon, during a season of special prayer at the great Mosque of Omar, held by order of the Sultan. Disguised in the costume of a Moslem lady, she was conducted to the sacred inclosure, and has given us the following description:

"The room is insignificant in its dimensions, but is furnished very gorgeously. The tomb is apparently an immense sarcophagus of rough stone, and is covered by green satin tapestry, richly embroidered with gold. To this a piece of black velvet is attached, with a few inscriptions from the Koran, embroidered also in gold. A satin canopy of red, blue, green and yellow stripes hangs over the tomb, and another piece of black velvet tapestry, embroidered in silver, covers a door in one end of the room, which they said, leads to a cave underneath. Two tall silver candlesticks stand before this door, and a little lamp hangs in a window near it, which is kept constantly burning, and whose wick, though saturated with oil—and I dare say a most nauseous dose—my devotional companion eagerly swallowed, muttering to herself a prayer with many a genuflection. She then, in addition to their usual forms of prayer, prostrated herself before the tomb, raised the covering, pressed her forehead to the stone, and then kissed it many times. The ceiling of the room is vaulted, and the walls covered in blue porcelain, in floral figures. Having remained here an hour or more and completed my sketch, we left; and great was my rejoicing when I found myself once more at home, out of danger, and still better, out of my awkward costume."

Whether this is the real tomb of David or not may be questioned; but when we consider the fact that it must have been in this immediate vicinity, was known in the days of the apostles, was known to Josephus, and was a spot that Jew, Christian and Mussulman alike have reverenced, it seems hardly probable the locality would ever have been lost. If this is the place, then are we indeed standing upon consecrated ground, and beneath us repose the ashes of one whose royal palace adorned this hill-top, whose fame brightens the pages of sacred history, and whose spiritual songs will continue to inspire the warm devotions of the pious heart through all coming time!

A little to the north of the Tomb of David is pointed out another small building, which tradition fixes as the spot where Mary, the mother of Jesus, spent the last years of her life. Near by, we are also shown

THE PALACE OF CAIPHAS.

This is the reputed place where the council of scribes, elders and priests met by order of Caiphas, the High-priest, for the trial of Jesus. Some say this is not the building, but that this structure was erected at a very early period of the Christian era on the site of the high-priest's palace. This pile of buildings, now a church and a convent, is owned by the Armenians, and was once known as the church of St. Salvator. We had been told there were some curious relics of antiquity here, and slipping a backsheesh into the hand of an old monk, he opened the door for us. We were first taken to the altar of the church, beneath which our devout guide reverently uncovered a large stone slab set into the wall, a portion of the flat side visible, which he solemnly assured us—and I have no doubt but he believed it—was the veritable stone that covered the tomb of Jesus, that was removed by the angel, and on which he sat when the women came to the sepulchre on the morning of the resurrection. As that stone has been taken away from the sepulchre, and is not known any where else, we had no means of disproving the assertion; so passing our hand over the surface, and casting an earnest, though I confess a somewhat incredulous look at it, we passed on. We were next taken into a little

room, now highly decorated with pictures and ornaments, and were gravely informed that this was the prison in which Jesus was confined during the night in which he was arrested and put on trial for his life. As we were shown another prison in another part of Jerusalem, said to have been used on the same occasion and for the same purpose, we, of course, had a right to be skeptical in regard to both of them. But "I understand," said I, "you can show us here

THE COCK THAT CREW

When Peter denied his Lord." "O, yes, we can show him," said our monkish guide; but I thought I discovered a little twinkle of humor about his eye struggling for ascendency over the devout and reverend mien into which, from long habit, his features had settled. Following him to a side of the room, he drew aside a curtain that concealed, hanging upon the wall, the picture of a sorry-looking game-cock. The work had, most assuredly, been executed by an apprentice hand, and the plumage looked as if it had been ruffled in a fight and smoothed in a rain-storm. "Then that is the cock?" said one of our company, somewhat inquiringly. "To be sure it is," said the exhibitor. "But that is only a picture." "Sure it is a picture of him; you did n't expect to see the live rooster, did you? He would be a pretty old bird to live to this time." A burst of laughter from the whole company followed this denouement, in which our sedate conductor joined with apparently great satisfaction. Having satisfied our curiosity, with the image of that "rooster" daguerreotyped upon our minds, we passed on. This building is also a cemetery of the Armenian Patriarchs. Deposited in the walls, and beneath the marble slabs of the floors and the courts, molders the dust of many a once honored ecclesiastic. What contrasts we meet on this hill of Zion! From the monarchs of Israel, the high-priests of the law, and the dignitaries of the church, to the miserable lepers in their poverty, death here has done his work, and on the cold breast of the silent grave high and low alike repose.

On this portion of Mount Zion are several other cemeteries. Here is a large Armenian burying-ground. The graves are dis-

tinguished by being a little elevated, and covered by a flat slab. On the slab was generally chiseled the name of the person, accompanied by the emblems of his trade or profession—if a blacksmith, an anvil and hammer; if a shoe-maker, an awl and last, and so on through an almost endless variety of devices. Here, too, is an English burying-ground, and near by it is a little plat of ground, recently purchased, surrounded by a high stone wall, and the entrance secured by a strong gate, consecrated as a burial-place for Americans dying at Jerusalem. I climbed upon the wall and looked into the inclosure. Only two or three graves had yet been opened; a thick mat of grass covered the ground, and one solitary tree cast its shadow upon the spot. Just on the opposite side of the valley is an English mission-house, where one of our countrymen, a Mr. Roberts, who had been employed as a tract distributor and missionary, lay sick. His disease was consumption, and there were no hopes of his recovery. Some of our company visited him occasionally, read the Bible for him, and prayed with him. We also made him a contribution of funds through the American Consul, as we understood he was in destitute circumstances. Soon after we left we learned of his death, and a fresh mound has been added to the little number embraced in the inclosure. It seemed sad to die so far from one's native land, home and kindred; but it was a pleasant thought that even here the sick could be reached by the sympathy of kind hearts, the dying hour be cheered, and a secure and quiet resting-place for the dead be found. We now passed down the southern acclivity of Zion into

THE RENOWNED VALLEY OF HINNOM.

This is called in the Bible "Valley of the Son of Hinnom," and in the Hebrew *Ge Hinnom*. The Arabs call it Wady Jehenam, which is evidently the Hebrew name transferred to their language. In this valley, as we proceed, we shall find the Gehenna and Tophet of scripture. An ancient allusion to this valley is important, as it fixes the boundary line between Judah and Benjamin. In Joshua it is said: "And the border passed towards the waters of Enshemesh, and the goings out thereof

were at En-Rogel"—now the well of Joab at the junction of the Hinnom and Kedron—"and the border went up by the valley of the Son of Hinnom unto the south side of the Jebusite; the same is Jerusalem; and the border went up to the top of the mountain that lieth before the valley of Hinnom westward, which is at the end of the valley of Rephaim (Giants) northward." A piece of more careful and minute topography, says one, than is here given, could scarcely be imagined. So accurately is this line defined by these natural boundaries, that one would have no more difficulty in tracing it now than near thirty-five hundred years ago, when the boundaries of the tribes were first located. As we came down into the valley turning eastward, we had upon our right No. 8,

THE HILL OF EVIL COUNCIL.

It is so called from a tradition that the residence of Caiphas was located upon its summit, and that here the chief priests and scribes assembled together to take council against Jesus. Upon the top of it are still seen the ruins of some large structure, supposed to have been a Christian convent. In one corner of this old ruin is an oratory, or place of prayer, held in great reverence by "*the faithful.*" About one hundred yards from this stands a solitary, ill-shapen tree, a large limb bending over and forming so convenient a place for a gallows, it has obtained the name of "Judas tree." This hill, or mountain as it might be called, rises to the hight of about five hundred feet above the Pool of Siloam, near the lower part of the valley. It was here that Pompey encamped when he laid siege to Jerusalem about sixty-three years B. C. Between this hill and the high ridge to the left of it, passes the road that leads to Bethlehem, No 7.

We now pass along down the valley in an easterly direction. I find in Murray's Guide-Book the following measurements from place to place in the valley. It commences on the west of the city, its upper part resembling a large shallow basin, in the center of which, seven hundred yards from the Jaffa Gate, is the Upper Pool or Gihon. From this pool its course is nearly southeast, six hundred and thirty yards to the bend opposite Jaffa Gate, where its breadth is about one hundred yards and

its depth forty-four feet. It now turns south between Zion on one side and a rocky acclivity on the other, and at two hundred and ninety yards is crossed by the arched aqueduct from Solomon's Pools. At seventy-three yards further is the Lower Pool of Gihon, now called Birket es Sultan. This is directly below the southwestern angle of the city wall, which forms a fine object over head, crowning the steep brow of Zion. At one hundred and forty yards below the pool, the valley again turns eastward, continuing about the same breadth, but increasing rapidly in depth. The bottom of the valley is covered with loose stones; still it is cultivated, and many portions of it abound with olive trees. Towards the lower end it continues to widen, and unites with the Kidron or Valley of Jehoshaphat nine hundred and twenty-two yards below the last bend. The valley is a place of

TOMBS AND SEPULCHRES.

We have seen the tomb of David, and other tombs on the northern side of the valley, high up the side of Zion. All along the southern side of the valley is a steep, rocky ledge, and multitudes of tombs have been cut and carved along its entire surface. They are of various shapes and sizes, most of them plainly constructed, some of them dug far into the hill-side. Many of them have now been entirely destroyed. In erecting some of the modern convents, the builders found it a very easy way of quarrying stones to put a quantity of powder into one of these rocky excavations and apply a slow-match. The explosion would produce for them a mass of stone already squared upon one side ready for their walls. Many portions of these old tombs still remaining, give evidence of the explosive power to which they have thus been subjected. In one place in the upper part of the valley, our attention was called to a large portion of the rock, graded and smoothed, level as a house floor. This was an ancient threshing-floor, precisely such, I suppose, as Araunah, the Jebusite, had on Mount Moriah. As you approach the Kidron, Hinnom rapidly deepens into a gloomy dell. It is a wild, dismal, looking place. The south side rises high above your head in an irregular frowning cliff. In this deep,

rocky precipice just above the junction of the two valleys, No. 9, tradition locates

ACELDAMA, "THE FIELD OF BLOOD."

How vividly, as I gazed upon it, it brought to my mind that fearful night in the life of the Savior, when Judas, in company with the priests, balanced thirty pieces of silver against the blood of his master. "This man purchased a field with the reward of iniquity, and falling down in the midst thereof, all his bowels gushed out." As we looked up to that fearful precipice above us, we were almost persuaded to think that this was really the scene of that awful tragedy—that on some projecting limb upon the top of yonder hight, the conscience-smitten Judas suspended himself, and from his frail and broken rope came tumbling down these fearful hights. Indeed, it is the opinion of some best acquainted with localities here, that this was really the place where that apostate met his fate.

This whole cliff is full of tombs. The rock has been cut out and penetrated in all directions. Portions of the front of Aceldama have been built up with stone masonry, and behind this is a deep cave. We crowded into one of these excavations and wound our way among the gloomy sepulchral passages. In some places large quantities of bones can still be seen scattered about in promiscuous confusion. One of my companions, seized with a sudden impulse for gathering relics, picked up a dirty old skull, and declared his intention of transporting it from "The Field of Blood" to his American home, but before we reached daylight he abandoned his purpose, and left it to molder among its kindred bones. It is stated that the dirt of this charnel-house was anciently reputed to possess the remarkable quality of consuming the flesh of bodies cast into it in the brief space of twenty-four hours, without their undergoing corruption. On this account, about 1812, many ship-loads of the dirt were taken to Pisa, in Italy, to form the celebrated *Campo Santo*. It was a loathsome place, and we made our visit very brief. Emerging once more into the light of day, we realized more than ever before the loneliness and dreariness of

"The deep, damp vault, the darkness and the worm."

Nearly opposite Aceldama, at No. 10, is the Pool of Siloam; but before we stop to examine it we will pass a little farther down, and just at the junction of the Valley of Jehoshaphat with the Kidron, we shall find a remarkable well, called by the Arabs, *Bir Eyub*, and by the Franks, the Well of Nehemiah, now commonly known as

THE WELL OF JOAB OR JOB.

This is the En-Rogel of the Old Testament, one of the ancient landmarks in locating the boundaries of the tribes. It is a large well, one hundred and twenty-five feet deep, strongly walled up with large hewn stones. This wall terminates in an arch at the top, evidently built in very ancient times. There is at all times plenty of water in the well, and during the rainy season it overflows. The water of this well is excellent, and it is still a place of great resort. A large flat stone, with a circular hole in the center, constitutes the mouth of the well. The water is still drawn, as in ancient times, in leather buckets or earthen jars attached to ropes. I was particularly struck by the deep creases worn in the solid rock, where these ropes, for many centuries, had been drawn up and down.

Standing upon the mouth of this well, we may recall two or three of the events that have transpired here. Nearly three thousand years ago Absalom instigated a revolt against his father David, and made an attempt to seize upon the kingdom. David was forced to flee from Jerusalem, and took refuge near the Jordan. Jonathan and Ahimaaz returned to see what tidings they could gather of the progress of the rebellion. Fearing to come into the city lest they should be suspected as spies, they tarried by this well. A lad saw them here, knew them, and immediately carried the tidings to Absalom. Absalom's servants pursued them, but a loyal woman had a well in the court of her house into which they descended, and she laid a cloth over its mouth and spread corn upon it to dry; and the unsuspecting emissaries of a rebellious son passed on without suspecting the deception. They were able to return to David with such information as to save him from the wicked plot of a rebellious son.

As this well has been a rallying place for David's friends, so has it for his enemies. Seventy years had passed over his head, and the infirmities of age had settled down upon him. Absalom, his first born, had pierced his father's heart with many sorrows, and now Adonijah, his third son, conspired against him. He prepared for himself chariots and horsemen, and a great retinue of servants, and gathered around him many of the chief men of the kingdom, and on the broad plain of the valley that surrounds this well he made a great feast, and by the stone of Zoheleth he slew sheep, oxen and fat cattle, and had himself proclaimed king of Israel. But while these partisans were endeavoring to consummate their wicked schemes here, up the valley yonder, by the Pool of Gihon, David directed the lawful authorities of the realm to assemble, and the crown of the kingdom was placed upon the head of Solomon. The shouts of the loyal multitude came echoing down this valley, and the hilarity of this unlawful feast was soon arrested. "All the guests that were with Adonijah were afraid, and rose up and went every man his way." The rebellious son who was about to grasp a scepter, fled for refuge to the courts of the Lord, and "laid hold on the horns of the altar," and there the magnanimous Solomon extended a pardon to him. This fountain is also called the "Well of Nehemiah," from a singular tradition that the holy fire of the altar was preserved in a cave connected with it during the whole time of the captivity in Babylon, and that Nehemiah recovered it from this place on the re-building of the temple.

THE MOUNT OF CORRUPTION.

Standing where we now do, turn eastward, and look up to the tall mountain slope that rises nearly five hundred feet above our heads. That is the "Mount of Corruption." This is also called "Hill of Offense," and sometimes "Mount of Scandal." Strange things have transpired upon these hills and in these valleys. Within sight of where we now stand has passed many of the scenes that God has seen fit to order the pen of inspiration to record for the instruction of all succeeding generations. Alas! that the wise and good king Solomon

should have so dishonored God and disgraced the closing scenes of his brilliant earthly career, by such shameful apostasy from his God. Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall. His idolatrous wives turned him away from the purity of his holy faith. "He built an high place for Chemosh, the abomination of Moab, in the hill that is before Jerusalem, and for Moloch, the abomination of the children of Ammon. And likewise did he for all his strange wives which burned incense, and sacrificed unto their gods." (1 Kings ii. 7, 8.) We can offer no apology for him, but the imbecility of age; and yet this the Lord did not accept as an excuse, for he was angry with him, and visited judgments upon his house and kingdom. And now there stands the hill, and God has set a name upon it, as if he would make it a perpetual memorial of the offense. There it stands—an enduring monument—and there it will stand, and the name, "Mount of Scandal," is the writing of God's hand upon it, and that name will go down to the latest posterity. Travelers from all lands will come here, and as they stand before it and gaze upon it, they will be reminded, on the one hand, of man's frailty; on the other, of heaven's displeasure against all idolatry. But Solomon's defilement of this valley and hill, is not all that has rendered this spot a place of "offense."

HERE WAS TOPHET.

Under the apostate kings of Judah that subsequently reigned in Jerusalem, this portion of the valley became the seat of the most horrible idolatrous services. Here, under the very brow of Zion, overlooked by the magnificent temple of the living God, the most revolting of all heathen abominations were practiced. Here "Moloch, horrid king, besmeared with blood of human sacrificers and parent's tears," had his groves and altars. He is represented as a large brazen statue, hollow within, and arms extended, as if to receive and welcome his victims. Heated with fire, children were placed as offerings upon the extended arms, and fell into the burning furnace below. During the time of sacrifice, drums were beaten to drown the cries of the burning innocents. "Imagination," says one, "can picture the

monster ready for a victim, surrounded by priests, a band of drummers, and an excited multitude; while here and there a Hebrew mother is seen, pale and haggard, straining her devoted infant to her bosom for the last time."

We can scarce believe that such horrid and disgusting rites have been practiced upon this place where we now stand; but Moloch was an ancient idol, and often the children of Israel had been warned against honoring his altars. They had been taught his worship in idolatrous Egypt; they were tempted to re-establish it in the wilderness; and Moses had given them solemn warnings against it, the Lord instructing him to say: "Whosoever he be of the children of Israel, or of the strangers that sojourn in Israel, that giveth any of his children unto Moloch, he shall surely be put to death; the people of the land shall stone him with stones." (Lev. xx. 2.) The awful idolatries of this valley were broken up by good king Josiah, who made the valley

A PLACE OF POLLUTION.

He determined so to defile the place that the Jews disposed to idolatry would utterly abhor and forsake it. The idolatrous priests were degraded, the altars demolished, the groves cut down, and the place defiled with dead men's bones. This portion of the valley became a receptacle of filth and offal of all kinds from the city. Here corruption and the worm held banquet, and fires are said to have been kept continually burning to consume the piles of filth that were deposited here. From this it was that the Greek Gehenna, from Ge Hinnom, became to the Jews a forcible illustration of the displeasure of God against transgressors, while the continual riot of the worm of corruption and ever burning fires furnished the Savior with his impressive imagery of future retribution, in which he has taught us it is better to cut off an offending hand or foot, and enter life maimed, than to have the perfect body to be cast into hell (Gehenna), "where their worm dieth not, and their fire is not quenched." Thus Gehenna and Tophet, ordained of old, are now our instructors; their very names are among the warnings God has written in the deep, dark depths of these

gloomy valleys to admonish us of his displeasure against transgressors. Connected with this valley is another remarkable

FULFILLMENT OF PROPHECY.

Isaiah says of this place, in allusion to its character: "Tophet was ordained of old; * * * he hath made it deep and large; the pile thereof is fire and much wood; the breath of the Lord, like a stream of brimstone, doth kindle it." (xxiii. 35.) Jeremiah looks into the future and sees the fearful carnage, and the multitudes of slain that shall here be piled heaps upon heaps. The Lord directed him to take a potter's bottle, and come and stand in this very place, in company with some of the old priests, and in the presence of these witnesses to dash the bottle in pieces and say: "Thus saith the Lord of hosts, even so will I break this people, and this city (Jerusalem) as one breaketh a potter's vessel that cannot be made whole again, *and they shall bury them in Tophet till there be no place to bury.*" (xix. 11.)

Though this was written six hundred years before Christ, and might have applied to the conquest by Nebuchadnezzar, how exact was its fulfillment in the siege under Titus, according to the testimony of Josephus himself! The city then extended nearly down to this place, and a portion of this valley was not only a great place of sepulture, but it was in this corner of the city that the last struggle between the Jews and the Romans took place; and this retired portion of the valley would most likely be the place to which the dead, slain in battle and dying of famine, would be conveyed. And through one gate alone, we are informed, there was carried out between the 15th of the month Nisan and the 1st of Tamuz, two months and a half, one hundred and fifteen thousand eight hundred and eighty dead bodies. After this some of the citizens went over to Titus, and informed him that up to the time of their leaving "no fewer than six hundred thousand dead had been thrown out at the gates. (Wars v., xiii. 7.) Tophet and Hinnom, what scenes ye have witnessed! Can all the flowing waters of the Kidron and the fountains of thy hill-sides ever wash away thy defilements? Well did Jeremiah say this place should no more

be called Tophet, nor the Valley of the Son of Hinnom, but the Valley of Slaughter. When Titus came into the conquered city, as Josephus informs us, and saw these valleys below Jerusalem heaped full of dead bodies, he was so horrified at the sight that he raised his hands and called heaven to witness that he was not responsible for this terrific destruction of human life!

But we are lingering here too long. Let us leave Tophet and Gehenna, and turn to scenes that will inspire more cheerful associations. Turning back a little, just at the mouth of the Tyropean Valley, between Zion and Ophel, No. 10, we stand by

THE POOL OF SILOAM.

This is a place of so much interest we must tarry here a little, and take a thorough look at it. It is one of the most noted fountains about Jerusalem. In this vicinity, just below this Pool, Solomon, and probably subsequent kings of Judah, had some most beautiful gardens; and Nehemiah says: (iii. 15.) "Shallum built the wall of the Pool of Siloah by the king's garden." Isaiah speaks of the waters of Siloah that flow softly; and who has not read with deep interest the strange cure of the blind man, when the Savior, having anointed his eyes with the mixture of dust and spittle, said: "Go wash in the Pool of Siloam," and he went and washed, "and came seeing." And who can write about this place without being reminded of the words of the great poet who sings of these renowned localities:

> "If Zion's hill
> Delights thee more, and Siloa's brook, that flowed
> Fast by the oracles of God, I thence
> Invoke their aid to my adventurous song."

To get a clear understanding of these remarkable waters, and about which, notwithstanding all the investigations of modern travelers, there is much of mystery, we must take you to another locality. Standing at No. 10, in the mouth of the Tyropean, where the waters of Siloam flow out at the base of Ophel, follow around the brow of the hill in the valley of the

Kidron to No. 11. Here is a singular reservoir of water, now called

THE FOUNTAIN OF THE VIRGIN.

This fountain has several different names. It is sometimes called the *Dragon's Fount—Fount of the Sun—Bath of Samuel—Bethesda*—Fount of Siloam. I find much confusion in different authors in the description of these two fountains, and the name Pool and Fountain of Siloam used interchangeably and applied to both, and sometimes so applied as to make it impossible to tell which one is referred to. The lower one, No. 10, is the Pool of Siloam; the upper one, No. 11, may properly enough be called the *Fountain of Siloam;* for it, as we shall soon see, supplies the waters of the pool, but in the following description we shall call it the *Fountain of the Virgin*, the familiar name by which it is now known at Jerusalem. To Drs. Barclay and Robinson I am indebted for the most accurate description of these waters I have been able to find, and I felt that it was a great piece of good fortune to have Dr. Barclay with me in my visit to the place.

Returning now to the Pool of Siloam, No. 10, let us first take a look at that. The water here is received into an oblong reservoir, fifty-three feet in length, eighteen feet wide and nineteen feet deep. It does not fill up, but when the water, as it flows in, has attained the depth of two or three feet, it passes off through an outlet for a short distance under ground, and then falls into some reserviors, or troughs, from which it goes dashing off in little bubbling rills on its way to water the gardens below. At the upper end of this pool is an old arched stairway, now tumbling into ruins, by which a descent can be made to the mouth of the subterranean passage through which the water enters. The pool is still a great place of public resort, and here the people congregate to bathe, wash clothes, and water their animals. Six old pillars of Jerusalem marble are still seen imbedded in a portion of the eastern wall of the pool, which, in connection with others that have now disappeared, probably once supported a roof over the waters.

Now comes the most singular feature of the pool. Its sup-

ply of water is all received from the Fountain of the Virgin, No. 11. Siloam means, *sent*, and the waters are sent to it from the fountain above. Dr. Robinson having found the belief current at Jerusalem that a subterranean passage existed between these two fountains, and finding some allusions to it in early writings, determined, with his usual energy and perseverance, to settle the question. Repairing in company with his companions to the Pool of Siloam, they divested themselves of shoes, stockings, and unnecessary garments, and entered the subterranean passage through which the water flows. It was a dirty, gloomy, and unexplored road. They found the passage cut wholly through the solid rock, two feet wide, and somewhat winding in its course. For the first hundred feet it was from fifteen to twenty feet high; another hundred feet or more, from six to ten feet; afterwards, not more than two to three feet, thus gradually becoming lower and lower. Having lights and a tape line, they measured as they went, and after having penetrated eight hundred feet, the ceiling of the passage was so low they could proceed no further without crawling on all fours. This being a contingency they had not calculated for, they traced on the roof, with the smoke of their candles, the initials of their names, and the figures 800, to denote the distance, and made a retreat to the pool, wet and bedabbled with mud, determined yet to complete the exploration. Now let us go up again to the Fountain of the Virgin.

A portion of our road leads along an old embankment or causeway, and just by our path you may notice an old mulberry tree. It bears the marks of antiquity, is rotten at the base, crooked nearly double, and would tumble over but for a column of stone some careful persons have piled beneath to support it. That is the "*Tree of Isaiah*," and tradition says, marks the exact spot where Manassah caused the prophet to be sawn asunder.

Arriving at the fountain, we find it a large, deep, artificial cavity in the hill-side, excavated entirely in the solid rock. To enter it, you descend first a broad stone stairway of sixteen steps; here you find a level stone space or platform twelve feet broad; then you descend again ten steps more before reaching

the water. At the water you are about twenty-five feet below the entrance in the hill-side, and some ten to fifteen feet below the bottom of the valley. A good idea of this descent to these subterranean waters may be obtained from the accompanying cut. Arriving at the water you find it contained in a fountain or basin about fifteen feet long, five to six feet broad, and six or eight feet high. The usual depth of water is about three feet, the bottom of the basin being covered with pebbles and an accumulation of dirt and rubbish. The water flows off in a low passage leading towards the Pool of Siloam. It was from this point Drs. Robinson and Smith completed their survey of this subterranean passage. Prepared, not only for wading, but for crawling, they forced their way into the narrow passage. They found it much smaller than at the other end; most of the way they had to go upon their hands and knees, and in some places, where the passage was more filled up than at others, they had to lie at full length, and drag and push themselves along with knees and elbows. It was a wonder to them how this small passage could ever have been cut through the solid rock. It could only be worked at by one man at a time, and by him only as he lay along nearly at full length. It must have been a work of years. They found also many turns and zigzags in the direction of the passage, thus greatly increasing its length. At last, after having worked their way in this laborious manner *nine hundred and fifty feet*, to their great satisfaction they came upon their original smoke mark of 800 feet, the termination of their exploration from the opposite direction. Thus by this laborious process they settled the question that the waters of Siloam were supplied from the Fountain of the Virgin by a subterranean passage *seventeen hundred and fifty feet* in length, chiseled by the hand of man through the solid rock of Ophel!

Dr. Barclay informed us that he attempted an exploration of the same passage. He crawled in several hundred feet, when he found the passage so choked up with rubbish he could scarcely keep his mouth above water, even when his head was pressed against the upper part of the passage, and he was compelled to retreat. He, however, made a discovery, forty-nine

FOUNTAIN OF THE VIRGIN, OR UPPER FOUNTAIN OF SILOAM.

feet from the entrance, of a collateral passage, which was found to lead across Ophel towards Mount Zion, and which he explored to a point near the present Mugrabin Gate, a small gate between Mount Zion Gate and the Temple area, without finding its termination.

But while we have here the source of the waters of the Pool of Siloam, how is this Fountain of the Virgin supplied? This is a mystery that remains to be yet explained. One of the peculiarities of the water is their periodical flow. The main portion of the water enters from beneath the north end of the lowest step, but some of it comes bubbling up with considerable force about midway of the pool on the south side. This stream ebbs and flows quite irregularly, but generally three or four times a day in autumn, and oftener in spring. It runs from two to four hours in the twenty-four, and appears perfectly quiescent during the remainder of the day. When it commences flowing it gushes out suddenly with considerable force, and runs from fifteen minutes to half an hour, and then ceases for several hours.

What is the reason of this periodical ebb and flow of the waters? Ask that woman who has just filled her water-pot at the generous fountain. She will tell you that in some deep, under-ground channel through which this water comes, there lives a monstrous dragon. When he lies down he completely dams up the water and prevents its flow; when he gets up to seek his food, the water again has a chance to flow until he resumes his rest; and thus it is only occasionally the waters can run. Such is the popular superstition among the credulous natives with regard to this singular fountain. But however satisfactory this explanation may be to ignorant Arabs and Moslems, it does not satisfy the scientific mind.

That these waters are connected with some subterranean reservoir in the hills above, there can be no doubt. That this reservoir empties itself periodically, by means of a syphon passage, must also be admitted. But whether that reservoir and syphon aqueduct be the work of nature, or fashioned by the hand of art, remains to be determined. It has long been the opinion of many intelligent persons that this singular flow of

the waters of Siloam is in some way connected with the artificial, subterranean water passages of the city, either of Mount Zion, or the Temple area, or both. So much was Dr. Barclay impressed with this idea, that on one occasion he made a bargain with the sheik of the adjoining village, who claims to exercise protection over the fountain, for the privilege of removing a few of the lower steps, beneath which the most of the waters enter, to see if he could discover any artificial, subterranean passage. Knowing the prejudice and hostility of the natives, he repaired to the place, with the necessary help and implements of labor, about 10 o'clock at night, determined to use the quiet hours of slumber to the best advantage. What was his surprise to meet the wily old sheik, who, true to the treacherous instincts and avarice of his race, gravely informed him that the bargain for one hundred piasters, then about five dollars, was only a mere jest on his part; that the "Angleseys" (English) had repeatedly offered him five hundred piasters for the same privilege, which he had always indignantly refused; but as he was "Hakim American" he would only charge him *four hundred piasters!* The Doctor's zeal was extinguished; the exploration was abandoned; the sheik, in attempting to grasp too much, lost all, and the hidden sources of Siloah's waters still remain a profound mystery.

This Fountain of Siloam is still a great place of resort for the surrounding inhabitants, and especially of the neighboring village of Siloam. The steps are deeply and smoothly worn by the incessant passing up and down. It is a great wash-tub, where women daily resort to renovate their bundles of soiled and dirty garments; it is a great public bath, where old and young of both sexes perform their ablutions; it is believed by the natives to possess healing qualities, and to be especially beneficial in ophthalmic affections, so that diseased bodies and sore eyes impart their foul contaminations to the water, and render it unfit for the use of the more cleanly Frank.

It is said by some to get the name "Fountain of the Virgin" from the fact that the mother of our Lord used to resort here with others to wash her wearing apparel; others say that these waters were a grand test for women accused of incontinence.

If innocent, they drank it without injury; if guilty, they immediately fell down dead! When the Virgin Mary was accused, she submitted to the ordeal, and thus established her innocence.

Was it not this or some similar pool known in the days of our Savior as Bethesda, in which the periodical flow of the waters was attributed to an angel, and which waters were believed to possess healing powers? At any rate, it was with peculiar interest I clambered down the old moss-grown steps, trod, perhaps, by the feet of kings and patriarchs, listened to the deep gurgling waters, and recalled the interesting incidents connected with the place. Siloam is a place that awakens many a serious, yet interesting and profitable reflection. True, the place has now been stripped of its poetic beauties, and has lost the charm of inspiration it once possessed. This hill, once dense with population, is now a barren waste; the beautiful gardens, that were once the resort and pride of kings, have given place to a few miserable patches of cultivated soil. What might, under the hand of cultivation, be one of the most beautiful and picturesque spots in the world, is now a scene of desolation; and blindness, such as Siloam's waters can never wash away, rests upon the inhabitants.

These waters have been made a beautiful type of more glorious things. Having their source, as many believe, in the secret subterranean reservoirs of the Mount of God, here they come gushing forth; on through Kidron eastward they flow, gradually increasing in size and force, till they find a home and are swallowed up in the bitter waters of the Dead Sea. Here, it is thought, Ezekiel (xlvii. 1, 12) got his striking illustration of the waters of life, the mystical river of God, which, small in its beginnings, he saw flow from under the altar of God. It went forth eastward towards the desert country; at first its depth was to the ankles, then to the knees, then to the loins, and then "it was a river to swim in that could not be passed over." Wherever the river went, every thing lived, and when it came into the sea *the waters were healed.* What is this but the glorious river of life—the gospel of the grace of God—bursting forth in the glorious revelation of Jesus Christ, issuing from Jerusalem, the sanctuary, flowing through the desert portions of

the earth, scattering life and blessings, and sweetening the bitter waters of sin and death? I wonder if David did not stand by this pool, or bathe in these waters, and think of their hidden origin beneath the sanctuary, when he says, "*All my springs are in Thee.*" Surely, from Zion has gone forth the law, and the word of God from Jerusalem.

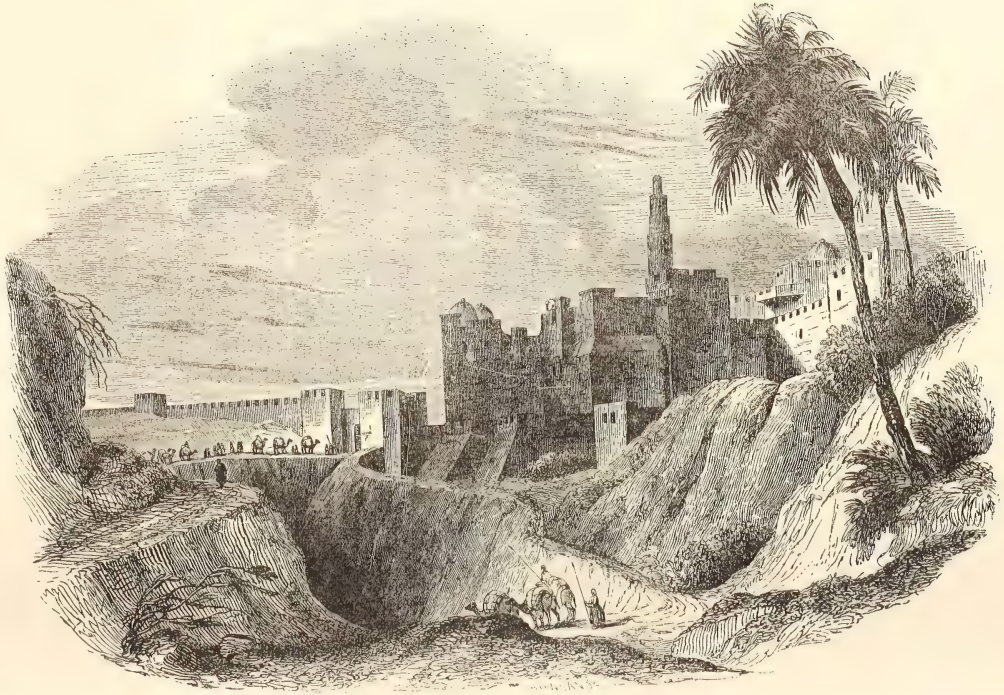
HIGHT OF THE MOUNTAINS.

The hight of some of the elevations about the city from En-Rogel, or the Well of Joab, at the junction of Jehoshaphat and Hinnom, is given by Dr. Barclay:

Mount Ophel above En-Rogel	377 feet.
Mount of Corruption, En-Rogel	422 "
Top of the city wall at the southeast corner of the temple area	425 "
Hill of Evil Council	506 "
Zion, average hight	521 "
Bezetha	550 "
Northwest corner of the city	571 "
Mount Olivet	678 "

As the Pool of Siloam is one hundred and seventeen feet higher than En-Rogel, by deducting that from the above hights it will give their elevation above this pool. Mount Zion is four hundred and four feet above Siloam. As the sides of these elevations are often rocky and precipitous, it gives them a much more imposing appearance than they would otherwise have, and as one looks upon them he is impressed with the striking comparison of David, "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people."

We shall now return to the city for our noonday refreshments; at 2 o'clock we will meet again at this fountain, and continue our walk up the Valley of Jehoshaphat, among the tombs and into the celebrated excavations beneath the city.



Part of the Valley of Jehosaphat, and entrance to Jerusalem.

CHAPTER IV.

RAMBLES ABOUT JERUSALEM CONTINUED — ANCIENT TOMBS — GROTTOES AND WONDERFUL EXCAVATIONS.

AT Siloam we are in the renowned Valley of Jehoshaphat, meaning "Jehovah Judgeth." The origin of this name is found in a passage of the prophet Joel, in which he speaks of the "Valley of Jehoshaphat," where God will judge the oppressors of his people. It is singular that this valley, in three of the great religious systems of the world, should be designated as the scene of the last great jugdment. The Jew here looks for the appearance of Messiah and destruction upon his enemies. On yonder terrace wall of Mount Moriah that overhangs this valley, the Mohammedan will tell you his Prophet will sit to judge the world; while from yonder summit of Olivet the Savior ascended to heaven, and many believe that on this spot he will descend, and that before him the nations shall be gathered. Well is this wild ravine called the "Valley of Decision." Jews, Mohammedans and Christians all agree in the propriety of the present name. Jerusalem, what a place thou hast in the religious faith and affections of the world!

The head of the valley is on the north side of Jerusalem, and at first very shallow. As you descend the valley to the southward, and come opposite St. Stephen's Gate, the depth is about one hundred feet, and the breadth about four hundred feet. Here, a little to the northward as you cross the valley, nestling under the shadow of the steep declivities of Olivet, is one of the sacred spots embalmed in the memory of every Christian, and to which we are yet to pay a formal visit—Gethsemane. As you continue down the valley along the Temple area it rapidly deepens, and the hills rise in steep precipices on both sides.

Passing the Fountain of Siloam, the valley again widens, the pleasant gardens and cultivated terraces make their appearance; and near by, in strange contrast, "Tophet and black Gehenna, called the type of hell." The length of the valley from its head to En-Rogel, or its junction with Hinnom, is two and three-fourths miles. It then cuts its way through the wild, hilly country of the wilderness of Judea, past the convent of St. Saba, where it is called "The Monk's Valley;" below the convent it takes the name of the "Valley of Fire," until it terminates at the Dead Sea, fourteen miles from Jerusalem. Such is the valley that now has an undying name in the records of our holy religion. "A valley," says one, "which has witnessed on its banks the greatest scene in the evangelical drama—the tears, the agonies, and the death of the Savior! A valley through which the prophets have passed, in their turns, uttering a cry of wo and terror, which seems still to echo!" and we may say, a valley from the banks of which the Savior ascended to be again with his Father, and a valley which, in the estimation of many, "is destined to hear the stupendous noise of the torrent of souls rolling before God, and coming to their fatal judgment." Through this valley flows

THE WATERS OF THE KIDRON.

Kidron, Kedron, or Cedron, as some call it, is the Hebrew name of the place. When David fled from the city during the rebellion of his son Absalom, he is said to have "passed over the brook Kidron, toward the way of the wilderness." After this the place is frequently referred to in the history of the Holy City. The bed of the Kidron opposite Jerusalem is now dry; no water flows above the surface until you get far down the valley below the city. But this is undoubtedly owing to the great diminution of water that has taken place from natural causes that have long been operating in this land. That there was formerly a running brook here, is evident from the various scripture allusions to the place. Though the channel of the stream is now dry, the "Brook Kidron" has a place in Christian history and Christian poetry, from which it will never perish. It was crossed and re-crossed by the Savior, and is one

of the landmarks by which we know the spot of his agony on the fearful night of his betrayal. Gethsemane and Kidron are inseparably blended in the closing scenes of his eventful life.

Jehoshaphat, like Hinnom, is a great sepulchral valley. Just under the east wall of the city the Mohammedans have a cemetery, and a large extent of ground is thickly covered with their singular looking tombs. Here, under the shadow of the great Mosque of Omar, the Mussulman covets a tomb. On the opposite side of the valley is the great silent city of the Jewish dead. Here, since the days of David and Solomon, generation after generation have been gathered unto their fathers. For thousands of years bones have been piled upon bones, and the dust of the children has been mingled with the ashes of their forefathers. The whole of the east bank, all along up the side of Olivet, is covered with the tombs of the countless descendants of Abraham. It is still said to be one of the greatest privileges craved by the dying Jew, to have his bones laid in the sepulchral home of his fathers in the Valley of Jehoshaphat. Here they expect their coming Messiah to stand in the resurrection. Those buried in this valley, they say, will rise at once from their tombs, while those who have been buried in other lands will have a long and weary under-ground pilgrimage to make to reach this place.

Just opposite the Fountain of the Virgin upon the steep declivity of the eastern bank, No. 12, is the modern village of Siloam, or Silwan. It is a wretched looking place of a few scores of dwellings, formed by wresting the rock-hewn sepulchres of the hill-side from the possession of the dead, building up stone fronts, and turning them into gloomy, dirty looking abodes for the living. The inhabitants are as wretched and miserable as their dwellings, and noted for their rude and lawless conduct. There is nothing about the place or its surroundings to awaken the poetic associations the name is calculated to suggest.

Some of the ancient tombs along this valley are worthy of special notice:

> "Strong vaulted cells, where martyred seers of old
> Far in the rocky walls of Zion sleep."

The soil on these hill-sides is shallow and easily washed away; the rock is soft and easily cut, and both these circumstances conspired to induce the ancients to cut their tombs deep into the solid beds of the mountains. A few of the monumental tombs are worthy of special note.

The Tomb of St. James is a large excavated chamber in the side of the cliff, with a porch in front, supported by two columns. The doorway is handsomely carved. The porch is eighteen feet wide and nine deep, from which a plain door opens into a sepulchral chamber seventeen feet by fourteen. From this are openings into three smaller places, with recesses for bodies.

The Tomb of Zechariah is a monolithic monument—an entire mass of the native rock separated from the hill-side by cutting a broad passage around three sides of it. It is cubic in shape, with a pyramidal top, each side seventeen feet. It is ornamented with columns, pilasters, cornice, etc., and said to have been constructed in honor of Zechariah, who was stoned in the court of the temple in the reign of Joash. "Your fathers killed the prophets, and ye build their sepulchres." No entrance to this singular monument has ever been found, and it is supposed to be solid. Many Hebrew names are engraven upon the sides, and dirt and rubbish have accumulated about it till nearly one-fourth of it is buried from view.

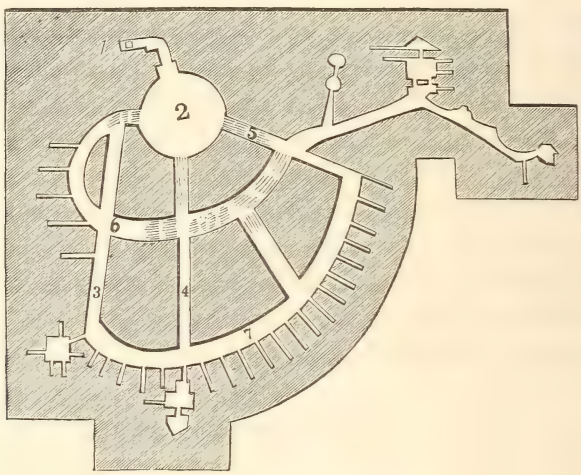
The Tomb of Jehoshaphat is near by. The stone doorway is richly ornamented with sculptured foliage, although it is now choked up nearly to the top with dirt and stones. For whom this tomb was built is a matter of much uncertainty. Jehoshaphat, the Bible informs us, "was buried with his fathers in the city of David;" if so, he was not buried here. Some say it is the burial place of Simon the Just, and others assign it to Joseph, the husband of Mary. In 1842, it is said an attempt to explore this tomb by a visitor from Rome resulted in the discovery, in the interior, of a Hebrew manuscript of the Pentateuch. Dr. Barclay informed us that he had long been anxious to make an exploration of the tomb, but the jealousy and hostility of the Jews prevented it. At last, taking advantage of the cover of night, and plying pick and shovel with all possible

secrecy and diligence, he reached the interior, but instead of being rewarded by the discovery of ancient manuscripts and Jewish antiquities, he found only a room full of rotten leather parings, and heaps of unsightly skeletons. Near this may be seen another notable monument—

The Tomb or Pillar of Absalom. O, Absalom! The memory of that bad boy loses none of its offensive odor as it comes down through the long succession of generations. With what unfeigned anguish a heart-broken father hung over his mangled body. "O, Absalom, my son, my son, would God I had died for thee." But Absalom was not buried here. He was slain in the battle his own rebellion had provoked in the wood of Ephraim; "and they took him and cast him into a great pit in the wood, and laid a very great heap of stones upon him." (2 Sam. xviii. 17.) But the same narrative informs us: "Absalom in his life time had reared up for himself a pillar, which is in the king's dale, for he said, I have no son to keep my name in remembrance; and he called the pillar after his own name."

The lower part of this pillar, like the tomb of Zechariah, is a monolith, chiseled from the solid rock of the hill-side. This mass of stone is twenty-two feet square, ornamented with columns and pilasters, and over them an Egyptian cornice. Above this is a pile of masonry, consisting of layers of large stones, ornamented with projecting cable moldings, the whole surmounted by a pyramidal top, crowned by a tuft of palm leaves. Its hight is about fifty feet. A great heap of rubbish has accumulated about the base, to which additions are continually made from the contempt in which the memory of Absalom is held. Moslems, Jews and Christians, as they pass this monument, manifest their indignation against the rebellious son by casting a stone at the monument, or spitting spitefully towards it. I write this for the boys. If you would have the respect of the good while living, and a revered monument to mark your resting place when dead, remember the commandment, and honor thy father and thy mother. From these singular and costly tombs, we will now climb up the side of Olivet to No. 13, the Tombs of the Prophets.

The tombs we have been comtemplating are monumental piles above ground; these are dark, sepulchral regions—deep, damp chambers in the heart of Olivet. No mere verbal description could convey any just idea of these subterranean galleries, vaults, and coffin cells; so we have inserted the following plan, by which the reader will see at a glance the singular course and comparative length and depth of these subterrane-



THE TOMBS OF THE PROPHETS.

an passages. The entrance, No. 1, is narrow and crooked, and now nearly choked up with dirt, so that one has literally to crawl to gain an entrance. At No. 2 you find yourself in a large circular chamber, twenty-four feet in diameter, and ten feet high. Two parallel galleries, Nos. 3 and 4, ten feet high and five feet wide, are carried southward through the rock about sixty feet; a third, No. 5, diverges southeast about forty feet. These are connected by two cross galleries in concentric curves, Nos. 6 and 7, one at their extreme end, the other in the middle. The outer one is one hundred and fifteen feet long, and has a range of thirty niches on the level of its floor, radiating outwards, in which to deposit dead bodies. Other passages opening into other chambers may also be seen in the drawing.

How these singular catacombs obtained the name of "Tombs

of the Prophets," no one now knows, as there is no evidence that any of the prophets were buried here. They are, in their construction, unlike any other tombs in the vicinity of Jerusalem. Existing in connection with the great Jewish cemetery, would lead to the supposition that the Jews might have excavated them; and yet, as Jerusalem was a city long anterior to the occupation of the Israelites, they may have a still earlier date. Not a line of inscription, a record, or remains of any kind, have ever been found to throw a ray of light upon their origin. Who built them, what lordly or menial occupants may have possessed them, will probably forever remain a profound mystery. Their ancient occupants have crumbled to dust. We found skeletons in a few of the niches, but they were evidently of recent deposit. The Rabbins say, "that when the dead shall live again, Mount Olivet shall be rent asunder, and all the dead of Israel shall come out thence." When that takes place, who of the ancient worthies will spring up from the moldering dust of these lone, subterranean regions? Omniscience alone can tell.

Glad to escape from the stifling air, and grim associations of the charnel-house, we descended the hill, re-crossed the Kidron, climbed the rugged side of Mount Moriah, and stood beneath the Temple area, just where the Gate Beautiful, No. 16, once opened its magnificent portals towards the rising sun. The outside of the wall at the corner is upwards of seventy-five feet high, its base reaching down upon the hill-side. We passed along under the wall towards St. Stephen's Gate. Near the gate our attention was called to some huge stones in the base of the city wall. These stones, it is admitted by all, are some of the few remains of old Jewish masonry. They are all beveled in the peculiar style of the Jewish cutting, and amidst all the overturns and devastating tides of ruin that have swept over the city, have remained unmoved. Five courses of them are nearly entire. One of these stones is twenty-three feet nine inches long, three feet thick, and five feet two inches wide. Others are from seventeen to twenty feet. Probably some of these immense rocks of the southeastern wall were laid in the places they now occupy by Solomon himself when he prepared

the Temple area. "Master," said the disciples as they went out of the temple, "see what manner of stones, and what buildings are here." Though this seems to have been spoken more particularly of the temple itself, it might also apply to the outer walls.

Leaving Gethsemane upon our right, a sacred spot we are soon to visit, we passed around the northeast corner of the city, towards the Damascus Gate. The hills on this side of the city melt away into gentler slopes; there are none of those deep ravines that form the great natural defenses of the other sides of the city,.and it is not until you get some distance north and ascend the high ridge of Scopus that you can overlook any portion of the city. This being the most defenseless side of the city, from this way its enemies have generally made their approaches. On yonder ridge of Scopus Titus had his camp, and from this point commenced the siege which ended in such fearful ruin to the city. As I passed along these localities I could not but think also of old Nehemiah, in the days of the Babylonish captivity, when he came stealthily by night, crawling about among the ruins of the demolished walls, laying his plans for their reconstruction. A little to the northeast of Damascus Gate we were taken to

THE GROTTO OF JEREMIAH.

A large portion of the hill here has been removed by the quarryings of ancient times, and this grotto has been cut in the southern side of a rocky ledge, now fenced in, with a garden and dwelling-house in front. The gate is kept by a dingy Arab, whose obstinacy nothing but the all-potent backsheesh could move. A shilling set gates and doors all wide open, and gave us free access to every avenue. It is a spacious, romantic place. In one corner was an opening into an inner cavern, containing a large fountain and a reservoir of water. But for what are we here, but to see the place *where Jeremiah wrote his lamentations?* There in that deep, dismal corner of the great cavern, high upon that rocky bed, is the very spot—"they say." I climbed up to the top; a deep indentation in the rock, precisely the shape of a man's back from the shoulders downward,

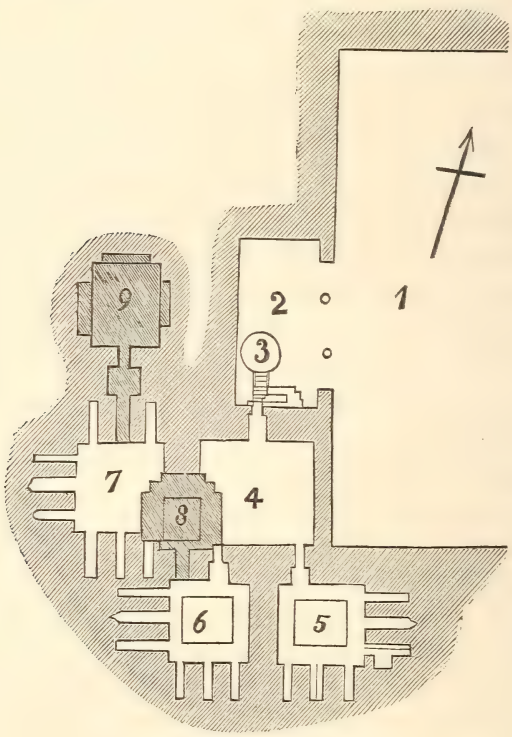
was identified as the very place where the old prophet lay, mourned and wrote. I lay down and adjusted my back to the hard mold, and found it an excellent fit. Poor old seer! If he was compelled to lie here till his aching back had thus indented the hard rock, no wonder that his productions, for the bitterness of their sorrows and the depths of their pathos, have obtained for him the name of the weeping prophet!

VISITS TO OTHER TOMBS.

We have not done yet with the ancient tombs of Jerusalem. There are several extensive and magnificent ones about the head of this valley of Jehoshaphat. It seems to have been the ambition of ancient heroes, not only to rule while living, but to have a secure and quiet resting place when dead. Conscious that grim death would wind his leaden arms about them, and lay them to rest in his silent dominions, they hewed to themselves costly mausoleums, where they hoped to rest undisturbed. How few of them succeeded! The hand of the invader, more ruthless than death himself, has sought them out, and where is the tomb that has not long since been opened and plundered? The more laborious the passage and curious the art of concealment, the more expectation was excited and avarice stimulated in hopes of finding hidden treasures.

The Tombs of the Judges are not far from us to the northward. They are extensive excavations in the rocks—rooms beyond rooms, and chambers beneath chambers, with tiers of recesses for the honored dead. On another occasion, I went out to them with two of my companions, provided with torches, and walked through the gloomy halls. All traces of those who once slept here have disappeared. Who occupied these vaulted chambers, who wept for them, or sang their requiem, none can tell. These tombs received their present name from a tradition that the members of the Jewish Sanhedrim were buried here, but of this there is no certainty. They face the west, and have a magnificent sculptured entrance, ornamented with flowers and other devices surrounding flaming torches. From these we turned to the most elaborately wrought sepulchres in all this region—*the Tombs of the Kings.*

They are nearly north of the Damascus Gate, very near where the old wall made its northernmost angle. Dr. Barclay has thoroughly explored them, and being with us will be our guide. They are also called the "*Tomb of Helena*," from a supposition that they were intended for this renowned princess. Why called Tombs of the Kings, it is difficult to tell, unless they belonged to the Herodian times, for the kings of Judah were buried on the southern side of Zion. To show the skill and labor expended on these tombs, we here introduce the accompanying diagram:



THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS.

Approaching the place, you find a huge trench or road cut out of the rock, down which you pass till you are eighteen feet below the surrounding surface. Here you pass a doorway, through a wall of native rock seven feet thick, into a large open court, excavated also from the solid rock, ninety-two feet long, and eighty-seven feet wide, a section of which is seen at

No. 1 of the diagram, the walls all hewn smooth and perpendicular. The bottom of this court was, no doubt, a smooth floor of rock, but it is now incumbered with piles of dirt and stone. On the west side of this court is an open doorway, twenty-seven feet wide, leading into a spacious vestibule, No. 2, thirty-nine feet long, seventeen feet wide and fifteen feet high. This vestibule, like all other portions of the building, is excavated from the solid rock. The sides of the doorway were once ornamented with pilasters, and two stone columns, now broken down, divided the entrance into three equal spaces. On the rock above the entrance are some elegant sculptures—large clusters of grapes between garlands of flowers, intermingled with Corinthian capitals and other decorations. Tracery work of flowers and fruits extend across the portal and hang down along the sides. I was surprised to see how well this exquisite carving had been preserved amid the wasting influences of time and the ravages of reckless barbarians.

The floor of the inner chamber, No. 4, is nearly three feet lower than the floor of the vestibule, and is entered by a low doorway, No. 3. This doorway was so ingeniously contrived, as, in the days of its perfection, to have almost entirely baffled the search of the curious who might wish to find it. It would be impossible to give an accurate idea of this by any mere verbal description. It is certainly, as one says, "one of the most ingenious and remarkable pieces of mechanism handed down to us from antiquity." This entrance was beneath a trap door, concealed by flagging-stones; while the landing under it was a deep well, into which one had to descend to find the passage. This wonderful doorway has now been broken up, and the entrance so filled with dirt and stones we had to get down, and, serpent-like, work our way through. Succeeding in this we stood in room No. 4. This is only an ante-room, and not intended for burial, eighteen and a half feet by nineteen. Here the Doctor called our attention to another ingenious device for securing the safety of the tombs. On the inside of this strange doorway was originally hung a ponderous stone door. It could be easily pushed open by the person entering, if he had succeeded in finding the hidden passage; but after being opened

was so contrived, by being hung upon an inclined jamb, that it would swing to from its own weight, and could not be opened from the inside; and the intruder might find himself in a dismal dungeon, left to perish with the moldering dead about him, without the possibility of escape.

From this ante-chamber a low doorway opened into No. 5, a room eleven feet by twelve, having six niches in the walls, in which to lay the bodies of the dead; another passage opened into a similar room, No. 6, thirteen feet by thirteen, having also receptacles for sarcophagi or bodies. On the west another passage way opens into No. 7, thirteen and one-fourth feet square, which appears to be the most important room of all, having three crypts on each of three sides, north, south and west; some of these crypts open into still smaller chambers for tombs. The doorways of these rooms were all secured, like the one first mentioned, by heavy stone doors hung upon the inside, shutting of themselves, and opened only from the outer passage. Fragments of these doors, some of them ornamented with carvings, may still be seen in the rooms. Along the sides of these rooms are small channels cut in the floor to carry off any water that may drip from the ceilings; the walls are square and handsomely chiseled, but not polished.

From the southwest corner of No. 6, a flight of steps descend into a lower chamber, No. 8, lying partly beneath Nos. 4 and 8, ten feet by twelve. On each of three sides of this room are large arched niches for the reception of sarcophagi, and such undoubtedly once occupied them. They were of beautiful white marble, elegantly sculptured with flowers and wreaths; but they have been torn from their resting places, broken in pieces, and scattered about the room. From the north side of No. 7, a flight of steps leads to a similar lower story chamber, lying far beneath the surface, and, like the former one, having the remains of once beautifully sculptured, but now broken sarcophagi scattered about it.

Such is the construction of these elaborate tombs, so far as they have been explored. Lying, as they do, all upon the southwest corner of the vestibule, suggested to Dr. Robinson that there must be others upon the opposite side. He set several

men at work to clear away the rubbish, to see if he could not discover some opening in that direction; but all their efforts were in vain. Still the Doctor thinks there may be such entrance, but so adroitly concealed as yet to baffle all research. It has often occurred to me since visiting the place, that as the well at No. 3 was made in part to conceal the entrance to these chambers, and mislead explorers, it might also be connected with some secret passage in an opposite direction. Whether it has ever been thoroughly explored with a view to the settlement of that question, I do not know, but presume it has not.

But we have groped about these ruined, plundered tombs long enough. How eloquently they speak to us, not only of the vanity of human greatness, but the insecurity of both the living and the dead. The good and the brave, the mitred priest and the sceptred king, may here have sought a secure and quiet resting place; but their secret chambers have been laid open, their costly sarcophagi dashed in pieces, and their dust scattered to the winds of heaven. There is no secure hiding place but in Him who says: "I am the resurrection and the life." Standing in him while we live, entombed in him when we die, we may banish our anxieties about the fate of the frail tenement of clay. It may sleep in the deep, dark caverns of earth, or be inhumed in the fathomless waters of the mighty deep, or be burned and scattered like the dust of the summer threshing floor; it shall not be lost—the eye of Omniscience will watch over it—it shall live again and live forever.

EXCAVATIONS BENEATH THE CITY.

We had still one more place of interest to visit as we left the tombs and turned our steps toward the city. These were the wonderful excavations discovered by Dr. Barclay beneath the city. The knowledge of these appears to have been lost, and the Doctor had no intimations of their existence; it was only by a singular circumstance he discovered the entrance to them. On one occasion, returning from a walk, as he approached the Damascus Gate, he found his dog barking furiously, and digging under a portion of the wall a little east of the gate. He soon discovered there was an opening under the wall, closed up by

a pile of loose dirt. Fearing to make any examinations by daylight, lest he should excite the jealousy and opposition of the Moslems, he closed up the aperture and returned to his home. But his curiosity could not sleep over the discovery. With some members of his family, duly equipped with torches and shovels, he returned, under cover of night, and soon enlarged the aperture, so that one after another they slipped under the wall. The wonderful discovery they made there, the Doctor has brought us to this place to show; so let us slip in with him through the narrow opening, and light our torches. First, we see an immense roof of stone, like a great ceiling, over our heads. An immense heap of dirt appears to have been shoveled in here, evidently intended to close up the passage, but it has settled down two or three feet, so that we can crawl over the top of it, bumping our heads occasionally against the stone ceiling above. This great mound of earth reaches from seventy-five to one hundred feet. As we went clambering over it, the air seemed filled with smoke, and soon a light made its appearance ahead. "What can it mean?" says one. We approached, and found a miserable looking Arab man and woman, with two or three ragged children, sitting around a fire they had kindled with a few sticks. They were evidently a miserable vagrant family, who, having no house or home, had crawled in here to find temporary protection. We now went down a steep descent upon the opposite side of this great pile of loam; the cavern deepening upon us, and expanding into unknown dimensions, in the thick darkness of which the glimmering light of our tapers died away in the distance without any obstruction to reflect it. It was darkness fearful; silence profound and awful. Then we came upon huge piles of the chippings of stones, where workmen of unknown times had labored in giving proper shape and form to the quarried masses. Large pillars of the native rock had been left at suitable intervals to support the ponderous ceiling.

On we proceeded, slowly and cautiously. Suddenly the Doctor's warning voice arrested our attention: "Hold, don't go there!" A sudden halt. "And what's here, Doctor?" "A frightful precipice and chasm." We looked beneath us, but

could see nothing except an impenetrable pall of darkness, black as Erebus. The Doctor's sounding line had been there before us in his former explorations. The pit here is deep and the sides precipitous. The Doctor assured us that in his former explorations, on reaching the bottom he found a *human skeleton*. Some poor fellow—who or when none will ever know—had found his way in there, stumbled over the precipice, and as examination showed, broke his skull in the fall—killed and sepulchred in these mysterious vaults.

In one place, where we came to the termination of a great chamber, we stopped to contemplate the unfinished work of the ancient quarrymen. Here were great blocks of stone, partly quarried, still hanging to the native mass. One of these was a perpendicular stone about ten feet high, and between three and four feet square. The workmen had commenced by cutting a perpendicular crease upon the two exposed sides, about four inches wide, and had proceeded until it was about two feet deep upon each side of the block. This must have been effected by some long, pointed instrument, with a chissel-shaped end. They had no gunpowder in those days to blast the rocks, and they seem not to have understood how to split them out with wedges, but they were literally chisseled out by persevering labor. The work of cutting out this block was nearly completed, for the two grooves, one from the front, and the other from the side, at right angles with each other, had been carried nearly to the necessary depth to allow the upright mass to be pried from its resting place. The marks of the tool were as perfect as if made but yesterday. But the workmen left it and never returned. Why? Who can tell? What a field for the rovings of imagination the question opens! Was it found just at that peculiar juncture that no more stone were needed? Did some besieging army encamp before the walls, and the consternations of war stop the work of public improvements? or did death palsy the stalwart arm that had so vigorously wielded the implement of labor?

This great cavern lies under Bezetha. We spent some time in wandering about the interior. Dr. Barclay tells us he measured from the entrance to the termination, the longest way,

seven hundred and fifty feet; and found it upwards of three thousand feet in circumference. It was evidently the great quarry from which the ancient inhabitants took their stone for building the city. The material is a soft, white limestone, easily worked, but hardening on exposure to the weather. Here, no doubt, was Solomon's great quarry, from which he took the stone for the Temple. The reasons assigned for this belief are: first, the stone is the same as that of some portions of the old wall still remaining; second, an opening could easily have been made on the side of the quarry next the Temple, and the stone conveniently transported to the Temple area; third, the immense piles of chippings found in these caverns show that the stone were not only quarried, but dressed and finished here, corresponding with the account that they were brought to the Temple ready to be laid in their places, without the necessity of hammer or graving tool; fourth, the vast extent of the quarry, and the amount of stone that must have been worked out there, and the size of some of the blocks; fifth, the extreme age of that part of this same quarry lying outside of the wall, where extensive excavations have been made, and which dates back in legends and traditions to the time of Jeremiah; and, lastly, that there are no other great quarries near the city from which the material could have been taken. So here we are where Solomon's workmen labored, and prepared the stones for the magnificent Temple of God!

It is now a solemn and gloomy abode. Large numbers of bats hang from the ceiling, and, aroused by your approach, flit about your head. Occasionally a pile of bones, brought in by the jackalls, arrest your attention, and the giving way of the dirt beneath your feet indicates the places where they burrowed. The water trickles from the lofty ceiling, and the lapse of ages has hung the roof with sparry incrustations. The Crusaders have been here, and traced crosses and other devices upon the walls. Various emotions are excited as you wander about by the light of your flickering tapers. You are astonished at the extent of the excavations, awed by the grandeur of the lofty ceilings, impressed with the pervading gloom and

silence, and bewildered amid the reveries the associations and remembrances of the past inspire.

RETURN TO THE LIGHT OF DAY.

Here we are again amid the blazing sunlight of heaven, breathing the free air, fragrant with the perfume of the great beds of wild flowers, that, despite the hand of neglect and desolation, spring up all around the city. What a time we have had wandering among the cold tombs, and through the vaulted, subterranean chambers of this wonderful city. We are now through with this, and will turn our steps to more cheerful places, and our eyes to more pleasing sights. We have soiled our garments, and the light lime dust of the vaults, like flour, has been sifted over us; the sun is creeping down the western slope of Judah's hills, and we are admonished to seek our homes.

It is pleasant to linger about thy walls, O Jerusalem! How every foot of thy soil seems hallowed by the sacred associations of the past! The affections of the sons of Abraham cluster about thee, and the Christian gazes long and earnestly upon thy mountains and valleys, thy fountains and towers, thy domes and battlements. But we must not linger here. The gates close at sunset, and we must get within the walls. Now watch, and you will have another instructive illustration of Scripture in

THE SHEPHERD AND HIS FLOCK.

They have been out during the day wandering about the hills and valleys, and now, as night falls gently on the landscape, they seek safety and protection within the gates, where the flocks are safely folded for the night. There comes a shepherd with his numerous bleating family. A part of them are white long-wooled sheep, and part black long-eared goats. Sometimes it becomes necessary to separate them. "Then shall he separate the righteous from the wicked, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats." See: the shepherd goes before, and the sheep hear his voice and follow him. Try and imitate his call, and see if they will leave him. No! "A

stranger will they not follow, for they know not the voice of strangers." What a striking illustration of our Savior's teachings! How often, as I stood at eventide, and watched these faithful shepherds leading their flocks to secure folds within the walls of Jerusalem, my mind was carried forward to the close of this world's long day, and the approaching night of eternity, when the good Shepherd shall bring his beloved and redeemed flock within the gates of the glorious city of God, and give them a secure resting place in the Jerusalem on high. As they approach the gate, the armed sentinel steps aside to give shepherd and flock a welcome admittance. "To him the porter openeth." So I thought again, when the great Shepherd with his redeemed flock shall approach the gates of the everlasting city, the voice of the omnipotent Jehovah will be heard: "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, even lift them up ye everlasting doors, and the king of glory shall come in." How many rich and instructive lessons we are learning as we wander about this city—voices from the tombs, voices from the customs of the country that for so many generations have remained unchanged.

We have had a laborious, but an interesting and instructive day. We have seen and learned much, thanks to the kindness of Dr. Barclay; we shall remember him with gratitude for the aid he has rendered us in this and other walks about the city. We must get in before dark. One of the police regulations of the city forbids any person being in the streets after dark, unless he carries a lantern. Darkness and crime are supposed to be hand in hand associates. "Let your light so shine that others may see your good works." So as we have no lantern, and it is getting dark, we will hasten along, first through the street of Mount Zion, then up the Via Dolorosa, across the street of the Patriachs into the Christian quarters, and thence to our convent home.

THE FAST OF RAMEDAN.

Saturday Evening, March 23. Take your Bible and come with me upon the house-top, and let us spend the closing hour of day in reading and meditation. The sun is just sinking

away in the clear, blue, western sky—lower and lower—he is out of sight. Hark! the thundering boom of cannon from the old citadel of David rolls over the city, and echoes back from Zion and Olivet. Scarcely has the sound died away in the distance ere the air is rent with the vociferations of a clamorous multitude—the shout of the many thousands of men, women and children that congregate in the Mohammedan quarter of the city. It is one prolonged and deafening strain, rising even above the cannon's roar. What does it mean? This is the time of the great fast of Ramedan, imposed by the Prophet on all the faithful. It occurs always at this period of the year, and continues one entire lunar month, commencing with the change of the moon. The fast is held each day from sunrise to sunset. Neither smoking, drinking or eating is allowed. Shops are kept open, and business goes on as usual, though many of the more devout carry their beads and count off an extra number of prayers.

At sunset the rigid fast of the day closes, and the night is given up to drinking, feasting and revelry. The gun we heard was the sunset signal; the multitudinous shouts that rent the air were the acclamations of joy at the announcement of the hour that lifted the ban, and opened the door for sensual indulgence.

To-morrow will be our first Sabbath in Jerusalem. It is Palm Sunday, and we shall have an opportunity to visit the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and witness some of the imposing ceremonies there; but more than that, we shall stand on Calvary, and visit the sepulchre where the Savior was laid.

CHAPTER V.

PALM SUNDAY — CALVARY — THE HOLY SEPULCHRE — RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES, AND HOLY PLACES.

March 24th. A Sabbath in Jerusalem! Hail, holy morning, hail! In ancient times the returning Sabbath in Jerusalem brought a calm and holy day of rest. The gates were shut; the tumult of business ceased; the haunts of pleasure were deserted; the voice of mirth was hushed, and the solemnity of the day of God rested on Olivet and Zion. All conspired to impress the dweller in the city of God with the stern reality of the sacred law: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." Alas, how changed! The commandments of the Prophet bring no hallowed day of rest. While Moslem and Jew pursue their accustomed avocations, we will join with the Christian population in their observance of the day. There will be Protestant worship at the rooms of the American consulate at 2 o'clock; we will spend the morning hour at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It is

PALM SUNDAY.

The Catholic Christians will observe the day with appropriate ceremonies. A little more than eighteen hundred years ago the Savior was at Bethany, on the opposite side of Olivet, on his way to Jerusalem, to unite in the feast of the Passover. As he came from Bethany around the slope of Olivet towards Jerusalem, his friends set him on a colt, and the multitude took branches of palm trees, and came forth to meet him, crying, "Hosanna to the Son of David." The celebration to-day is the anniversary of this last entry of the Savior into Jerusalem, just before his suffering and crucifixion. A short walk from

our convent, marked upon the plan of Jerusalem by a *, brings us to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, marked with a †, the reputed

PLACE OF THE CRUCIFIXION.

If there is any ground about Jerusalem that may be considered holy, we are now approaching it. If there is one spot on earth more sacred than another, it is the place consecrated by the blood of Jesus, and hallowed by his repose in death. But is this really the place? No one of the so-called "Holy Places" has been the occasion of fiercer disputes and more protracted debates than this. Eminent men have been arrayed against each other, and still the question is an open one. As I have said before, in coming here I did not expect to settle these controverted questions of geography and topography, of sites and dates. Dr. Robinson, upon the one side, and Mr. Williams upon the other, have said all that can well be said; and to them the captious or disputatious reader is referred. Tradition has marked this as the site from the very earliest ages of the Christian era. There has never been a time, even during the days of fiercest and bloodiest persecution, that some faithful ones have not lingered around this great center of Christian attraction. The memory of Jesus was at once embalmed in the affections of his disciples. Would they, or their successors, have been likely to have forgotten the place where transpired the last great act in the sacred drama that gave life and hope to a ruined world? Besides, why need we doubt, where faith can do no harm? If it be right to revere the memory of an earthly friend; to plant flowers upon the grave; to adorn the spot where sleeps a dear father, a sainted mother, or a beloved child; to go there, and even weep there, can it be wrong to hallow the spot where the best and dearest of all friends laid down his life for us? or is it idolatry to build a shrine to his memory? In visiting Calvary and the Sepulchre, I did not wish to go laden with a burden of distracting and unprofitable questions. I preferred to give memory the free use of her angelic pinions, that I might be borne into the very presence of my bleeding Savior; to look upon him with an undimmed eye

of faith; to feel that I was standing beneath the very droppings of his blood, upon the very soil that witnessed the last great struggle, when he came forth victorious from the battle—the triumphant conqueror of death. Come, then, with me to Calvary and the Sepulchre.

The devout Christian visitor, as he seeks the place where the Lord died and was buried—looks for the hill of Calvary, the garden and the rock-hewn tomb—has pictured in his imagination some retired place of rugged rock and sloping hill, of solemn shade and gloomy glen, where nature yet wears her wild and unpruned robes. How deep his disappointment as he approaches the place, and finds the hand of art has so transformed and disguised it! The sacred locality is now all covered over and inclosed within the fort-like walls and massive dome of an enormous church. The Holy Sepulchre is enshrined in casements of polished marble, surrounded by great wax candles, and hung with pictures, images, crucifixes, and gold and silver lamps. The city, with its walls, lanes and houses, closely encompass the place, excluding every appearance of natural scenery, while the court of the church is made a great bazar for the sale of beads, rosaries, amulets and relics. It seems difficult at first to rise above these strange surroundings, and feel that here was once the wild, rugged soil of Calvary, and the cultivated garden of Joseph, in which he had hewn for himself a tomb. This great pile of buildings is

THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

The history of this church is a long one, and as varied as the fortunes of the city, of which it is now one of the most attractive features. It appears that when the devoted Helena, mother of Constantine, came to Jerusalem seeking to honor the memory of the Savior, there stood upon this spot a heathen temple dedicated to Venus. This, it is supposed, had been built by pagan Romans out of hostility to Christ, and with a view of so defiling a place revered by his devoted followers as to make it an abomination to them. This pagan shrine was torn down by order of Constantine, and a Christian church erected upon the spot, commenced A. D. 325; completed A. D.

335. This Christian monument stood two hundred and seventy-nine years. In A. D. 614, it was entirely destroyed by the Persians. Sixteen years after, it was re-built upon a still larger and more magnificent scale. A spacious rotunda, with a huge dome supported upon twelve massive columns, was built around and over the Sepulchre, and a portion of the church was extended over Calvary, covering the supposed place of the crucifixion. This was an age of superstition and of blind devotion to relics, and other chapels were built, extending in different directions, in honor of other supposed sacred localities.

This pile of buildings, that had been enlarged and adorned by successive dignitaries of church and state, was demolished and made a complete heap of ruins by the bigoted Caliph Hakim, in 1048. Thirty-eight years the hard hand of Moslem despotism held in check the desire of the Christian to again adorn Calvary and the Sepulchre. Then the work of reconstruction commenced, but many hindrances and embarrassments impeded the enlargement and prosecution of the work. In the year 1099, the Crusaders took Jerusalem, and under Christian rule, the church was remoddled, enlarged, enriched, and new shrines added. The subsequent fortunes of Jerusalem did not seriously affect the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It remained as the Crusaders found and improved it till 1808, when the calamity of an accidental fire accomplished what war had often done. The great rotunda was destroyed; the huge dome fell in, piling its burning timbers over the canopy of the Sepulchre. The external wall of marble that had been built over it was reduced to lime, but the Sepulchre itself escaped unharmed. Phœnix-like, the majestic dome again arose from the ashes of its former ruins, and the church, as it now stands, was dedicated in 1810.

THE CHURCH AS IT NOW IS.

The massive doorway by which entrance is obtained is on the south, and is reached by a very narrow and crooked street, crowded with merchants' stalls. This approach to the building is considerably higher than the ground floor, and a descent by a broad flight of rude stone steps brings us into an open

paved court. This court appears to be a great mart of merchandise in "holy" things—a sort of Christian exchange, where beads, crucifixes, and relics of every kind are spread in tempting array before the pilgrim visitors. As you enter this court, the whole front elevation of the massive structure is before you. The work is heavy, but it has a grand and imposing aspect. On the right and left of the court are portions of the walls of the Greek convent, which is built in immediate connection with the church. In one corner rises the massive bell tower, an imposing pile of stone, the top of which appears to be in a dilapidated condition. It is said to have been formerly five stories high, but is now reduced to three. The great double doorway is surmounted by an antique looking arch, with deep moldings and elaborate carvings. On the architraves are richly wrought sculptures, in bold relief, representing our Lord's triumphal entry into Jerusalem. But we will not loiter upon the threshold. Let us enter and examine first

THE INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH.

One of the first things that arrests our attention, is a guard of twenty to thirty Turkish soldiers, in the uniform of their country, armed with guns to which gleaming bayonets are fixed. Some of them stand by the doorway, and you pass between them as you enter. Others are loitering here and there through different portions of the great structure. Why is this? The Turks are the rulers and guardians of the city, and the government may be said to be a military despotism. Here are thousands of Jews, thousands of Christians, and thousands of Mohammedans. Among them are a great variety of conflicting opinions and interests. Deeply rooted prejudices and jealousies are constantly sowing seeds of uneasiness and discontent, and a terrible harvest of discord and contention may at any moment be the result. The reins of government are held with a tight hand. Turkish soldiers guard the gates, a police of Turkish soldiers promenade the streets by night and by day, and Turkish soldiers gather about every place of public resort, and strange as it may seem, they keep the keys of

this Christian church, and lock the doors at night and open them in the morning.

Think also of the great variety of Christian sects that here congregate—that under this roof, and in connection with this immense pile of buildings, have their chapels, altars and paraphernalia of worship. One portion of the building belongs to the Latins, or Roman Catholic Christians, another to the Greeks, another to the Armenians. Here, too, are chapels of the Maronites, Georgians, Copts, Jacobites, Abyssinians, and other minor sects. While these all have separate portions of the building where they have exclusive rights, some of what are considered the more holy portions of the structure belong in common to all, and they have to arrange among themselves the time when each shall be allowed to perform at the consecrated shrines their peculiar rites. These all are but men—many of them unsanctified men—and it would not be strange if controversies should arise. This is often the case, and at times so fierce have these dissensions raged, strange as it may seem, in the very temple of the Prince of Peace, and on the very ground sanctified by his holy blood, these contentions have broken out into fierce and unholy strife, and these soldiers of a foreign religion have been under the necessity of quelling bloody feuds at the point of the bayonet. Connected with this church are a great variety of

LEGENDS AND SUPERSTITIONS.

We have already seen that this church was originally built as a monument to honor the place of the Savior's crucifixion and burial. During the long period of the dark ages, when blind superstition and wild fanaticism seem to have usurped the throne of both sound reason and ardent piety, a mania for holy relics and holy places pervaded the Christian world. The sharp eyes of religious devotees discovered and connected with this memorable locality numerous "holy relics," and "holy spots," some of them of so foolish and puerile a character, they could only provoke the mirth and awaken the contempt of the enlightened; some of them of a more grave and serious char-

acter, that seem still to retain a firm hold upon the more credulous and superstitious.

Among the former of these may be mentioned the altar of Melchisedek—the place where Isaac was offered—the place where Adam was buried, and from whence his skull leaped out at the time of the crucifixion, and over which a chapel was built—the sweating pillar to which Christ was bound when he was scourged—the pillar that casts no shadow at noon of the summer solstice, thus indicating *that it is in the very center of the world*—the silver cup which Christ used in instituting the Eucharist, and the sponge the soldiers filled with vinegar and presented to him on the cross, both of which one ancient pilgrim says he saw and kissed—the spear that pierced the Savior's side—the prison of the Savior—the spot where Mary Magdalene stood during the crucifixion, and where his mother and John stood—the place where Jesus appeared to Mary after the resurrection—the precise place where the soldiers cast lots for the Savior's coat, etc., etc. What a list! And yet, while many have made a serious matter of these things, and involved the whole body connected with them in an indiscriminate charge of fanaticism or hypocrisy, of superstition and delusion, I do not suppose that any but the most ignorant and credulous have ever really believed in them, or been imposed upon by them. Under the influence of an increasing intelligence, this list of holy wonders has been dwindling down; some of them are no longer shown, and others are not expected to be believed, unless by the most stupid and over credulous. And yet, with regard to a few localities in this sacred pile, it may be said they have assumed an importance, and the legends and stories connected with them have become so interwoven with the traditions and faith of some of these Christian sects, they may be worthy of special notice. One of these is

THE CHAPEL OF THE INVENTION OF THE CROSS.

This opens from the main body of the church into a rocky vault, excavated in the hill side, twenty feet across. I find various versions of the story, and many strange incidents connected with it, but the substance is about as follows: The devoted

Helena, in her zeal to serve the cause of Christ, came to Jerusalem about three hundred and twenty-five years after Christ, gathering information upon all points connected with the history and death of the Savior. Finding a belief prevalent that the three crosses were thrown into a pit close by the place where the suffering victims expired, she caused diligent search to be instituted, and excavations to be made under her own immediate supervision. Her zealous efforts, it is said, were crowned with success. In this very pit, which now constitutes the "Chapel of the Invention," three crosses were turned up, and with them, Pilate's inscription, placed over the head of Jesus. Some versions of the story also assert that four nails were found, supposed to be the identical ones upon which the Savior hung. What became of two of these nails is not known. The other two have a strange history. The devoted mother had a costly crown wrought for her imperial son Constantine, portions of which, more honored than gold and diamonds, were wrought from these two precious nails! Some accounts say that the Savior's cross was distinguished from the others by the inscription of Pilate, found in immediate connection with it; others, that it was detached, and it could not be determined to which it belonged, and the Savior's cross was discovered by the following strange event: A lady in the vicinity was dangerously sick; the crosses were brought in contact with her. Two of them had no effect; at the touch of the third one she rose immediately from her bed entirely cured! The miracle was conclusive; the wood that had touched her, and that was invested with such wonderful power, was *the true cross!*

The story of the nails, and of the miracle, and some other remarkable things connected with it, appear to be legendary embellishments, to be received or rejected at one's option; but the principal fact of the finding of the cross by Helena, is generally believed among Eastern Christians. I conversed, while in Jerusalem, with an intelligent Catholic priest from Ireland, who believed not only the story of the finding of the cross, but also of the miracle of the healing of the sick woman. To such ones—and I suppose there are many such—this Chapel of the Invention of the Cross would of course be a revered and sacred

place. This chapel belongs to the Latins, but the other sects are allowed to visit it and worship in it. Then there is

THE CHAPEL OF HELENA.

This is a costly room, and decorated at great expense. It is partly hewn in the rock, and is one of the most striking and picturesque portions of the great church. It is sixteen feet below the level of the rotunda floor, and is fifty-one feet by forty-three. It is entered by a narrow doorway, and a flight of twenty-nine steps, partly hewn in the rock. The interior is arranged in the form of a Greek cross, the only light entering through a cupola in the roof. The cupola and roof are supported by large, thick, dwarf-looking columns, with huge capitals of ancient Byzantine form. In this church is an altar dedicated to St. Dimas, the *Penitent Thief*, and another one to St. Helena. The entrance to the Chapel of the Invention is from the south side of this, and is entered by a descent of twelve steps, hewn in the solid rock. I have described these two chapels, to give the reader some idea of the various departments here clustered together, that make up the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Here, clustered around one spot, and under one great mother roof, is Mount Calvary and the Garden; the Chapel of the Sacrifice of Isaac; Chapel of the Altar of Melchisedek; Chapel of St. Helena; Chapel of the Invention; Chapel of the Three Crosses; Chapel of the Division of Garments; Greek Choir, occupying *the center of the world;* the rooms of the Latin Convent; Greek Convent; Chapel of the Maronites; Chapel of the Georgians; Chapel of the Copts; Chapel of the Jacobites; Chapel of the Abyssinians; Chapel and rooms of the Armenians, and, the great central place of attraction, the monstrous rotunda and dome covering the Holy Sepulchre. It is, indeed, a great collection of churches and chapels; of choirs, naves, vestrys and transepts; of shrines, altars and sanctuaries—the great Cathedral of the Christian world—where lights are always burning, incense always smoking, the voice of chanting and praise always resounding.

But we came here to witness the ceremonies of worship, and to visit the two great time-honored localities of the place, the

Cross and the Sepulchre. Having taken a general survey of the building, let us attend to what is passing around us. The great rotunda is sixty-seven feet in diameter. The dome is supported on eighteen massive piers, and has a large opening in the top, through which a flood of light is poured upon the interior. We said it was Palm Sunday—one of the great festive days of the year. It is the commencement of passion week, the near approach of Easter. Pilgrims are now assembling in Jerusalem from all parts of the Christian world. See what a motley crowd are here gathered. The floor of the great rotunda, the galleries above, the aisles and transepts leading away to the different chapels, seem one living mass of human beings. Here are all nationalities, all shades of complexion, all forms and hues of dress. In the midst of the general confusion, each is permitted to speak his own tongue, to worship in his own way, to resort to the shrine that best accords with his own peculiar religious views. Armed soldiers move about among the multitude to preserve order. How changed the scene from eighteen hundred years ago! Then soldiers stood around the dying Son of God, to aid in consummating the murderous deed; now, around this same spot they gather to protect those who would do him homage. Then the multitude cried: "Away with him! Crucify him! Crucify him!!" Now they sing:

"All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem
And crown Him—Lord of All."

But while all conspire to honor Jesus, who, amid this universal confusion, this clangor of human voices, and jargon of discordant sounds, can maintain a devotional spirit, or be impressed with the solemnities of worship? The Greeks had formed a long procession, encircling the whole rotunda, carrying costly and curious banners of various devices, representing scripture scenes. A large company of boys went before, having lighted candles; the dignitaries of the church wore red silk and damask robes, profusely trimmed with gold lace. Some carried censors smoking with incense; others sprinkled conse-

crated rose-water upon the crowd; another bore an immense cross of burnished gold, while the Patriarch, arrayed in sumptuous robes, wore upon his head a crown studded with jewels, and sparkling with diamonds, richly set in gold. In the Latin department of the church was an equally rich display of costly robes and dazzling banners, while the whole multitude carried branches of palm, waving them in the air in unison with their songs of triumph. The Greek procession commenced a solemn march round the rotunda, singing in a peculiar nasal strain, destitute alike of melody and devotion. The loud peals of the Latin organ came mingling its echoes with their sharp, drawling, mouthing strains. The Abyssinian priest beat his cymbals; the Armenian uttered his prayer; the Syrian read aloud his Arabic ritual; the Coptic friar drawled in plaintive tones his devotions; lawless spectators walked about, gazing and talking; from the lofty galleries above, and the deep subterranean chapels below, there seemed to issue a strange jargon of confused and unintelligible sounds. Such was the scene I witnessed upon my first introduction into the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It was *Palm Sunday*. It was the celebration of Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem; one of the great festivals of the church! Was it devotion, that, like holy incense, could rise to Heaven? Was it music, to which angels could tune their harps? Had Jesus sat on yonder brow of Olivet, as he sat on the day the procession led him to the city, would he not now, as then, at the sight of a system of worship that had lost its spirit and power, have wept for the glory departed?

But we have another errand here. Forgetting all this ostentatious display, closing our eyes to this glittering pageantry, let us seek the place where our Savior died, and give ourselves up to the emotions such a place is calculated to awaken. Pushing my way through the crowd, I reached the side of the rotunda, and ascended a flight of twenty-one steps upon the side of Calvary to

THE PLACE OF THE CRUCIFIXION!

We often hear Calvary spoken of as a mount. It is not so called in the Bible, neither is the term hill there applied to it.

It seems to have been upon a slight elevation, rather upon the side of a hill. How high the elevation was, or what its original shape, it seems impossible now to tell. The summit and sides of the elevation have been graded down, and the depressions filled up, to accommodate the surface to the immense church that now covers it. The hill, like all others about Jerusalem, is a mass of limestone rock.

Having ascended the steps, I entered a low vaulted chamber, with a marble floor. It belongs to the Greeks, and is decorated in a most gaudy style. The walls are adorned with pictures, massive wax candles rise from their stately sockets, and a profusion of gold and silver lamps are suspended from the ceiling. It is *the Chapel of the Crucifixion!* At the eastern end is a platform, ten feet long and six feet wide, elevated about eighteen inches above the floor. On this platform stands a richly decorated altar; under it is a round hole in the marble floor, cased with silver; beneath that hole is the reputed spot upon which the cross of Jesus stood! This may be defining the locality too definitely to suit the skeptical visitor, and yet that this is Calvary, is believed by a large portion of the Christian world, and has been believed from the days of the earliest written records upon the subject, and those records were based upon the current faith of the then Christian dwellers at Jerusalem. Why need I attempt to disprove it? I might wish to strip it of these artificial appendages and adornments—to a devout worshiper, they add nothing to its attractions. But I will close my eyes to all these gaudy trappings of human genius and art, and, aided by the visions of a holy faith, endeavor to see it as those saw it who came with the blessed Savior to witness his last scene of earthly agony and torment. O Calvary! thou art least of all the sacred hills that cluster about the City of God, and yet thou art greatest of them all! Thou art invested with a moral grandeur and glory that belongs to no other spot. Thou hast witnessed agony such as even Gethsemane never knew! Thou hast witnessed a power that rent the rocks, opened the tombs, and shook even yonder mount of God, rending asunder the consecrated veil that concealed the Holy of Holies! Over

thee gathered an appalling darkness, and yet from thee has gone forth a radiance that is kindling earth into glory! O Calvary! what a scene thou didst witness when darkness gathered around thee, and the dying Son of God cried out in anguish: "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me!" And yet, what lessons thou hast taught us—of holy resignation—of calm and patient suffering—of forbearance and forgiveness—of love for the disobedient and the erring when Jesus hung upon thy summit, and thou didst receive thy holy consecration of blood! O Savior! on this spot what indignities were heaped upon thee! When was ever good requited with greater evil, or love with keener hatred than when thine enemies here nailed thee to the cross? Yet as the heavens gathered blackness, and the darkness of injustice and oppression thickened upon thee, it only served to add lustre to the halo of thy moral glory, like the evening star, shining brighter and brighter, as the shades of night deepen upon it!

THE HOLY SEPULCHRE

Is the next place of attraction. John says: "Now in the place where he was crucified there was a garden; and in the garden a new sepulchre, wherein was never man yet laid. There laid they Jesus, therefore, because of the Jews' preparation day, for the Sepulchre was nigh at hand." (John xix. 41, 43.) This places the Sepulchre in close connection with the Cross, and we have not far to go. Descending the flight of steps by which my ascent to this place was made, and which would be the hill-side, were these portions of the building torn away, I was once more in the great rotunda. It was for the Sepulchre this great rotunda was built, and beneath the center of that spacious dome is the consecrated place. Much would I preferred to have seen it in the unadorned simplicity of the morning of the resurrection. From the very depths of my heart I could say:

> "O! for that garden in its simple guise,
> Where she, the earliest of His mourners came—
> Came ere the stars of Syria's cloudless skies
> Grew pale before their morning burst of flame."

But we have to visit these places as they are, not as we would have them. And why should we vex and fret ourselves, because worldly pride, and love of ostentatious show, or even bigotry and superstition, may have spent their misguided zeal upon them, and gathered foolish relics and legends about them? Should they hinder the warm adoration of the pious heart? Do they detract aught from the conclusiveness of the evidences that define and establish the locality? Supposing the Christian traveler, on his arrival at Jerusalem, inquiring for the place where Jesus was entombed, should be shown a rocky recess in some out-of-the-way, secluded place, ruined and neglected, seldom visited by the foot of man. What would he think? "Who," he would say, "has kept the history of this place? In my own land the tombs of the common dead are better kept and cared for, and for our honored ones we build mausoleums, and rear up monuments. If this is the place where He, the conquering son of God, was laid, why is it thus deserted and neglected?" Would not the very fact of such neglect and obscurity do more to shake his faith in the certainty of the locality, than all the superstitions and legends that cluster about this place could ever do? True, the devout worshiper, in coming to Calvary as it is, would not

> "Miss the gold encrusted shrine,
> Or incense fume's intoxicating spell."

To him the wandering breezes of heaven might bring music richer than the organ's notes, and the palm-trees' shade be more welcome than yonder lofty dome; but the "proud shafts of Helena's Colonade" need not disturb us, or render unacceptable to God the incense of a grateful and adoring heart.

THE SEPULCHRE AS IT NOW IS.

Though the Sepulchre was originally a grotto cut in the rock, after the fashion of the Jewish tombs, the visitor is surprised to find it not only detached from the hill-side, and all above ground, but elevated a step or two from the level of the floor. The necessary changes that were made in the level of the ground to accommodate the church, accounts for this. The

earth and rock around the Sepulchre have been cut away, and what was probably once a cave in the hill-side, now looks like a small room or closet above ground. Nor is this all; the hand of art has still more transformed it. This rock-hewn cave, standing as it does in the center of the great rotunda, and directly under the eye of the monstrous dome, is all covered over by a small building of yellow and white marble, twenty-six feet long and eighteen feet broad; a dome in the form of a crown surmounting the top. This house of the Sepulchre is profusely ornamented; the whole exterior nearly covered with pictures, crucifixes and images, and hung round with gold and silver lamps, while standing by its side are several monstrous wax candles, nearly as large as a man's body, and eight or ten feet high.

I passed through a low, narrow opening in the wall, only large enough to admit one person at a time, into a small chamber, ten or twelve feet square. This was the outer room or vestibule of the tomb, and is now called the "Chapel of the Angel," from the supposition it was here the angel sat after having rolled away the stone. At the western side of this room was a low, narrow door, the opening to the tomb itself. Like Peter of old, I first stooped down and looked in; then bending nearly to the ground, and crowding through the opening, I was in the Holy Sepulchre! It is a small room, six feet one way and seven feet the other, and has a dome roof, supported by marble pillars. Though this vault is said to be hewn in the rock, not a vestige of the native rock is to be seen. The floor, walls and ceiling are all lined with white polished marble. Forty-two lamps of gold and silver, richly wrought, are suspended about this little grotto, kept continually burning, filling the place with a flood of mellow light, while much of the time the sweet fragrance of smoking incense fills the air. But what were all these things to me? Where was the place they laid him? A little couch or elevation of stone, about two feet high, runs along the right side of the tomb as you enter, now covered by a plain marble slab. As this was intended for the reception of the dead, on it, no doubt, the body of the entombed Savior was laid! What pen can describe the deep

emotions that trembled in the heart, and suffused the eye as I gazed upon the spot? Falling upon my knees, I leaned my head upon the marble covering, and poured out my soul in grateful adoration to God. I had promised my people I would remember them and pray for them when I stood on Sinai, and when I bowed by the tomb in the garden. Amid the sublime grandeurs of that mountain-top I had stood, and there I had redeemed my pledge, and now that I had reached this hallowed spot, I was not unmindful of my vow.

My visit was brief. A throng of pilgrims was coming and going, crowding the little sanctuary, and jostling against me. But I heeded them not. How much of the past—of the future—was crowded into the reflections of that short season of communion with the Son of God, as I bowed my head upon his tomb! I saw his mangled, bleeding form taken from the cross on yonder hill-side, and borne by his afflicted disciples to this lone receptacle of the dead. I saw the ponderous stone rolled to the door. I heard the tread of the watchful sentinels as they paced to and fro. What a weary and sorrowful Sabbath was that to the heart-broken and disconsolate disciples! With anxious hearts, the weeping Marys watched the approaching dawn, that they might come and embalm the body of their beloved Lord. But while night lay upon Olivet and Gethsemane, and sleep had hushed to silence the tumultuous city, this lone sepulchre of the dead was the last great battle-field of the conquering Son of God. Here he grappled with death, the last enemy of man, in his own dark dominions. The last stern contest was over; the victory was won; death was vanquished, and the prey wrested from his grasp. The victorious conqueror came thundering at the door of the tomb. An angel from the courts of glory answered the summons. A greater than Pilate broke the seal, and rolled back the massive stone. The trembling, terrified keepers fell senseless to the earth. Who is this that comes forth from the contest, majestic in mien, glorious in apparel, his arm vested with the power of Omnipotence, and his eye kindled with the glory of Heaven? It is thy God, O Israel! It is thy Savior, O Christian! The great question has been settled; life and immortality brought to light! A great

highway has been opened from the portals of the grave beneath, to the everlasting gates of glory on high.

"Lo, see on death's bewildering wave
The rainbow Hope arise,
A bridge of glory o'er the grave,
That bends beyond the skies."

"O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

My visit to the Holy Sepulchre was ended. I arose from my knees, and leaving the marks of my tears upon the marble slab, I slowly and reluctantly turned away, but not as the bereft and sorrowing one, who leaves behind the moldering dust of beloved kindred or friend. I left behind me, O rapturous thought! an empty tomb. I heard the soft rustle of an angel's wing, and a voice of unearthly sweetness whispered in my ear: "He is not here; he has risen;" and I turned and looked upward and fancied, like Stephen of old, I saw heaven opened, and this same Jesus arrayed in the glory of Paradise, sitting at the right hand of God. I passed out of the church, leaving the heterogeneous mass of worshipers and loiterers behind me, for I cared but little for their pompous ceremonials.

The afternoon was spent in attending worship with the few Americans in the city, at the rooms of the American Consul on Mount Zion. Rev. Mr. Newman, of New York City, preached. Little did the minstrel monarch of Israel think, when he tuned his harp to the inspiration of Zion's songs, that when three thousand years had rolled away, strangers from a then far off and unknown land, would assemble over the very ruins of his entombed palace, and sing those same songs to the praise of David's Lord and David's Son. The twilight hour was spent in wandering about Zion, telling her towers, marking her bulwarks, and musing upon her glory departed.

March 25th. We have now an interesting week to spend in Jerusalem. With the Jews it is the anniversary of the Passover; with the Christians, of the betrayal and crucifixion of the Son of Man. It is the week in which multitudes of pilgrims throng the city, crowd around the "Holy Places," and gather

in crowds at their great central Church of the Holy Sepulchre. We shall have some interesting walks about Zion. Mr. Stafford, the Irish monk before spoken of, has consented to accompany us in the walk to Gethsemane, Olivet and Bethany. At the appointed time we passed down the Via Dolorosa, past the Pasha's Palace, which is supposed to occupy the site where formerly stood the house of Pilate. Near the Temple area we turned a little to the right to view the ruins of an old pool, (plan of the city, No. 15,) now known as the

POOL OF BETHESDA.

It is also called the Sheep Pool. The Apostle John says: "Now there is at Jerusalem by the sheep-market a pool, which is called in the Hebrew tongue Bethesda, having five porches." Here, we are informed, lay a great multitude of diseased people, one of whom Jesus miraculously healed. This pool tradition now makes the scene of this interesting incident of the life of the Savior. There is, however, no very reliable evidence connecting it with that event. It is a great reservoir, the main body of which is three hundred and sixty feet long, and one hundred and thirty-one feet broad; another portion of it, forty-five feet broad, is continued one hundred and forty feet further. The walls are built of stone, and were originally strongly cemented. The cement is now broken off in many places, the walls fallen in, and portions of it filled with dirt. No pains have been taken to preserve it, and at the present rate of decay and the rapid accumulation of rubbish, it will soon be added to the entombed remnants of the ancient city. It was once a noble and costly piece of art, and was probably supplied with water from some of the subterranean aqueducts of the city.

DISCOVERY OF AN ANCIENT AQUEDUCT.

Regaining our road, we turned again to our left, to where the Christians are digging to lay the foundations of a new monastery. Considerable interest had just been excited by the discovery, some distance below the surface, of an ancient aqueduct, in a good state of preservation. It was a noble piece of work,

built with great care and skill. The walls were of stone, and arched over head high enough for a man to walk erect; along the bottom on one side was a cemented channel for the water, about eighteen inches deep and as many broad; on the other was a raised pathway, along which a man could walk in a stooping position, without at all coming in contact with the water. The whole was smoothly cemented, and the cement appeared as hard and perfect as when first put on. It led off in the direction of the Temple area. Who built it? It is as old, perhaps, as the days of Solomon. A current of water was still flowing along this subterranean channel, and I could not but think these might, perhaps, be a portion of the very waters that aided in supplying the reservoirs beneath the ancient temple, and perhaps still connected with the ebb and flow of those mysterious pools we have been visiting in the valley below. Certain it is, no city in the world ever had such bountiful and perfect water arrangements as ancient Jerusalem. In all the sieges to which it was subjected, when famine did its horrid work of death, the inhabitants seemed always to have a full supply of water. Even when the besiegers without the walls perished of thirst, there was no lack in the city. Some of these supplies were probably from living fountains beneath the city; some of them may have been brought from abroad, but so adroitly concealed as to baffle all the search of the enemy to discover them. Here, no doubt, as we have seen before, is the origin of many of those beautiful figures and allusions, in which the sustaining presence of God is represented under the idea of waters—of living waters, of hidden water, of drawing waters from the wells of salvation—of Ezekiel's wonderful stream, of John's vision of the river of the water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and the Lamb—the waters of which we sing:

"There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God
Light, life, and love still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode."

Passing on, we left the city by St. Stephen's Gate, No. 3. We had passed but a few rods beyond the gate when our cicerone suddenly stopped us, and pointing to a little rise of ground close upon our left: "There" said he, "is the place where we suppose

STEPHEN WAS STONED."

It had not occurred to me that the name of the gate had any connection with that memorable event that sealed the fate of the first great Christian martyr to the faith of Jesus. As difficult as it must be to identify the spot, my interest was awakened at the bare mention of the place. I ascended the little hillock, paused upon the spot, and at once imagination formed her tableau of the thrilling scene—the infuriated rabble; the murderous blows of stone after stone; Saul holding the garments of the persecutors, and consenting to his death; the dying man on the one hand praying for his murderers, on the other, catching visions of his glorified Savior. Is it possible, I said to myself, I am so near the scene of these wonderful events; perhaps standing upon the very ground that was stained by his blood!

From this point we made a rapid descent into the Valley of Jehoshaphat. A bridge some fifteen to twenty feet high is here built over the bed of the Kidron. Crossing this, one of the first objects to which our attention was called, was the

TOMB AND CHAPEL OF THE VIRGIN.

Here is the reputed Tomb of the Virgin Mary, and over it a church has been built. It is an antique looking structure, and time has left upon its venerable stones the deep lines of age. Situated in the deep, narrow valley, and imbedded in the brow of Olivet, the deposits of the valley and hill-sides have accumulated around it, until it has become almost a subterranean chapel. First we descended by a short flight of steps into a broad paved court. Here a spacious arched doorway stood before us. We found the door opened, as if inviting entrance. We made a long descent of sixty stone steps, and found ourselves in a spacious, gloomy looking chapel, mostly, if not entirely, exca-

vated in the rocky hill-side. On the left of these stairs is shown the tomb of Joseph, the husband of Mary. The chapel is decorated in the most gaudy manner. The rudely-drawn, high-colored pictures of the Greeks adorn the walls, bunches of flowers and great clusters of ostrich eggs were hanging here and there, while a multitude of dazzling lamps of gold and silver were suspended from the ceiling. Of these lamps I counted more than sixty in the main room, aside from those that hung in the niches and recesses that opened from the sides. The solemnity and gloom of the place was increased by the light of these lamps, reflected through glass shades of various hues.

But where is the Tomb of the Virgin? Pass over to the eastern side of the grotto, into its deepest extremity; there you will see a little separate chapel, and in its gloomy shade an altar, the whole more profusely decorated than any other portion of the room. That altar stands connected with a tomb; that tomb, "they say," is the place where the body of the mother of our Lord was laid! To this I could see no objection, for that she died and was buried any one could safely assert. But remembering that my Franciscan friend was one of those who offer prayers to the Virgin, as actually standing by her son in heaven, I was puzzled to know how to understand the matter, and took the first opportunity to ask an explanation: "You say this was the place where the Virgin was buried; in what sense do you understand her to be in heaven? "In body, of course; like our Lord, she was not left to see corruption." "But how; was it a resurrection and ascension like our Lord?" "No, she was assumed into heaven." "Assumed! How?" "Her body was taken up entire, by Divine power, and received, without undergoing any change, into heaven." "Is there any evidence," said I, "of so wonderful a miracle?" "The traditions of the church," he replied, "and the fact that in the ascent she dropped her girdle, which was seen and picked up by Thomas, and preserved as a memorial of the event!" I presume he believed the strange chronicle, but as I found nothing of it in the Book, I remained more than skeptical. We passed out of the church, ascended a part way up the long flight of

steps, when he called us aside, drew a large iron key from his pocket, and applied it to the lock of a strong iron door in the hill-side; it swung back upon its rusty, creaking hinges, and we stood within another large cavern, wholly excavated from the rock. This, he says, is

THE GROTTO OF THE AGONY.

This spot I found was exclusively the property of the Latins. The Franciscans keep the key, and our friend had brought it along on purpose that he might introduce us to this "holy place." It was a large, low cavern, of irregular shape, chiseled in the solid rock, full sixty feet across, the low, rocky roof supported here and there by columns of the native rock left for this purpose when the excavation was made. It is a singular looking cave, and has a low ledge of rock running around a large portion of the sides, as if intended for seats. Here, also, is an altar, lamps, candles and pictures. This altar is said to mark the spot to which the Savior retired, where he prayed, and where he endured his last agonizing struggle before he was betrayed into the hands of his enemies. That this spot is upon the borders or within the precincts of Gethsemane, seems quite certain; that the Savior went into a grotto, or that it was on this immediate spot that he endured that agonizing struggle, must be a matter of mere conjecture. We emerged from the grotto, ascended the steps, and stood again in the open common. Here, undoubtedly, was

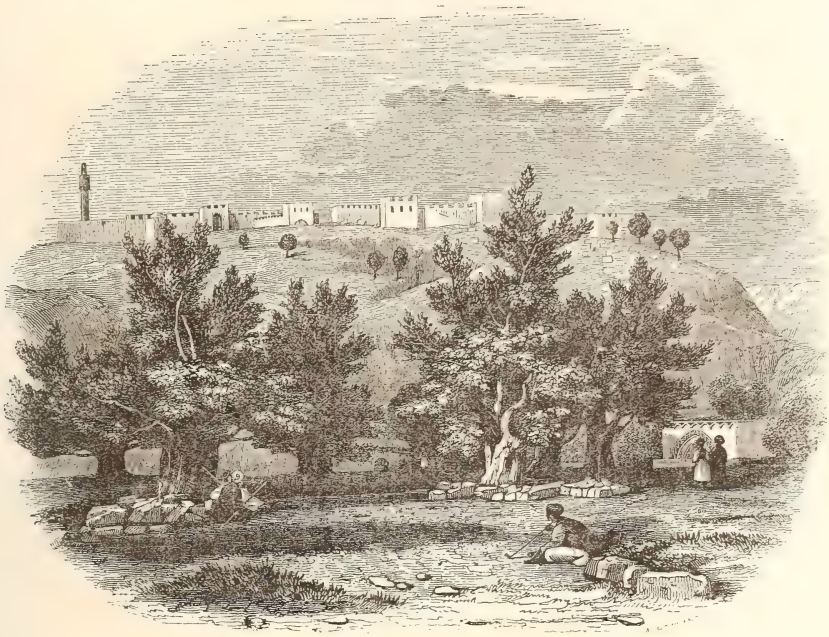
THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

Of all the localities about Jerusalem, aside from Calvary, there is none that stirs the Christian heart with such a thrill of emotion as Gethsemane. It is fortunate, too, that its locality is so plainly indicated by the scripture narrative, and by the nature of the ground, as to leave little doubt in the mind of the visitor that he has found the place. Jesus went forth with his disciples over the brook Kidron to a garden, where he oftimes resorted with his disciples. There is here, on the east of the Kidron, and close under the brow of Olivet, a large, open space of ground, reaching along up the valley to the north-

ward, still covered with grass and shaded with olive trees. The very nature of the ground, and its proximity to the city, would point it out at once as a suitable place for a park or public gardens. It was probably a common place of resort for pleasure and recreation, for meditation and worship. It was to some quiet, shady retreat in this spot of ground, Jesus was accustomed to resort with his disciples; here many a precious interview they enjoyed together; here the Savior came the evening before his crucifixion; here he spent that hour of keen suffering and awful agony, when the cup of wo was presented to his lips, and his sweat was, as it were, great drops of blood falling down to the ground.

THE INCLOSED GARDEN.

Just as you cross the Kidron, and commence the ascent of the path that leads up the Mount of Olives, you see upon your right a small patch of ground, covering, perhaps, near half an acre, inclosed with a strong stone wall, eight or ten feet high. It is deeply shaded by eight venerable old olive trees, and planted with beds of flowers, and various kinds of shrubbery. This beautiful and carefully guarded spot is in the keeping of the Franciscan monks, and is the place usually pointed out and described, in the books of travelers, as the "Garden of Gethsemane," and some surprise has often been expressed that these religious guardians should have been able to locate with such accuracy the precise spot of the garden. I asked my kind attendant for a solution of the query. He replied: "We do not pretend to say this is the garden any more than other portions of ground that lie in this immediate vicinity. The garden was here, and there, and all about this locality. You see these great old olive trees. We built this wall to protect them; and had it not been for our care, such is the zeal of pilgrims to carry away some little keepsake from this hallowed ground, they would long ago have torn these trees to pieces, and not a vestige of them would now have been left." The explanation was certainly reasonable and satisfactory, and I put it on record to refute the allegation I find in some of the books, charging these persons with so definitely locating the



Garden of Gethsemane

A Street in Jerusalem.

garden as to throw suspicion upon its identity. "How old," said I, "are these olive trees?" "They are known to be nearly a thousand years old," said he. "Some," he continued, "have supposed them to be the very ones under which the Savior sat, but I do not think that can be. The olive, however, very often perpetuates itself by sending up fresh shoots from the roots of the old decaying tree; in that case, the roots of these may be more ancient, and these trees may have sprung up from the very ones that sheltered Jesus and his disciples." It was an interesting thought, that these time-honored trees linked us so closely with the days of the Savior, and the thrilling events of the agony and betrayal. There is a small house in the inclosure, where one of the monks usually lodges. We wandered some time among the shrubbery, plucked some of the flowers for our specimen book, and what was still more acceptable, before we left the convent, one of the monks presented us a rosary, made from fifty of the stones or pits of the olives that grew upon these same old trees. We accepted the string with many thanks, not because it was a rosary, but for its associations with the hallowed ground that had witnessed the agony, and been watered with the tears of the Savior of men.

Although our guide had so fairly explained the reason for inclosing this spot, there were other localities, with regard to which we could not but confess our skepticism. "Here," said he, as we passed a certain place, "is where the disciples slept while Jesus prayed." Passing another place: "There, where you see that little inclosure, is where Jesus taught his disciples how to pray." I observed, leading from the corner of the inclosed garden, a narrow path, much worn, and walled in on each side, terminating abruptly at a large rock. People were constantly going up the path, falling down on their knees, and kissing the rock. "What place is that?" said I. "By that rock," he replied, "Jesus stood when Judas gave him the treacherous kiss." "How," said I again, "do you know these localities?" "We do not know," he replied; "we have only tradition; these traditions have been handed down to us, and we receive them as the best information we have on the sub-

ject." The degree of faith in these traditions no doubt varies very much with different persons; no one is required to believe them. They serve, however, to remind one of the leading events of that gloomy night that made Jesus a captive in the hands of his enemies.

THE ASCENT OF OLIVET.

Leaving the garden, we commenced the ascent of the Mount of Olives. This mountain lies directly east of the city, from which it is separated by the deep valley of Jehoshaphat. Its hight above this valley varies from five hundred to seven hundred feet. It is a little more than one hundred feet higher than Mount Zion, and near two hundred and fifty feet higher than the Temple area on Mount Moriah, so that it overlooks the whole of the city. The Arabs call it *Jebel et Tur*. The summit directly east of the city is the traditional place of the ascension of Christ. It slopes down beautifully toward the valley of Jehoshaphat on the west, and again toward Bethany on the east. Viewed from Zion, it has a most beautiful and graceful outline, and is one of the most commanding objects about Jerusalem. This hill, once so beautifully covered with gardens and olive orchards, now presents the same desolate aspect that forms so prominent a characteristic of Jerusalem scenery. Of the palm trees of the valley, not a single one is left, and the two gigantic cedars that once stood near its summit have disappeared. Only a few scattering olive trees are seen upon its sides, and an occasional fig tree takes root in its scanty soil. Great bowlders of variegated flint are scattered about in every direction, while here and there a little patch of ground, inclosed by a frail and tottering wall of stone, is sown to barley.

There are three paths leading from Jerusalem over Olivet. One is a foot-path, leading directly up the mountain side; another, and easier one, the common road for beasts of burden, leads around the southern brow of the mount; while still another, but much less used, winds around the northern slope. As we ascended, I stopped on the way to gather some portions of a low, thorny bush, from which many suppose the mock

crown of the Savior was made. The monks of Mar Saba manufacture and sell to pilgrims, crowns from a tree that bears a long, sharp thorn, which they believe to be the kind used on that occasion.

Just below where we are ascending, and near the base of the mount, the place is still pointed out where, in the days of the temple service, the red heifer was sacrificed and burnt, from the ashes of which the waters of purification were prepared. (Num. xix.) By one of these paths too, probably the one upon the right, David ascended when he was forced to flee from the city under the rebellion of his son Absalom. This afflictive incident in the life of the renowned monarch is pathetically portrayed by the pen of inspiration. Absalom had managed his plans so adroitly, the court of Israel was completely taken by surprise. The reports of the wide-spread rebellion, like peal after peal of thunder, came rolling in from the surrounding tribes. The power and extent of the rebellion seems to have been greatly magnified, and the king and his servants made a hasty flight from Jerusalem. David and his associates passed over the brook Kidron, along this pathway they climbed the mount. "And David went up the ascent of Olivet, and wept as he went up, and had his head covered; and he went barefoot; and all the people that were with him covered every man his head, and they went up weeping as they went." (2 Sam. xv. 30.) The result we have seen in another place, and within our very sight now stands the pillar of Absalom, and all who pass by revile his name.

At last we gained the summit of the hill, and found upon the top of it a little Arab village of fifteen or twenty miserable hovels, a Turkish mosque, surmounted by a tall minaret, and at a little distance, a dilapidated Christian structure, known as the Church of the Ascension. From the minaret of this mosque we had one of those sublime and extensive views of the land that strikes every beholder with admiration. Here we stood, nearly two thousand eight hundred feet above the waters of the Mediterranean, and almost four thousand feet above those of the Dead Sea. The mountains of Jerusalem were clustering close around us. Gethsemane, Jehoshaphat and

Kidron seemed under our feet; the walls and domes and minarets of the city lay glistening in the sunlight. Far away to the south rose up the high, conical peak of the Frank mountain, encompassed by a multitude of smaller hills, and rising amid them all Beth-haccerem, where Herod had his paradise, and where it is said his execrable bones are now interred. To the north and northeast was Neby Samuel, or Mizpeh, once the great rallying place of Israel, its summit now crowned with a Moslem mosque; while about it clustered many other interesting localities—Gibeon, whose inhabitants beguiled Joshua into a league of peace; the valley of Ajalon, where, at the command of Joshua, the sun and moon stood still in the heavens; to the right of them the white barren cliffs of Michmash, the rocky glens and deep, gloomy ravines of Ramah, Geba and Anathoth. Having feasted your eyes on these, you turn and look eastward. What a scene opens to your wondering vision! There the hill country of Judea—the wilderness—lies before you in all its gloomy sterility; a mountainous region, broken into bluffs and crags, whose deep and yawning chasms form a fit hiding place for Bedawin robbers and beasts of prey. Here your eye wanders to the bleak looking mountain of Quarantania, where the Savior, fresh from his baptism, endured his terrible temptation, and achieved his first great moral victory. Beyond this, you look down into the deep vale of the Jordan, fresh in beauty and fertility, with its long, snaky line of blue waters, around which cluster a thousand interesting associations. You follow its course along the dim distance, the width of the plain gradually expanding, until your eye catches a view of a portion of the waters of the Dead Sea, that wonderful monument, that entombs beneath its dark and leaden waves, the buried cities of the plain. Beyond all these rise up in dark and sullen grandeur the mysterious mountains of Moab, the region beyond the Jordan, on one of whose bold eminences the haughty Balak stood when he called Balaam: "Come curse me Jacob—come defy Israel." Almost instinctively you search out the highest peak, and as your eye rests upon it, you exclaim: "There is Pisgah! On that sublime hight stood Moses when he took his survey of the Promised

Land!" What remarkable sights are before us, and what wonderful visions of the past rise around us as we stand upon this lofty summit and enjoy this extensive prospect. Were there nothing more than this, a half hour on Olivet would well repay a long and weary pilgrimage.

But Olivet has associations and lessons of a deeper interest. The path up which we toiled has often been pressed by the feet of the Son of God; beneath the shade of its olives and vines he sat and taught his listening disciples; the garden beneath us was the scene of his agony. But more than this, it is the MOUNT OF ASCENSION! Forty days after his resurrection he led his disciples out as far as Bethany, and while he talked with them he blessed them, and a *cloud received him up out of their sight.* And while they stood astonished and awe struck, angels in white apparel stood by them: "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing into Heaven? This same Jesus which is taken from you into Heaven shall, in like manner, return again from Heaven." O Olivet! stepping-stone from which the victorious Son of God went back to glory, lifting thy majestic form above all the mountains around Jerusalem, it was fit thou shouldst be honored above them all! From the garden at thy base, to the place of ascension upon thy summit, what a radiance of glory clusters about thee! Mount of Ascension, with thee is associated the hope of glory; thou givest us assurance of the life everlasting!

CHAPTER VI.

EXCURSION TO BETHANY—GOOD FRIDAY—EASTER SUNDAY AT THE HOLY SEPULCHRE—MOUNT MORIAH AND THE TEMPLE.

THE last chapter left us upon the summit of Olivet. A subsequent excursion was extended to the opposite side of the mountain. The eastern slope is more irregular, and has not the barren and neglected look of the western. Large patches of the soil are cultivated, olive trees are more plenty and have a more vigorous and flourishing appearance. We made the excursion on foot, for we felt it was an honored privilege to walk over ground every step of which has been trodden by patriarchs and apostles, ay, by the blessed Savior himself! We continued down the direct path from the summit, narrow and rocky, but deeply worn, for it has known the friction of human feet for four thousand years. Near the base of the mount, nestling close under the brow of the hill, deeply shaded with olive trees, we found BETHANY.

It now contains only about twenty houses, built of stone, all looking old and time-worn. The Arabs call it *El-Aziriyeh*, from El-azir, the Arabic form of Lazarus. Thus with the very name of the place is now associated the remembrance of the family whose connection with Jesus has given it its interest and immortality. As we looked down upon it, how appropriate the words of the poet seemed:

> "And this is Bethany! and here abode
> The favored family whom Jesus loved;
> To whose warm, humble welcome, 't was his wont,
> Tracking the path that now I passed along,
> Oft to retire from foes and wavering friends.
>
> * * * * * *

It seems a humble village; few its homes,
And few and poor its dwellers; cottage roofs,
Except one simple turret, are they all!
Yet, save the neighboring city, it were hard,
If Palestine were searched, to find a spot
On which the Christian traveler should muse
With fonder interest than Bethany."

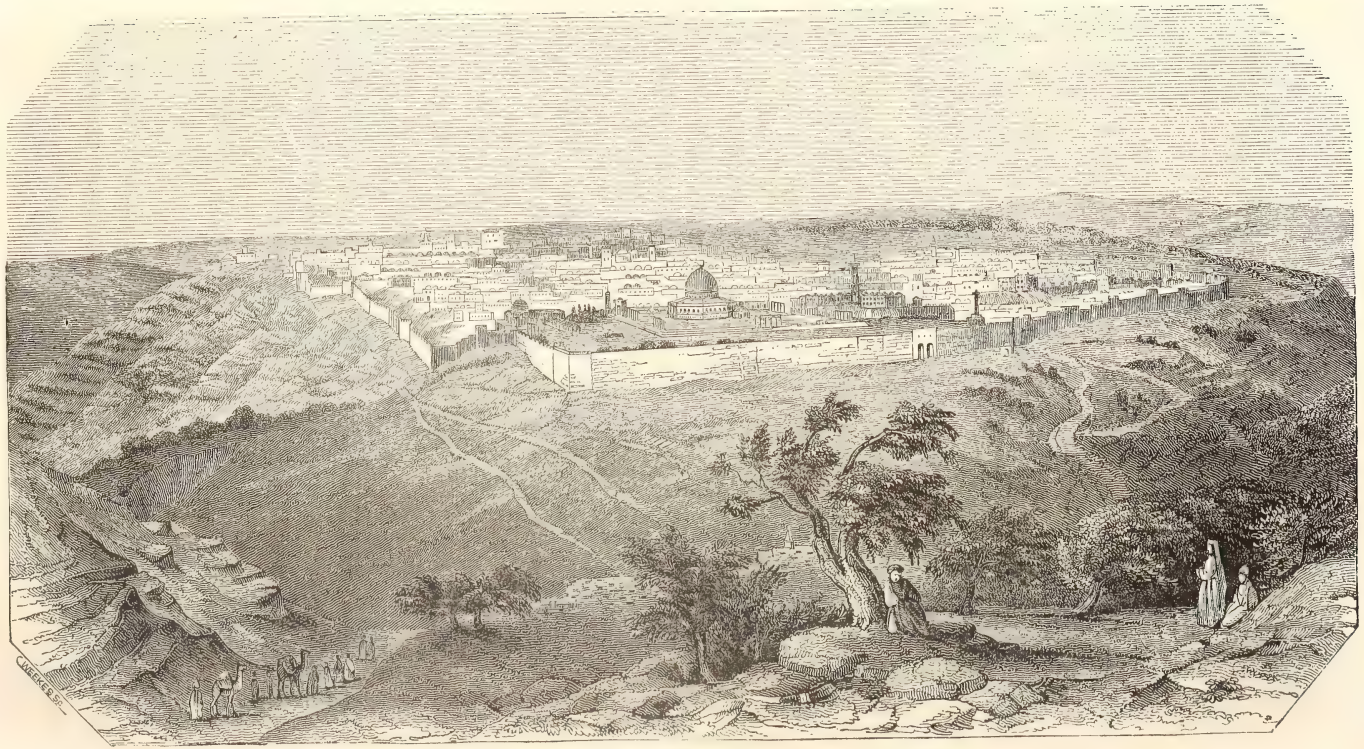
We made a descent upon the rear of the village, climbed over a low, tottering stone wall, and found ourselves in a little patch sowed to barley, and thickly shaded with venerable old olive trees. An amiable looking old man, with a long Turkish robe and a heavy turban, that certainly aided in giving him a very dignified aspect, came out to meet us, with an inquiring look, as much as to say: "O Franks, why trespass ye upon my grounds?" We met him with a friendly, "Salaam Alakoom," *Peace be with you*, and he returned the salutation. He carried in his hand a Mohammedan rosary of olive wood beads, on which he was counting his prayers, for it was Ramedan. I took it in my hand and said, *bacomdee?* (how much) at the same time offering him an English sixpence. He took the sixpence, and passed me over the beads, and I added them to my collection of curiosities. Observing an Arab knife hanging by a chain from his belt, with a steel for striking fire, bodkin, etc., I made him another offer, and for twenty-five cents pocketed the entire fixture. We then motioned to him to cut each of us a cane from his olive trees; to this he objected for some time, but at last, with a backsheesh of a quarter of a dollar apiece, we overcame his scruples.

Passing on through the village, another person offered to show us the house of Mary and Martha, and the Tomb of Lazarus. As to the house, we could, of course, place but little reliance on its genuineness, and the same may be said of the one shown us as the house of Simon the leper, where Mary anointed Jesus' feet. The tomb is a deep, dark vault, mostly excavated in the solid rock. A low door at the entrance, and a dilapidated, winding stairway led us down into a chamber, from which another door opened, and a descent of a few steps brought us into an inner chamber or small vault, in which the

body of Lazarus is said to have lain. Of course, the only evidence that sustains its identity is the uncertain tradition, but as one says, "the tomb must have been somewhere in this vicinity."

Bethphage, "the House of Figs," that sacred writ has so closely connected with Bethany, has perished, and its site is a mere matter of conjecture; but Bethany, "the House of Dates," remains, and long will remain, the Laziriyeh of the Arab, to remind the visitor of the simple gospel narrative, and the God-like power of the Son of man in recalling to life the tenement of the tomb. Here Mary and Martha, with Lazarus their brother, enjoyed their quiet home. In yonder tumultuous city Jesus spent many weary days about his Father's business, and when night came down on city and mountain, with this devoted family he found a blessed place of refreshment and rest. Lazarus was taken sick while Jesus was in Galilee. With tender affection the sisters watched over him while they sent a messenger to the Master: "He whom thou lovest is sick." Hours and days of anxious toil and watching pass, and the afflicted sisters close their brother's eyes in death, wondering why Jesus does not come. At last his approach is announced. What an illustration of simple, confiding faith is that, when Martha met him, and struggling to suppress the deep emotions of her grief, exclaimed: "Lord, if thou hadst been here my brother had not died." And what a lesson in the answer, confirmed by the subsequent Omnipotent act of the Savior: "Thy brother shall live again." Here were the incipient unfoldings of that great doctrine of life and immortality the Savior came to reveal.

Leaving Bethany, we took the road around the southern brow of Olivet to return to Jerusalem. And now we were upon ground connected with another deeply interesting incident in the life of the Savior—his triumphal entry into Jerusalem. Here the colt was procured and the grand procession formed. Here they broke off branches of palm trees and spread their garments in the way. Over the road along which this shouting multitude passed we were now to walk. A short distance brought us upon the southwestern slope of the mount, where a turn in the road, as it led around the hill, brought us suddenly



JERUSALEM FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

in full sight of Jerusalem! The whole city, as seen in the accompanying cut, like a great panorama, lay before us, seemingly but a few rods distant. It must have been just at this point, and as the multitude that went before and followed after were crying, "Hosanna, blessed be he that cometh in the name of the Lord!" that the city all at once burst upon the view of Jesus, awakening the emotions, and stirring the profoundest depths of his sympathizing heart. He saw the city and wept over it. "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, if thou hadst known, even thou, in this thy day, the things that belong to thy peace, but now they are hid from thine eyes. The days shall come upon thee that thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, and keep thee in on every side, and lay thee even with the ground, and thy children within thee; and they shall not leave thee one stone upon another." The applauding multitude had acclamations of praise for the King of Zion; that honored king in his meekness and humility had tears of compassion for the doomed city that lay in glory and beauty at his feet. And well did he know how fickle the honors of that multitude would prove. "To-day," he might say, "they lead me in honor and triumph, crying, Hosanna, and shouting blessings on my head; scarce ten days will pass away before this same multitude will cry, Crucify him! crucify him!" O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! thou that killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how terribly the prophetic declarations of that Savior have been fulfilled! Those walls upon which he then looked have been demolished, and strangers come and dispute about the lines upon which their foundations were laid; thy children perished within thee, and thy palaces were laid even with the ground; that wonderful and costly temple has been utterly annihilated, and the devotees of a strange religion have built their shrine upon its site! Whose record is this but the Handwriting of an omniscient and Omnipotent God, so legible, all may read; so plain, none can misunderstand.

A JEWISH PASSOVER.

Thursday evening of this week was the anniversary of the

great Jewish Feast of the Passover. A German merchant of the city, whose acquaintance we had made, kindly offered to accompany us to the residence of a Jewish family, where we could witness their mode of celebrating the feast. His kind offer was gladly accepted, and about 9 o'clock we made our way along the dark, crooked lanes of the Jewish quarter, and were ushered into an *upper* room. Here we found a family consisting of father, mother, mother's sister, four sons and a daughter, and with them one of the neighboring women. Their exercises had already commenced. They no longer kill the paschal lamb, all their sacrifices having ceased; the other accompaniments of the feast, so far as circumstances would allow, were provided. A common dining-table was spread with a cloth, a plate and common drinking-glass for each person; in the center of the table was a large, flat, open dish, a bottle of wine, a thin cake of unleavened bread, and a plate of bitter herbs, which I thought were the stumps or bitter ends of lettuce stalks. Around this table the family were seated, the women with their bonnets and shawls on, the men with their overcoats and hats, all in readiness to travel in accordance with the original design of the institution. They were provided with Hebrew books, from which they read aloud, all reading at once. Occasionally the reading was interrupted, and one of the boys would entertain them by the recital of some incident of Jewish history connected with their former bondage, and God's favor towards them.

After reading in this way for some time, the father took the bottle, and poured a small quantity of wine into each one's glass. An interval of reading followed, when at a proper time each took a swallow of wine, and then all simultaneously poured a portion into the large open dish that stood in the center of the table, accompanying the act with an imprecation that God would so pour out his indignation upon their enemies. Another season of reading and conversation followed, when the father broke the cake and passed a portion to each member of the household, also extending the compliment to us. We staid an hour or two, and then took our leave, assured by our

friend the exercises of the family would be kept up in this way nearly or quite till daybreak.

We were highly gratified with this opportunity of witnessing the mode in which the Jews at the present day celebrate this feast. It is now, as it ever has been, a standing memorial of God's interposition for the deliverance of this ancient people. The very tenacity with which this people adhere to these hoary customs of antiquity is a striking evidence of the truth of the written narrative. But how changed the scene from the days of their former prosperity and glory. Their altar has been demolished, their temple destroyed, and their sacrifices have ceased. They have left to them only the unsubstantial bread and the bitter herbs. Would to God their eyes might be opened, that they might see in Christ the true Passover, sacrificed alike for Jew and Gentile!

GOOD FRIDAY IN JERUSALEM.

This is a great day among the Catholic population of the city. Many strangers have taken lodgings at our "Terra Santa," among them some high dignitaries of the church, and between fifty and sixty French military officers from Beirut. This week, however, is rather a severe one to the Epicurian portion of our boarders. Being the close of Lent, and the anniversary of some of the most solemn religious events celebrated here, the rigidness of the fast was greatly increased. On Tuesday morning it was announced that no more meat would be served during the week. Not only were we deprived of meat, but the omnipresent olive oil, always much used here, and which but few in our far western country have learned to relish, as a constant reminder I suppose of the grace of consecration, was mingled with our soup, poured over our fish, and fried into our vegetables. It might have been a week of severe penance had we had no other resources. But not having the fear of the sovereign Pontiff before our eyes, we, of course, were not overscrupulous if any fortune threw a good joint in our way. Had we been put upon the confessional, as I suppose some of our associates were, the damaging fact might have been disclosed, that we did, contrary to the laws of the church,

visit the tables of unbelievers and heretics, and then and there indulge in fleshy appetites unbecoming a faithful "son of the church." True it is, whatever might have been the opinions of those around us, we did not allow our liberty to be judged by other men's consciences.

THE VIA DOLOROSA, OR SORROWFUL WAY.

On Friday at dinner it was announced that at 2 o'clock a procession would be formed at the "House of Pilate," to traverse the "sorrowful way" over which Jesus made his painful journey from the place of his condemnation to the scene of his crucifixion. Monks, bishops and priests, officers, soldiers and pilgrims, were at the place at the appointed hour, and an intelligent inmate of the convent acted as guide and interpreter. The House of the Pasha, or present Governor of Jerusalem, is supposed to occupy the site of the old Palace of Pilate, and here is the commencement of this "sorrowful way."

I have been asked since my return, how far it was from Mount Zion, or the probable place of the institution of the supper, to Gethsemane. By the aid of Dr. Barclay, I am able to give the following table of distances:

From Zion to Gethsemane	850 to 900	yards.
" Gethsemane to the House of Annas	2300 to 2400	"
" House of Annas to High Priest's Palace	1400 to 2100	"
" H. P. Palace to Council House	200 to 400	"
" Council House to Pretorium (in Antonia)	350 to 400	"
" Pretorium to Herod's Palace	950 to 1000	"
" Herod's Palace back to Pretorium	950 to 1000	"
" Pretorium to Calvary	500 to 600	"
	7500 to 8800	"

Thus during that fearful night of suffering and the following morning, the Son of God was led about, most of the time under a guard of soldiers, and suffering their indignities, from four to five miles.

In the walk we are now to take, we give the traditions as held by the Latin church, and as explained to us as we passed the stations. Our attention was first called to an old, dilapited arch spanning the narrow street, one end of which is now

inclosed in the walls of a Latin convent opposite the Pasha's Palace. This is the "Ecce Homo Arch," the place, it is said, where Pilate brought Jesus out and set him before the multitude and said: "Behold the man." Connected with this arch, it is said, stood the "Scala Santa," a flight of stone stairs leading to the Judgment Hall of Pilate, and over which our Savior passed as he was led to the arch. This flight of stairs, as long ago as the days of Constantine, were removed to Rome, and they are now there, covered by the bascilica of St. John Lateran, and such is the superstitious reverence in which they are held, no one is permitted to ascend them except upon his knees. These we afterwards saw in our visit to that city.

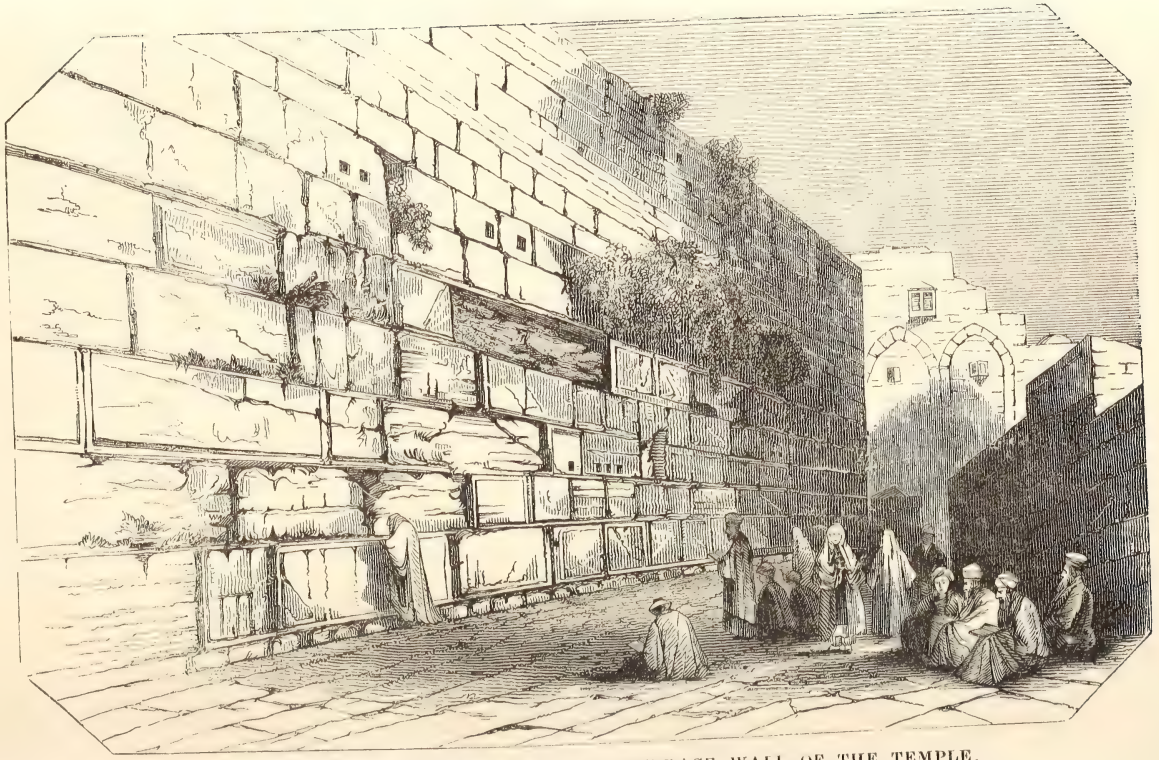
In close connection with this arch is the "Church of the Flagellation," or "Church of the Crowning of Thorns." Here the devotional exercises commenced, a brief explanatory address was made, followed by a prayer, the whole company kneeling. From this we passed a short distance and again stopped. "Here," said our leader, "is the place where the cross was laid upon him;" moving a little farther, "Here he fell down under the cross;" stopping at another place, "Here he fell down again, and the cross was laid on Simon;" at the next station, "Here he met his mother and said: 'Salve Mater.'" On we went up the gentle ascent that led to Calvary. "Here a holy woman (St. Veronica) met him, and presented him a napkin to wipe his face, now covered with sweat and blood." Again, "Here he stopped to console the women that accompanied him;" "Here he came in sight of the cross, and overcome with agony in anticipation of his sufferings, again fell to the ground." We had now reached and entered the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. "Here they stripped him of his raiment;" and "here they nailed him to the cross;" and "here," as they surrounded the altar in the chapel of the crucifixion, "here they lifted him up, and here he died!" The road we traversed was crooked, narrow and doleful—all its gloomy surroundings in unison with the solemn associations the events of the crucifixion were calculated to awaken. The principal "stations" in this "Sorrowful Way" are eight or ten in number, besides several minor ones. At each of the

prominent ones an explanatory address was made, and a prayer offered, all the company devoutly kneeling upon the rough pavement of the open street.

"And what," I hear you ask, "was the effect upon you as you followed this company of worshipers, and listened to the recital of their absurd chronicles? Could there be any other feeling than disgust at the pious frauds that had thus sought out and given definite locality to scenes and places, the keenest human research could never have discovered?" I cannot say the events of the afternoon had any such effect upon my mind. Little reverence as I had for their traditions, and little faith as I could exercise in their special localities, the great prominent events of that terrible scene of toil, trial and suffering, in the closing drama of the Savior's life, seemed towering up in gigantic visions about me, eclipsing by their prominence every minor consideration. The path from the Hall of Pilate to the Hill of Calvary, whether along this particular track or not, was once traveled by the suffering Son of God. As a condemned culprit, he was led, bearing his cross; in weakness he sunk beneath it, trembling under the awful pressure of more than human agony. It was, indeed, a "*sorrowful way*," and along it I walked under the deep and solemn impressions the remembrance of the bloody tragedy was calculated to inspire. I rose above all care or concern for the creations of human fancy, or the invention of traditional legends, and thought only of Him who "was delivered for our offenses, and raised again for our justification."

THE JEWS' PLACE OF WAILING.

Besides traversing the "Sorrowful Way," we made a visit to the spot where the Israelites are accustomed to assemble to weep over the desolations of Zion. It is strange how, at different times, this persecuted race have been driven from their revered place of worship, and debarred access to the site of their ancient temple and altar. After the capture of the city by Adrian, the Jews were entirely excluded from it, and it was not until the days of Constantine that they were permitted to come near enough to behold it from the neighboring hills. Some-



JEWS' PLACE OF WAILING AT THE OLD TERRACE WALL OF THE TEMPLE.

time subsequent to this they were allowed to come into the city on the anniversary of its overthrow by Titus, to weep over the ruins of the Temple. From these early times the practice of mourning over the desolations of Zion appear to have been continued, but even to this day no Jew is allowed to visit the Temple area, to set his foot upon the hallowed spot once consecrated by the altar of God.

Near the southwestern corner of the Temple area, (plan of the city, No. 17,) in the wall of the inclosure are several courses of large stones, some of them eight or ten feet long, bearing the Jewish bevel, and though very ancient—supposed by many to have been placed here by Solomon when the Temple area was graded—they are still in a very good state of preservation. These are the stones of wailing, and this is the nearest approach the Jews can now make to their ancient place of worship and sacrifice. Though the place is resorted to at any time by the more devout, Friday afternoon is the special time for the Jews to congregate here and weep for the departed glory of their city and temple. The accompanying cut gives a very good idea of the appearance of the wall, where often the place is thronged by these sorrow-stricken children of Abraham. We threaded our way through the narrow, crooked lanes to this obcure part of the city, with but a slight idea of the scene we were to witness. What was our surprise to find the alley along the wall nearly blocked up with a large collection of these mourning people. There were here representatives from different nations, with their varied and strange looking costumes—old men with wrinkled face and white flowing beards; young men in the vigor and strength of manhood; women enveloped from head to feet in loose robes of snowy white; rosy cheeked girls and smooth faced boys, some sitting, some standing, some leaning their heads against the old, time-worn stones, earnestly reading from Hebrew books or devoutly engaged in prayer. Soon two or three venerable old men, as they leaned against the wall, seemed overpowered by their deep and apparently heart-felt emotions; their strong frames trembled, the great tears rolled like rain drops down their cheeks, and they wept aloud. The women took up the solemn wail, and even

the children seemed to catch the rising emotion as it went from heart to heart. I was not prepared for this spontaneous outburst of grief. There was something in it so touching, earnest, and apparently sincere, it aroused the sympathies of my own heart, and almost before I was conscious of it, I was weeping with them. There is something truly mournful and affecting in the sad condition of this people as now seen in contrast with their former prosperity and glory. How miraculously they have been preserved a distinct people; with what unyielding tenacity they still cling to their former faith; with what undying affection they turn to the home of their fathers, favoring the dust of Zion, and taking pleasure in her stones!

But however sincerely they may mourn over the ruins of their demolished temple, no rivers of grief can cleanse the sanctuary, no sacrifices of prayer rebuild its walls, for, in the purposes of God, it has been utterly and forever overthrown. It seemed to me a strange coincidence, that at the very time that a Christian procession was celebrating in the streets of Jerusalem the honors of Jesus, rejoicing in him as their hope and glory, the very race that put him to death were weeping over their own downfall and degradation. Weep on, O oppressed and afflicted people! Thy sanctuary will never be rebuilt. There was a temple thy fathers destroyed, and God, in *three days*, built it up again. It is only in that temple, of which the one on this mount was but a type, thou canst ever find a rock of foundation on which to rest, an altar for thy sacrifices, a refuge from oppression, a solace for thy grief! I turned away in musing mood, glad that I had visited the spot. In those old stones, in that remnant of an ancient race, in their tears and lamentations, I had read a deep and solemn lesson—I had seen again the traces of an omniscient and overruling God, a HANDWRITING that none could misinterpret.

GOOD FRIDAY EVENING.

The day has been crowded with strange incidents, but its religious ceremonies are not yet at an end. We have traversed the "sorrowful way" from the hall of Pilate to Calvary. To-night the taking down from the cross and the burial is to

be celebrated. At an early hour we repaired to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, where we witnessed the most imposing ceremonies of any we had yet seen. The vast church—rotunda, chapels and galleries—seemed one dense mass of human beings, a counterpart, so far as nationality was concerned, of Peter's audience on the Day of Pentecost. A cross, bearing the figure of the Savior, had been erected in the Chapel of the Crucifixion. Hundreds of small wax tapers were distributed among the crowd; the dignitaries of the church were arrayed in their costliest robes, the candles were lighted, and the procession, singing the Te Deum, surrounded the cross. A ladder was raised, and two persons ascending, passed a linen cloth around the body under the arms, to support it from above, while another with a hammer knocked the nails from the hands and feet. With great care the body was lowered and placed in a sheet, when, with songs, and chants, and solemn ceremonies, it was borne first to the "stone of unction," where it was prepared for burial by anointing with spices. From this it was borne towards the tomb, the procession moving round the sepulchre in the great rotunda of the church. As they proceeded, a rest was occasionally made; portions of the gospel, descriptive of scenes in the crucifixion, were read, and addresses to the audience made. In this way we had a short sermon in each of the following languages: French, Greek, Italian, German, Arabic, and what I was most surprised to hear, one in good, well spoken English. Of the character of the others I could not judge, but of this last I can say, in justice to the speaker, it was a plain, faithful, earnest exhortation to look to Jesus, and accept him as the only way of salvation. The ceremonies were pompous in the extreme, and continued to a late hour. At last the body was deposited in the place of sepulture, and the vast audience gradually dispersed.

EASTER MORNING.

The anniversary of the Resurrection! Wishing to witness the ceremonies, I went, like the women of old, early to the Sepulchre, I may say, while it was yet dark, for the sun had not attained sufficient hight to throw his golden beams through

the windows of the church. A sombre twilight reigned within, the effect of which was much hightened by a multitude of burning lamps and candles, the light of which was softened by shades of colored glass.

Early as it was, I found I was anticipated by the crowd of worshipers, and especially by the women, a crowd of whom were gathered around the sepulchre, completely enveloped from head to feet in long, loose robes of snowy white, giving them a very peculiar and ghost-like appearance. Worship was being conducted in different languages in several parts of the church; lawless multitudes were sauntering about; the peal of the organ's notes, the nasal song of the Greek, and the monotonous chant of the Syrian, blended with the tramp of soldiers and careless talk of the rabble, made a singular jargon, calculated to inspire any feelings but those of devotion. Several bishops and priests were performing ceremonies in the inner chamber of the sepulchre, while others were engaged without. I made several attempts to reach the tomb, but could not for the crowd. My eye was oppressed with the dazzling splendor of the candles and the gold and silver lamps, the pictures and the crucifixes; the ear confused with the strange jargon of sounds. "Here," I said, "are the rituals, here the pomp, and ceremony, and parade, the song and the chant, but where is the spirit?" I felt like Mary, when on the morning of the resurrection she stood by that empty tomb: "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him."

I left the church and passed down to the east side of the city, and out through St. Stephen's Gate, near which this first Christian martyr is said to have been stoned, and perhaps the very gate through which the Savior passed on the terrible night of his arrest and trial. A well worn path led down a steep descent into the valley of Jehoshaphat; I crossed the brook Kidron, and was in the Garden of Gethsemane, the place of the agony and the betrayal. I ascended a little the slope of Olivet by the same path the Savior had so often traveled, sat down under the shade of a venerable old olive tree, and read from my Bible the account of the last supper, the scene in the garden, the treachery of Judas, the mock trial, and the crucifixion. Alone

in this retirement, in the midst of these hallowed surroundings, memory busied herself with the scenes of the past, and I was soon absorbed in the devout meditations the place was calculated to inspire. Along this path, just to my right, the Savior often traveled, as he went to Bethany, to rest with the beloved family of Mary, Martha and Lazarus; here he sat and wept over yonder devoted city. There, just at my feet, he left Peter, James and John, his soul exceeding sorrowful, even unto death, and went away alone by himself and prayed, being in an agony: "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt;" and there his sweat was, as it were, great drops of blood falling down to the ground. This mount that rises up behind me, was the mount of his triumph, and from it he ascended to his glory. Here my heart burned within me, and there was kindled in my soul a glow of devotion that spurned all human ceremonies, and before which the pomp and parade of all earthly rituals were idle mockery. I felt that Jesus was risen indeed; I realized the fulfillment of his promise: "I will not leave you comfortless. I will come to you."

A NEW AND INTERESTING ACQUAINTANCE.

Returning one evening with my friend Herrick from an excursion to Bethany, as we came near St. Stephen's Gate, a stranger, knowing us by our dress to be Franks, accosted us in very good English, and began questioning us with true Yankee familiarity. We found him to be a Christian Jew, long a resident of Jerusalem, and now the keeper of a boarding-house, where English and American visitors often find a home. While conversing with him, an Arab sheik from near the Jordan came along, and as this son of Abraham could talk Arabic with facility, we improved the opportunity, through him as interpreter, to make some inquiries as to the feasibility of visiting Mount Nebo, east of the Jordan. The result of our inquiries were, that he had no jurisdiction or rights beyond the Jordan. He would take us to his home, near Jericho, and entertain us there till he could go over and bring us a Moabite sheik, with whom we could probably make a bargain to take

us to Nebo. The journey, he said, would take three days from the Jordan. Learning thus the difficulties that attended the route, and knowing the treacherous character of the Moabite Arabs, much as we desired to climb the sides of old Pisgah, and take a survey of the land from the place where Moses stood, and climb the mountain where he died, we thought it not prudent to make the attempt. It is very seldom that travelers now attempt to visit this portion of the country.

AN OLD SAMARITAN BIBLE.

Our new acquaintance invited us to his house, which, upon one side, joined the Pasha's palace. Through his acquaintance with the authorities of the place, we were allowed to pass the gates and ascend to the roof of the guard-house, which, being directly upon the wall of the Harem, we were permitted to look down into the sacred inclosure, and enjoy one of the finest views that could be obtained of the Mosque of Omar, and all its interesting sourroundings, on the old site of Solomon's Temple.

Mr. Ducat—for this we found to be the name of the man whose acquaintance we had thus accidentally made—then took us to his house and introduced us to Prof. Krauss, and Dr. Bassillius Levishon, the first a middle aged man, by birth a German; the latter, an old man, also a German, but of Jewish extraction. They are both eminent Hebrew scholars, and are sustained here at the expense of the Russian Episcopate. They have both become deeply interested in Samaritan literature, and are now devoting themselves to the reprint of an ancient copy of the Samaritan Pentateuch. The story of this old copy of the Hebrew Scriptures is so singular, I am induced to give a synopsis of it, as I had it from the lips of the old Doctor himself.

STORY OF THE OLD MANUSCRIPT.

The small remnant of the old Samaritans have for years lived in such obscurity as to be almost unknown to the Christian world. The little literature they have, has been carefully and jealously guarded, and kept among themselves. Aside from

the Pentateuch in Walton's Polyglot, and a few fragments of mutilated hymns, little or nothing has been known of their literature or religion. Between 1852 and 1854, with much difficulty, several volumes of Samaritan were procured for the British Museum. A couple of years since, Dr. Levishon succeeded in procuring from Damascus a large sized Samaritan Pentateuch, transcribed upon parchment, A. D. 1277.

Anxious to give the scholars of the world this interesting relic of an almost extinct sect, the Doctor made a journey to Paris, procured a lithographic press, learned how to use it, returned with it to Jerusalem, and immediately commenced printing a fac-simile of the old parchment. He had printed but a few pages, when, learning that there were older copies of the same work among the Samaritans at Nabulous, the old Shechem of Scripture, he made a visit there, in company with Prof. Krauss. They found the priest and leading men very reserved about their sacred books, and it was not until after an acquaintance of several days that they ventured to broach the real object of their mission. They at last ascertained that a number of the families had these old copies of their sacred books, which had been handed down from generation to generation, held in sacred veneration, and kept secreted from the eye of Mohammedan and Christian. Among these the priest showed them one that had such marks of great antiquity, they were extremely anxious to procure it. This anxiety, however, they concealed under an air of apparent indifference, and when about to leave, simply inquired of the family, through the priest, if the manuscript could be bought. The first answer was a total refusal to part with it. Before they left, a message came, through the priest, that the family would place the manuscript at their disposal for 14,000 piasters! about *six hundred dollars*. They made no reply, and immediately returned home.

Then followed a long and remarkable series of events. The outbreak among the Druses, resulting in the burning of so many villages, and the cold-blooded murder of so many Christians, aroused also Mohammedan intolerance against all opposing religions, and the little remnant of Samaritans, as well as Chris-

tians, trembled for their safety. "That outbreak," said the old Doctor, earnestly, "was the instrumentality, under God, of putting this old book into our hands." A lordly merchant Turk from Damascus visited Nabulous, and dealing with a Samaritan trader there, accused him of robbing him of a large sum of money, and had him and many of his connections arrested and cast into prison, and there seemed no way of satisfying the avarice of their oppressor. At the expiration of a few months the priest made a visit to the Russian missionaries at Jerusalem, and told the story of their wrongs. "What shall we do? My people are in prison. I have no means to help them. Appeals to the British and American Consuls have been in vain; has the Russian Consul no power with the Turkish authorities to interfere for us?" "How much," said Dr. Levishon, "is the claim against the imprisoned parties?" "The whole sum now demanded, including costs, is six thousand piasters." "Can you not in some way raise the money?" "We have no money; my people are all poor." "Go home," said the Doctor, "and bring me that old copy of your scriptures, and you shall have the money." Three days after the claim of the persecuting Turk was paid, the imprisoned persons were at liberty, and the missionaries were rejoicing over the possession of the most ancient copy of the Samaritan Pentateuch a Christian had ever been allowed to handle.

THE AGE OF THIS MANUSCRIPT.

Dr. Levishon firmly believes it to have been written *before the destruction of the first temple!* For this he assigns the following reasons: 1. The extreme reserve and jealous care with which the family at Nabulous guarded it, secreting it even from families of their own sect; and the information derived from the priest through whose agency it was obtained. 2. The appearance of the manuscript, the manner in which it is written, and the fact that the different books, Genesis, Exodus, etc., are not divided into chapters, verses or sections of any kind. 3. The names of several priests found in marginal notes in different places in the volume, which names correspond with other genealogies in his possession. 4. A corner of the book has been

scorched by fire, burning off the margin so deeply as even to touch a few of the letters, showing that the book has at some time been in danger of being burned. The family tradition connected with this is, that in ancient times the building and effects where the book was kept were burned, and this book was saved in a miraculous manner. In corroboration of this, on a blank leaf in the book is this remarkable note: "This book, which the fire did not burn, was delivered into the hand of Cyrus, King of Persia, in the presence of Zerubbabel, the priest. Thanks be to God for the preservation of His holy law delivered to Moses." This marginal note has every evidence of being genuine, written in the same character of the book, having all the marks of antiquity. The character in which it is written differs considerably from the modern Hebrew, being the same, the Doctor believes, as was used before the captivity, and the same in which Moses wrote. Immediately upon gaining possession of this they abandoned their work upon the Damascus copy, and are now printing a fac-simile of this, which will soon be ready for distribution. The old Doctor is pursuing his work with all the enthusiasm of a boy; and in several subsequent interviews with him he gave me much information that he had gathered from his intercourse with this ancient people; he also gave me specimen pages of the work to take home with me. We shall have more to say of these Samaritans when we visit Nabulous. Should it prove true, that in the secluded Valley of Ebal and Gerizim, with the little remnant of the ancient Samaritan race God has hid away, and preserved from remote antiquity, copies of his holy law, corresponding in all main particulars to the records of the Jews, will it not be another striking manifestation of the great leading truth we have kept in mind through this whole work—another instance of the Handwriting of God to refute unbelief, and preserve the knowledge of his name and the revelation of his will?

MOUNT MORIAH AND THE TEMPLE.

There was yet one other place in the Holy City I was anxious to visit, a place sacred to the Jew, revered by the Mussulman, and intimately connected with those sacred scenes dear to the

Christian heart—Mount Moriah. It stands now within the walls of the city between Zion and Olivet, both of which rise considerably above it. The top of the mount has been graded down, and the space thus leveled, including about thirty-five acres of ground, is inclosed by a massive stone wall. This inclosed space is now called the Harem, a name applied by the Arabs to any sacred or prohibited inclosure, and is the ancient Temple area, while some portions of the wall is supposed to be the same that Solomon erected when the Temple was built.

What a history that little Mount Moriah has! What striking and miraculous events have here transpired! What a place it fills in the long line of events reaching from the Father of the faithful to the Redeemer of men! Near four thousand years ago, Abraham came journeying from Beersheba, and with his son, the wood and the fire, ascended this mount, reared a rude altar of unhewn stone, laid that son of his affections upon it, and nerving his heart to the stern deed, was about to obey the strange mandate of heaven. There God staid his obedient hand, and gave him back his son as one alive from the dead; and Abraham called the name of the place, "*Jehovah Jireh*—THE LORD WILL PROVIDE!" Eight hundred years passed away, and still Moriah stood a monument to perpetuate the unwavering faith of the hoary patriarch. Ornan the Jebusite had cleared a portion of the hill for a threshing-floor, and was here engaged with his four sons in rural labor, when Jerusalem, for David's sin in numbering the people, was threatened with destruction. The angel of the Lord stood by the threshing-floor, having a drawn sword in his hand stretched out over the devoted city, and Ornan and his sons fled in terror, and hid themselves. From yonder hight of Zion David saw it, and was filled with consternation; he clothed himself in sackcloth, and with the elders of Israel, humbled himself before God. Hastening to the summit of the mount, he built an altar, sacrificed unto the Lord, and the avenging hand was staid. And David bought the threshing-floor from Ornan for six hundred shekels of gold. Here, as all know, under the prosperous reign of Solomon, the Temple grew into symmetry and beauty—the abode of the Shekinah—the center of worship to the chosen people of God.

Shall we enter this inclosure and walk over these grounds, once consecrated by the altar of God, the Holy of Holies, the Ark of the Covenant, and the Pillar of Fire? Approach the entrance, and you are rudely thrust back by insolent Turkish soldiers, perhaps insulted and even stoned by the lawless Christian-hating Mohammedans that hang around the gates! Why is this? Why cannot the Jew visit the place where his fathers worshiped, and the Christian stand upon the site of the Temple, once a glorious type of the spiritual church of God?

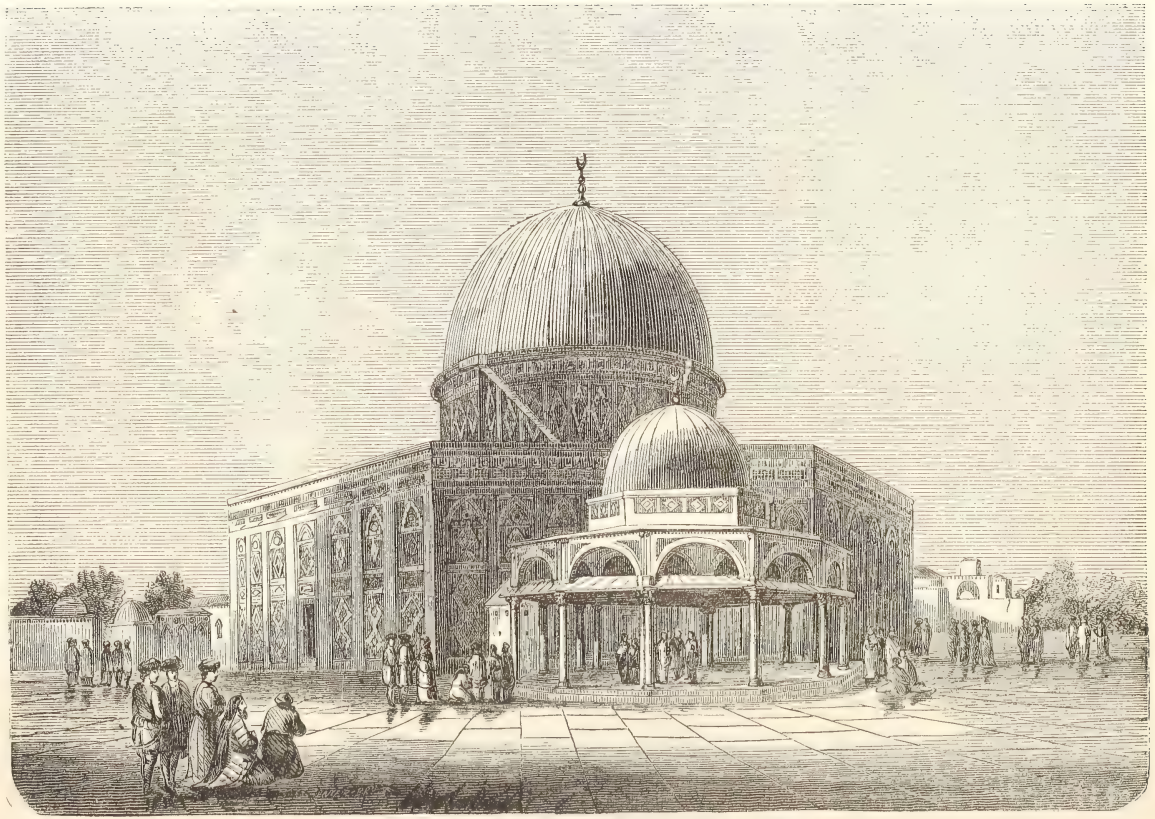
THE TEMPLE AND SACRED ROCK.

This little inclosure has a strange history. We have already alluded to the early incidents under Abraham, David and Solomon. That beautiful Temple, the pride and glory of the kingdom, the astonishment of every visitor at the court of Solomon, was, after having stood over four hundred years, plundered, burnt, and left a heap of ruins by the Chaldeans. The long captivity ended, the Temple was re-built, and the changes of five hundred years passed over it, when Herod re-built and adorned it, employing eighty thousand workmen nine years, sparing no expense to render it equal in magnitude, splendor and beauty, to any thing among mankind. This gorgeous and costly pile, in the overthrow of the city by Titus, seventy years after Christ, was so completely demolished the prophecy of the Savior was literally fulfilled, not one stone was left upon another that was not thrown down. About half a century after, Adrian, out of contempt for the Jews, erected upon the spot a splendid temple to Jupiter. The subsequent history for many years it is difficult to trace; the sacred inclosure passed into different hands, and underwent many changes.

In grading the top of Moriah, near the center of the present inclosure, a large portion of the original rock was left in its rough, native state. This rock is from fifty to sixty feet long, and from forty to fifty wide—a bold and majestic mass of stone, upon which no tool of iron has left its mark, the only surviving witness of the long series of changes and revolutions of four thousand years. This unhewn rock, tradition says, was Abraham's altar, upon which Isaac was laid; on it David offered

sacrifice, and this rock, it is supposed, became the altar of burnt offering in the temple service. From this rock Mohammedans say their Prophet ascended to heaven! This is the reason of the sacred estimation in which they hold it; and hence the jealous care with which it is guarded from the intruding eye and polluting foot of the "infidel Christian." For six hundred years they had it shut up and closely guarded, and no Christian or Jew could visit the inclosure but at the peril of his life; for it is said the authorities here had a firman from the Sublime Porte to kill any one who should presume to enter. In 1856, as a result of the wars among the European powers, this spirit of intolerance was somewhat relaxed; avarice triumphed over reverence, and the rigid law was so far modified that Christians might be allowed to visit the Harem upon the payment of *five dollars* each.

I had a strong desire to stand on Mount Moriah, and to visit the site of the ancient Temple of God. "Shall I," I said to myself, "submit to this infamous and unjust tax that bars entrance to a place that ought to be common ground for Jew, Christian, and even Pagan, as well as Mohammedan? For several days I debated the question without being able to come to any decision. Several times I ventured up to the gates of the inclosure, and as often was insolently driven back, and once stones were thrown at me. I inwardly anathematized the intolerance that thus obstructed the way, and felt like imprecating French and British authority and bayonets to hasten the work they have commenced, and are assuredly destined to accomplish. While in this state of suspense, the general of the French army stationed at Beirut, with between fifty and sixty of his officers, arrived at our convent to spend Passion Week in Jerusalem. Turkish dependence upon French authority and influence led to an invitation from the Governor of Jerusalem to the officers to visit the sacred inclosure, and courtesy extended the invitation to other visitors at the convent. At an early hour of the morning we met at the office of the French Consul, under whose sanction and guidance the formal visit was to be made. The gates were opened; the Turkish guard,



THE MOSQUE OF OMAR, JERUSALEM:

On Mount Moriah, where the Temple of Solomon stood

with Zouave dress and bristling bayonets, were passed, and we were in the—HAREM!

This is inclosed by a high stone wall, the east and a part of the southern portion of it constituting also the wall of the city. The space inclosed is about thirty-five acres, adorned with walks and shrubbery, while a few tall cypress trees lift their dark forms on high, adding to the variety of the scene.

THE MOSQUE OF OMAR

Is the chief attraction of the place, and, next to the great mosques at Mecca and Medina, the most sacred spot to the Mohammedan. It stands near the center of the inclosure, upon an elevated platform paved with marble. The lower story, or main body of the building, is a regular octagon, each side of which is sixty-seven feet; the central and elevated portion is circular, and about one hundred and seventy-five feet high. The building is crowned by a symmetrical and costly dome, over which rises a lofty bronze crescent, adding much to its architectural finish and beauty. The dome, and upper portions of the building, are every where covered with highly glazed porcelain tiles, of beautiful and gaudy colors, while the lower part of the octagonal sides are encased in rich marble of variegated colors, giving to the whole structure a polished, glittering appearance. The sides of the building are pierced by numerous windows, separated by marble columns. These windows are of the richest stained glass, through which floods of rainbow light are poured into the interior. There are four entrances, facing the four cardinal points, and over each a costly portico.

A Turkish attendant, in military costume, acted as our guide. Coming to the principal entrance, we laid aside our boots and shoes, and with feet encased in light slippers, entered the sacred precincts. The interior, though very richly finished, was to me more gaudy than grand. A large portion of the wall and of the great dome appeared to be lined with the same kind of porcelain tiles that covered the exterior, though much more richly wrought, forming large gilded and mosaic pictures of brightest colors. Above the windows, two lines of

beautifully interlaced Arabic inscriptions, sentences from the Koran, run round the whole interior of the building, wrought in the same beautifully colored enameled tiles, forming a sort of religious cornice. The interior is one hundred and forty-eight feet in diameter. Two corridors, one thirteen feet wide, supported by Corinthian columns, and within this another, thirty feet wide the inside supported by Corinthian piers, together form the support of the central dome, sixty-six feet in diameter. Occupying the centre of this rotunda, is

THE SAKHRAH, OR SACRED ROCK.

This rock is about sixty feet long from north to south, and about fifty feet broad. It rises several feet above the marble floor of the mosque, and, consequently, would be some twelve or fifteen above the ground beneath. It is surrounded with a gilt iron fence, six or seven feet high, and very strongly built, while over it is stretched a rich awning of party-colored silk. For that rock this costly structure was built; for that rock this majestic dome spreads its ample proportions on high! That rock, to the Jew, is the most sacred spot on earth, for the rabbins say it is the identical rock on which Jacob pillowed his head, on which Abram offered Isaac, by the side of which Ornan the Jebusite had his threshing-floor, and on which David offered sacrifice; the rock that afterwards became the altar of burnt-offering for the great Temple of Solomon!

But what renders this stone so sacred to these Mohammedans, that for six hundred years they shut it up from the approach of Jew or Christian? Listen to the story of that old derwish, and he will tell you: When Mohammed made his celebrated excursion from Arabia to Jerusalem, and thence through the heavens, he stood on this rock, and from it bounded upward to the celestial spheres. Here, in the solid rock, is shown the print of his foot, and while the rock, starting from its resting place, would have followed him in his ærial flight, here are to be seen the marks of the angel's hand as he held it down! He will also further assure you, that from that time till now, this holy rock has remained suspended in the air, requiring no support but the miraculous power of God! True, there is a

cave beneath the rock, with walls of heavy stone masonry, but he will assure you these walls do not support a single ounce weight of the stone, but are only placed there to hold the rock in case the supernatural power that sustains it should at any moment be withdrawn! Such is the Moslem legend of the Holy Rock; such the origin of the superstitious reverence with which it is regarded.

When Lamartine visited Jerusalem, in 1832, in a familiar conversation with the governor of the city, "Why" said he, "will you not allow us to visit the Dome of the Rock?" "There is one place by that holy rock from which prayer is always answered; should a Christian go there, he would pray from God the ruin of the religion of the Prophet, and the extermination of the Moslems." "God preserve me," said Lamertine, "from abusing your hospitality, and exposing you to danger! If I were in the mosque El Sakhrah, I would pray, not for the extermination of any people, but for the enlightenment and the happiness of all the children of Allah."

A distinguished American traveler, whose books have been extensively read, after having looked through the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, seen the jealousies and feuds of rival sects, witnessed the superstitious ceremonies, and listened to the foolish and marvellous legends, turns away in disgust, and says: "Were I cast here, ignorant of any religion, and were I to compare the lives and practices of these different sects as the means of making my choice—in short, to judge of each faith by the conduct of its professors—I should at once turn Mussulman." Why this hasty conclusion, unfavorable to our holy religion? He found these Christians divided into conflicting sects. Inquire among these Moslems, if they too are not separated into contending castes and factions. True, the stolid Turk and ignorant Arab may manifest less zeal and activity in religious controversy than the energies of a Christian faith inspire, but the same evil of discord is in his heart. He found among these Christians a firman from the Sultan, yet unrepealed, allowing them to put to death any one of a different religion, who should intrude into their churches, and he tells us "a Jew found in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, would

be lucky if he escaped with his life." Did he forget that the Moslem has the same firman? and would it not have been at the peril of his own life, had he attempted to have intruded into the sacred Harem? Could he buy "a piece of the stone covering of the Savior's tomb, certified as genuine by a Greek patriarch," or see at Bethlehelm "the pit where the twelve thousand innocents slain by Herod were buried," and numerous other absurd places and things? Well, charge them, if you please, with all that. Have not these Moslems this rock hanging in the air, with the print of Mohammed's foot, and the marks of Gabriel's fingers? Under that rock will they not show you a well through which the wicked descend into purgatory? Have they not here a pair of scales for weighing the souls of men?—the shield of Mohammed?—the birds of Paradise?—the pomegranates of Solomon?—the saddle of El Borak, on which the Prophet made his ærial journey? Have they not here a well of soul-refreshing water, opening into Paradise? and do they not declare that all the waters in the world issue from beneath this Harem? Will they not show you a portion of a pillar projecting from the east wall of the Area, on which Mohammed will sit when he comes to judge the world? and do they not affirm there is a wire, invisible to all infidels, stretched from this mosque to yonder summit of Olivet, on which the souls of the faithful cross the valley, and from the mount ascend to Paradise! And again, that Mohammed, in that wondrous journey, when he planted his feet on this rock, traveled with such astonishing rapidity that he came from Mecca here, and went from this through the seven heavens, held several conversations with Moses, and yet returned in time to prevent the falling of a silver urn that Gabriel, in the commencement of his flight, accidentally struck with his wing!

"But these," you say, "are idle tales; who believes them?" So you may say of the traditional fables of Christians; they originated in the darker days of ignorance and superstition, and the legendary stories continue to be repeated; yet who but the ignorant and superstitious believes them? These things are blemishes that stain the purity and mar the beauty

of any system of faith, but neither this religion or that is responsible for them; they spring directly from the root of ignorant and depraved human nature. They may appear worse in Christians, because there we expect better things; there they are deeper shades in contrast with stronger lights.

And what superior purity of character, acts of devotion, deeds of charity and benevolence, or spirit of enterprise and improvement, did our traveler find in these followers of the Prophet? In morals I should not hesitate to challenge a comparison, believing that even Jerusalem Christians, with all their errors and disadvantages, will still bear the palm; while in deeds of charity, of benevolence, in attention to the poor, in hospitals and care for the sick, in schools, enterprise, and public improvements, they are far, far in advance of their indolent Moslem neighbors. I have alluded to these things to show that Christianity, even here, in the midst of all its corruptions, will not suffer in comparison with the best forms of a false religion. After seeing the two religions side by side in the Holy City, after tracing their influence, as seen in these eastern countries, could I look no farther, and were I left to choose, I should still say, give me Christianity, even with its blemishes of heresy, its burden of ceremonies, its drapery of superstitions and traditions—in view of all these things I would still prefer the priest to the derwish; put the bands, crozier, and mitre before the turban, elevate the cross above the crescent!

But how our thoughts are wandering from this wonderful rock, by the side of which we stand! The truth is, this famous rock, so far from being suspended in mid air, is a part of the solid mountain itself. In grading down the top of the hill, to make the broad and beautiful area that now constitutes its summit, this portion of the native rock was left unhewn, and unpolished, for what reason it is difficult now to tell. About it Ornan might have had his threshing-floor; on it Abraham, David and Solomon may have offered sacrifices; it seems more than probable. What changes and revolutions that old rock has witnessed! There it has stood through all the mutations of this holy mount; Pagan, Jewish and Christian rites have been performed upon it; and now, honored and protected by that

costly and graceful dome, the muezzin's call summons the followers of the Prophet to worship about it. It did not fall from the heavens, as the Moslems affirm, but was formed here by the hand of Creative Power. Here it has stood, and here it will stand, a part of the solid foundations of the globe itself, needing no angel's hand to hold it down, or special divine agency to hold it up!

OTHER SIGHTS IN THE TEMPLE AREA.

Leaving the Mosque of Omar and the Sacred Rock, we were next taken to the Mosque El Aska, standing near the southwestern corner of the inclosure. It is supposed to be the same building erected in the sixth century by Justinian for a Christian church, and dedicated by him to the Virgin Mary. It escaped destruction when Jerusalem was sacked by the Persians, under Caliph Omar, A. D. 636. It has been altered and remodeled through successive architectural eras, till it now presents a curious specimen of the *composite* order. It is a monster building, two hundred and eighty feet long, one hundred and eighty-three broad, and the dome, though smaller, is nearly as high as the Dome of the Rock. Between El Aska and the outer wall is another mosque, one hundred feet in length and seventy in breadth, used chiefly for educational purposes. A short distance from this is a mosque of the Western African negroes, called *Mugrabin*, a single hall, one hundred and seventy feet long, and twenty-five wide. Besides these, there are numerous smaller structures, mosques, colonades, porticoes, fountains and praying places. One of these structures is called the Mosque of Jesus; another the Dome of Solomon, said to mark the place where Solomon stood to pray at the dedication of the Temple.

In the east wall of the Harem (No. 16) is the Golden Gate. The massive columns that support the arch project far into the interior of the grounds, and the whole forms a majestic and imposing piece of architecture. When and by whom this gate was built, and whether it corresponds with one of the ancient temple gates, it is now impossible to tell. It has also been walled up from time immemorial, the destruction of the

terraces on the east of Moriah, forming a descent into the valley of Jehoshaphat, rendering a gate in that part of the area useless. Tradition affirms it to be the gate through which the Son of God made his triumphant entry into the city, and also the one through which the Emperor Heraclius entered, bearing in triumph the cross he had recovered from the Persians. Among the antique and wonderful things of the Temple area, are the old substructions, and

UNDERGROUND WELLS AND RESERVOIRS.

The existence of these was known and spoken of by Josephus, but in the subsequent change of masters to which the place was subjected, some of them were almost entirely lost sight of. The hostility of the present occupants for a long time prevented explorations, and it is only recently that any accurate knowledge of them has been obtained. Since the opening of the Harem to Frank visitors, Dr. Barclay has been permitted to make explorations and measurements, the results of which he has embodied in his elaborate work. It appears that in leveling the area, the southwest corner of the grounds was so much lower than other portions, it was found easier to build vaults and arches than to fill the depressions with solid work. Thus there are now found underground long colonades and arches, rooms and recesses. In other places, vaults have been formed by excavating the solid rock of the hill. These underground works, Dr. Barclay thinks, are of the highest antiquity, as they possess the peculiar features of Jewish architecture. Probably portions of them were built by Solomon himself, and have been often traversed by that Royal Monarch of Israel and his successors. There are many passages here hundreds of feet long, entirely under ground, supported by columns, and covered with arches. Some suppose that much of the costly furniture and treasures of the ancient temple yet lie concealed in some of these subterranean vaults. What became of the sacred ark, with its mercy seat and cherubims of solid gold, has long been a mystery; and many of those old Jews, who weep by yonder wall, will tell you they believe

it lies concealed in some hidden recess beneath the Temple area, and in the fullness of time it will be restored to Israel.

We have before alluded to the Mohammedan notion that all the waters in the world issue from beneath the Sacred Rock of Mt. Moriah! and have also mentioned the fact that ancient Jerusalem, with its immense population, in all its protracted sieges, seems never to have suffered for a supply of water. There seems to be much of mystery about these supplies of water for the Holy City, both in ancient and modern times. Dr. Barclay, in alluding to this, says that Siloam is the only perennial fountain in the vicinity of the city, and that there is but one well of living water in the limits of the city, and one in the immediate vicinity without! Still, there is always a fair supply of water. There are many reservoirs where rain water is treasured up, many deep wells with water, but they seem to be dependent on the rains and cess-pools for the waters they afford. In making these subterranean explorations in the Harem, upon removing in one place a half-buried marble capital, the Doctor observed a rude subterranean passage, leading to a flight of steps. Torches were at once procured and a descent made. A broad flight of forty-four steps, cut in the solid rock, brought them to an immense cavern, containing a beautiful sheet of water! He spent considerable time in exploring and making an accurate sketch of this wonderful underground lake, the knowledge of which appears to have been almost entirely lost to the Franks, and of which even the Turks of the Harem seemed to know but little. It is seven hundred and thirty-six feet in circumference, and forty feet deep! though when he explored it he found only about two feet of water covering the bottom. This, he says, is no doubt the "sea" of which the son of Sirach and the commissioner of King Ptolmey speak in such rapturous terms. Though the Doctor says he discovered no fountain in connection with it, still such fountain may exist; he was also told by one of the old keepers who had before visited the place, that the aqueduct from Solomon's Pool leads into this reservoir. There is also another large reservoir under the Mosque El Aska, which probably has a connection with this. When opportunity occurs

for a thorough exploration of these wonderful chambers, we shall probably be able to account for the mysterious flow of the waters of Siloam, of which we have before given an account, and perhaps may be able to understand how the ancient city was so remarkably supplied, and how the notion has arisen among Jews, Christians and Mohammedans, of the miraculous streams that flow from the throne, altar, and oracle of God.

On emerging from the Mosque El Aska, a servant returned us our boots and shoes, and we spent an hour strolling about the grounds. We climbed upon the wall near the southeast corner of the inclosure, and looked down into the Valley of Jehoshaphat. The wall here is built up from the side of the hill, so as to enlarge the Temple area by filling in from the inside; thus the exterior of the wall is between seventy and eighty feet high. Upon some pinnacle of the Temple crowning this high wall, I imagined it was, where the tempter set the Savior, when he said: "If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down." A fall from the pinnacle of the Temple to the foundation of the building might have been fearful, but a fall down this giddy hight to the valley below, would have been certain destruction.

What strange reflections came crowding upon me as I slowly walked across the great inclosure to the exit gate. It was no slight privilege to stand upon ground that had been consecrated by the feet of angels, and hallowed by a series of sacrifices, reaching from Melchisedek to Jesus. Here stood the Temple of the living God; here Abraham, David and Solomon had worshiped. Here stood the altar of sacrifice, streaming with the daily oblation of blood; here the golden altar from which the morning and the evening incense ascended to heaven. Here were the Holy of Holies, the Ark of the Covenant, the Cherubim; here the Shekinah found a resting place, and here the Holiest of all in the person of Jesus came and worshiped and taught. But this mount, over which I now walk, has not only been consecrated by all these hallowed scenes; alas! it has been polluted by unsanctified offerings and stained by the bloodiest of human massacre! Here Pagans came to demolish the Temple of God, and rear up their idolatrous altars. Here Jews, Christians and Moslems have contended for the mastery. What

pen can portray that terrible scene, when the inmates of this great city, besieged and driven by Titus, fled to their sanctuary, and took refuge within these walls as their last stronghold; when fire and sword finished the work ghastly famine had commenced, and heaps on heaps of the gory slain were piled about the courts of their burning Temple! What still more fearful scenes of carnage were witnessed, when, in subsequent times, the Crusaders came to expel the Moslem hordes that had here intrenched themselves—when Tancred led his host, thirsting for vengeance, to this sacred inclosure, and this ground was given up to the most barbarous excesses—when more than ten thousand of the followers of the Prophet were massacred in this very inclosure, and this beautiful area was ankle deep in blood! What a revolution followed, when, in less than one hundred years after, Saladin came and expelled the Christians, again set up the standard of Islam, pulled down the golden cross from its lofty eminence, trailed it upon the ground, and again hung the crescent high in the air! Were not all these things in the mind of the Savior, when, from yonder side of Olivet, he saw the coming fate of the city and Temple, and wept in view of the approaching calamities?

O Moriah, what changes thou hast witnessed! How glorious have been thy consecrations; how terrible thy baptisms of blood! How thou hast been enshrined in the hopes and affections of the devout through a long succession of generations! Christian and Moslem revere thee, and the Jew comes to weep over thy ruins. Mount of Jehovah Jireh, thou hast fulfilled thy mission! Shorn of thy beauty and glory, here thou standest, another of the monumental piles of the past, thy very name a historic record, and this great rock-hewn terrace one of God's imperishable tablets, on which he has written with his own hand lessons of warning and instruction none can misunderstand!

CHAPTER VII.

FOOT EXCURSIONS ABOUT JERUSALEM—HOME OF OLD SAMUEL—EXCURSION TO BETHLEHEM AND HEBRON.

WE have seen the prominent places of interest in the Holy City and its immediate vicinity; let us now extend our excursions to the neighboring towns, and see what we can find useful and instructive. Horses can be hired for these excursions for thirty piasters, or about one dollar and a quarter a day, and guides for one and a half to two dollars. I had a dread of guides and dragomen, and as for horses, it was much more pleasant to wander at one's leisure across the fields, down into the glens and up the mountain sides, where beasts of burden could not go.

About 9 o'clock A. M., several of us passed out of the Damascus Gate, and wandered off into the country north of the city. We took no guides, intending to find our way as best we could. Our first point of destination was Neby Samuel, the supposed Mizpeh of scripture. This we could easily see about five miles distant, its summit crowned with an old, dilapidated mosque. We started off in the direction, passing by the tombs of the Judges, but leaving their examination for a subsequent visit. Occasionally we could trace the remains of the old Roman road that ran in this direction, the heavy stone pavement being still visible. We clambered up rocky hills and down into rocky ravines, over stony pathways almost impassable. At last we reached the base, and then, by a circuitous path, climbed the rocky sides of Neby (Prophet) Samuel. It rises abruptly between five hundred and six hundred feet above the little plain of Gibeon. Its sides have been terraced, and were once cultivated to the very top. In some places the vine is still

seen, and the fig tree grows, but over most of the hill the terraces have fallen into decay, and the rains have washed away the soil, leaving nothing visible but an ugly mass of barren rocks. And such is the case with the whole section of country. This hill, as one has justly remarked, "is the culminating point of the whole mountain region round the Holy City." No other peak in Southern Palestine gives one so extensive a view of the country as this. This is supposed to be

THE ANCIENT MIZPEH.

The name signifies "a place of look-out." According to an early tradition, it is the Ramathaim-Zaphim, the birth-place, residence, and burial-place of the Prophet Samuel. It was here at this conspicuous hill that Israel was assembled together, when they made a solemn vow never to return to their homes until they had punished the inhabitants of Gibea for the shocking crime committed in that city. Here the old Prophet of the Lord called them together, on another occasion, to punish their enemies, the Philistines, on which occasion they gained a decisive victory over them, and "Samuel took a stone, and set it between Mizpeh and Shem, and called the name of it *Ebenezer*, saying, 'Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.'" Here Israel assembled to elect their king. The choice fell upon Saul, and from the multitudes of Israel there went up, for the first time, the shout, "God save the King!" The Crusaders erected on this commanding eminence a convent and a church, the remains of which are still visible. Some of the foundations are hewn deeply in the solid rock. During the Babylonian captivity, the Chaldean Governor resided here, and at this place he was assassinated by the Jews. Here, too, it is said, Richard the III, having advanced his camp from Ajalon, stood and looked upon Jerusalem, and buried his face in his armor and exclaimed: "Ah, Lord God! I pray that I may never see the Holy City, if I may not rescue it from the hands of thine enemies."

The great antiquity of the place, the number of interesting events connected with it, the extensive view of the surrounding country that here opened upon us, made it to us one of the

most interesting localities among all our visits about Jerusalem. A few miserable houses, not more than twelve or fifteen in number, now clustered around the old ruined mosque, constitute the whole of the present village. The few villagers gathered around us, anxious to accommodate us in any way they could, that they might claim a *backsheesh.* At the door of one of the hovels a girl was churning. The milk was tied up in a goat-skin sack, and suspended from the limb of a fig tree; to this she had attached a string and was moving it with sudden jerks backward and forward—a simple and novel method of performing this common operation. One of my friends feeling thirsty, asked for *leb-an* (milk). A dirty looking woman brought a bowl of buttermilk, richly ornamented with streaks of dirt. My friend looked at it, shook his head, and hesitated; at last, mustering resolution, he blowed away, as best he could, the dirty scum, and took a drink, and then offered the bowl to me, but I *was not thirsty.* We had amongst us but a very few words of Arabic, and could hold but little communication with the natives. Among the children who gathered around us, was a girl thirteen or fourteen years old, with a head-dress ornamented with silver coins. It was of the same pattern as is usually worn by the girls here, but so much more of a fancy article than the most I had seen, I had a strong desire to take it home with me as a curiosity. I bantered with the father as best I could by signs and the few Arabic words I could command, and at last concluded a bargain at one dollar and a half. The roguish-looking girl watched the progress of the bargain until her father called upon her to surrender the crown of her costume, when she made a sudden retreat to the rear of the mud cottages, and no persuasions could induce her to give it up. I found the girls set a high estimate upon this article of dress, and it is very difficult to purchase one. I made several attempts, and at last succeeded in getting one at Bethlehem, for which I paid as high as six dollars, but it was richly ornamented with a heavy border of coins.

Having finished our visit at Neby Samuel, distributed a few piasters among the children, and given a backsheesh to the sheik for the privilege of ascending the minaret of their old

mosque, we took our departure. On the side of the hill below the town we sat down under the shade of an old olive tree and took our lunch. We passed down the hill and across the valley about one mile, nearly due north, and then ascending again an isolated hill, and we were in

EL-JIB, OR GIBEON.

Around this there lies one of the most beautiful and fertile plains of central Palestine, and this place, like the one we have just left, is noted for the many historic and scriptural events that have transpired here. It is spoken of in the old Testament as "a great city, one of the royal cities." Here lived the people, who, when the Israelites invaded the land, gathered their old tattered garments, and worn-out shoes, and packed their sacks with musty bread, and came with their hungry, jaded animals, and beguiled Joshua and the leaders of Israel into a treaty of peace. It was certainly a very clever trick, and we must give the former inhabitants of Gibeon credit for great shrewdness.

This town, like others all over Palestine, has gone to decay; yet as one stands in the midst of the few dilapidated buildings, and calls to mind the events that have transpired here, visions of its former greatness rise upon the imagination. On that little plain that meets your eye as you look down from the hill, the five kings of the Amorites assembled together to punish Gibeon. Turn to the east and look towards Gilgal. There Joshua and his host were encamped. One night's march, and they come with the morning sun pouring over that rocky eminence, and the Amorites are discomfited. The day is not long enough for Israel to continue the conquest, and Joshua gives that ever memorable command, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou moon in the Valley of Ajalon." And the sun stood still, and the moon stayed until the people avenged themselves upon their enemies.

As we came to the foot of the hill, we wished to see the "Pool of Gibeon," but did not know where to find it. Just then a young Gibeonite met us, with a hoe upon his shoulder, going to his work in the field. All we could say was, *Moiya*

(water). He seemed immediately to comprehend our meaning, and led us to the east side of the hill and about half-way up to the town, where we came upon the remarkable spring or pool. There is first a natural cavity or grotto in the rock. Then an inner chamber has been excavated by art, which is entered by a low, narrow opening down several stone steps. Here a copious fountain of water gushes from the apparently solid rock. We stopped and refreshed ourselves at this fountain. A little below it on the hill-side are the ruins of a large reservoir, once probably used to retain the waters brought into it from the fountain above. It was here by this pool that that remarkable meeting took place between

ABNER AND JOAB.

They came at the head of their respective armies of Israel and Judah. Twelve men of Judah were challenged to fight with twelve men of Israel. The termination of the bloody tragedy all Bible readers remember. The whole twenty-four were slain: "For they caught every one his fellow by the head, and thrust his sword in his fellow's side, so that they fell down together." And on that plain just at our feet the subsequent battle took place. Abner was defeated and the swift footed Asahel slain. At this city, also, David's nephew, Amasa, was treacherously slain by his cousin Joab. Here, too, on Gibeon, Solomon offered up his thousand burnt offerings, and here the Lord appeared to him in a dream, and gave him the desire of his heart, "wisdom and understanding."

We went up into the village, sad remnant of glory departed, and mingled a little while with the inhabitants. The sheik, a large, venerable looking old man, treated us with great kindness. He pointed to his hut or house and said, "*caffee*," but we excused ourselves, for we had no relish for any thing coming from these dirty hovels. He took us into a large room, with rush mats upon the floor, and signified that we could stay all night and sleep there. But this kind offer we again declined. When the children in their eager curiosity gathered too close around us, he scolded them away; and when we had

finished our visit and given him a backsheesh, he pressed our hands and kissed them, and even shed tears at our departure.

It was between 3 and 4 o'clock, and we had now near six miles of rough and hilly road between us and Jerusalem, and must reach the gates before sunset. We bade farewell to Gibeon, and as we turned away we could not but reflect upon the many striking illustrations of scripture we meet at almost every step in this ancient land. As we entered the village, one of the first things we met was a woman at work with a large, round stone, grinding to powder a hard crystaline substance, for what purpose I could not ascertain; and as we took our departure down the hill we met others, some staggering under heavy burdens of wood, others of water borne upon the head, forcibly reminding one of the penalties imposed upon them in the days of Joshua, when they made them hewers of wood and drawers of water. A weary walk, and our excursion was ended. Just as the setting sun was bathing with his golden light the western hills, we entered Damascus Gate, and were soon enjoying with keen appetites the hospitable fare of our Franciscan friends.

FOOT EXCURSIONS CONTINUED.

We had other places of interest to visit, lying northeast of the city, and again we started for another day's ramble among the rocky hills and passes of Judah and Benjamin. Leaving the city by St. Stephen's Gate and crossing the Valley of Jehoshaphat, we ascended the Scopus ridge. It was on this hill that Titus had his camp, and from this side of the city he commenced that memorable siege that involved the city in such terrible ruin. Here we lingered for some time, enjoying one of those splendid views of the surrounding country that excite the admiration of every traveler. Conspicuous among the objects that attracted attention was Jerusalem itself, with its multitude of synagogues, mosques and churches; its minarets, domes and towers. Just as we were gazing upon it the sun from behind a cloud poured over it a flood of golden light, while all around lay in the deep, dark shadow. "Is this," we said, "emblematic?" Jerusalem, on thee God once shed his radi-

ance, and from thee went forth light for the illumination of the world!

Our road was now among the hills and rocky passes of Benjamin. About one hour from the city brought us to some deep, dark looking ravines. Flocks of black goats, attended by Bedawins, were cropping the scanty herbage upon the rocky acclivities, while occasionally a low, black tent showed the resting-place of a family of these strange wanderers of the desert. A half hour farther brought us to Anathoth, now called Anata. Three thousand years ago, this town was set off to the Levites. But it possesses an interest greater than this. It was the birthplace of the prophet Jeremiah. Here the word of the Lord first came to him, and here was his home till he was driven away by persecution. It is about three miles in a direct line from Jerusalem. It still shows some remnant of its former greatness. The foundations of some of the houses were of great hewn stone, of ancient workmanship; the remains of an ancient wall can still be seen. There are old and spacious cisterns hewn in the rocks, and fragments of old columns lie here and there. The village is now a miserable place of about twenty small houses. The fields are poorly tilled, and but a few scattered fig and olive trees are seen. The miserable, lazy-looking men of the place gathered around us, and stared at us, evidently unaccustomed to the visits of Franks. We made a short stay and passed on, and to our great surprise not a single one of them asked for a backsheesh.

Here we were in the immediate vicinity of Alemeth, one of the cities given to the Levites as a part of their inheritance in the land. It was on the top of a hill, and is now nothing but a heap of ruins. Hizmeh is a small modern village near by, also situated upon the top of a high hill. The attention of the traveler will here be arrested by the strange appearance of the country; every thing is of a dull, grayish white. The stones, the soil, the houses, and even the very shrubs, seem to have the same general appearance, giving an extremely barren and monotonous aspect to the landscape. A few olive and fig trees are seen, and a few cultivated patches of soil; the narrow valleys looked green and fertile, but rocky hill-sides seemed

too sterile to repay cultivation. We now made a descent into a deep, rocky ravine, climbed the shelving banks of the opposite side, then down and up the steep acclivities of another, when we found ourselves in

JEBA, THE ANCIENT GEBA OF BENJAMIN.

We were now in a wild region, not only of country, but of inhabitants. Many consider it unsafe for Franks, as all Europeans are here called, to venture into these towns without a guard. We were only three in number. Two of our company had buckled on their revolvers before starting, more, however, for show than with any expectation of using them. Notwithstanding the surly appearance of the inhabitants, we betrayed no signs of fear, but walked boldly into the village, and were almost immediately surrounded by a throng of saucy children, and from fifteen to twenty desperate looking men.

In the village stands an old tower, a remnant of the former buildings of the place, which we wished to ascend to get a better view of the surrounding country. One of the men stood at the door and demanded a backsheesh. We offered a piece of money and he nodded assent. We gave him the money, when he refused to let us go unless we would pay more. We would not submit to any imposition of this kind, and, as he would neither pay us back our money nor let us go up, we expressed our strong disapprobation and turned away. We took a hasty survey of the place, and not liking the appearance of the men around us, passed on; they hooted and hallooed after us in a very uncivil way, but we payed no attention to it. We passed on a little out of the town to the side of the hill that commanded a view of the scene we wished to contemplate. We were now upon the ground over which Sennacherib marched his army when he advanced upon Jerusalem. Isaiah had foretold this advance of the Assyrian upon Jerusalem, and describes it with all the accuracy of a historic record. He speaks of this Assyrian host as the rod of God's anger, and the staff of his indignation: "I will send him against a hypocritical nation, and against the people of my wrath will I give him a charge to take the spoil and to take the prey, and to

tread them down like the mire of the streets." (Is. x.) The army advanced upon the great northern road towards Jerusalem; when near Bethel they made a turn eastward over the ground we were now visiting. Standing in the midst of these old cities, most of them now in ruins, how vividly and accurately the movements of the invading army were portrayed? "He is come to Ai, he is passed to Migron; at Michmash he hath laid up his carriages. They have gone over the passage; they have taken up their lodging at Geba; Ramah is afraid. Gibeah of Saul is fled. Lift up thy voice, O daughter of Gallim; cause it to be heard unto Laish, O poor Anathoth." Here, too, we were in the immediate vicinity of that wonderful exploit of

JONATHAN AND HIS ARMOR-BEARER.

As we sat upon the hill a little below the village of Geba, the scene of this interesting event was all before us, and we took out our Bibles to read again the narrative. The Philistines had suddenly risen up against the Israelites, and with an immense army had encamped at Michmash; as we looked out to the northward we could see the place, and the very ground over which this vast horde of the enemies of the Hebrews spread themselves. Saul had no time to gather an army, and was here in Geba with only six hundred men, but God had determined to save Israel from this sudden uprising of their enemies. Jonathan devised a bold and novel plan of attack. Only a narrow ravine separated the two armies. That narrow ravine was just before us; down into its dark depths we could look, and the bold rocky acclivities of the opposite side were visible. Accompanied only by his armor-bearer, the bold-hearted son of Saul descends into the valley and climbs up yonder northern rocky precipice on his hands and feet. Where Bozez and Seneh, the two sharp rocks, one on the one side, and one on the other were, cannot now be exactly determined, but one of them was on the north side, over against Michmash, the other one on the south side, over against Geba, and over them Jonathan made his way. As if springing up from the earth, the two bold men suddenly made their appearance in the Philistine's camp, and commenced the work of slaughter. A rampart of

slaughtered Philistines was soon heaped about them, and there was trembling in the host, and in the field, and among all the people of the garrison. The occurrence of an earthquake increased the tumult, and the panic-stricken host of the uncircumcised not only fell upon each other, but fled in the wildest consternation. From the vicinity where we were sitting, Saul and his company saw the confusion, and gathering as many as could be hastily brought together, pursued the discomfited host. Thousands were slain, and the rest driven westward through the mountains to Ajalon. It was one of those signal interpositions of God for the preservation of his people that fills their history with remarkable events

As we sat reading and talking over these interesting things, an old sheik, from the village we had just left, made his appearance and sat down near us. We paid no attention to him, but read on till we were through. On leaving, he followed us, when we discovered that he had his old broad sword buckled on beneath his blanket, which he was making an evident effort to conceal. What his design or wish was, we could not tell, as we could not converse with him; but we did not like his appearance, for he had a savage and malicious look, and we motioned him back. He persisted in following us near half a mile, but we kept our eye upon him, and allowed him to get no advantage over us. At last, finding he could make nothing out of us, he left us. These villagers were the most uncivil of any we had met with, and though we assumed a bold and careless air while with them, we were glad to leave them behind. We now passed on between one and two miles nearly west to

RAMAH OF BENJAMIN.

It is located, as all the other ancient villages of Judea were, upon a hill. It is now but a small village, but there are ancient ruins here indicating something of its former importance. We took a hasty view of the place. It is beautifully situated, surrounded by a green and fertile valley. The villagers appeared to be a much kinder hearted people than those we had just left. They gathered around us and were importunate in their demands for backsheesh; but as we had no favors to ask, we

declined making donations. We passed on down the opposite side of the hill, and a few rods from the village, came upon a well dug in the rock. A couple of girls had come out to draw water, and one of them, like Rebekah of old, let down her pitcher and gave us drink, for which we gave her a backsheesh in return.

In passing to Ramah, we left Ai upon our right, but did not go to it, as nothing but a heap of ruins marks the place. These ruins are scattered along the narrow, rocky summit of a ridge for near half a mile. It was here, or near here, Abraham had his second encampment after arriving in Canaan. It was the second city taken by Joshua in his conquest of the land. From Jericho he marched up boldly into these strong mountain holds, and this city was taken by stratagem and doomed to destruction, but was afterwards rebuilt. We now turned our steps homeward, for we had about five miles to walk. Near Jerusalem we turned a little aside from our direct road to visit the site of

GIBEAH OF SAUL,

Now called Tuleil el Ful, "The Hill of the Beans." This is the theater of several interesting historical events. It is a round-topped hill, about three miles north of Jerusalem, commanding a fine view of the surrounding country. It has formerly been terraced, at great expense, the rocks having been cut away for that purpose. The stones upon the sides still lie in great heaps and long ridges, indicating the former walls and roads. On the top is a large conical heap of ruins. This is all that is now left of Gibeah, the city that gave the Israelites their first king. Here was the home of Saul, and the seat of his government during a great part of his reign.

On this hill the Amorites of Gibeon hanged the seven descendants of Saul in revenge for the massacre of their brethren. Here occurred that bloody tragedy of the destruction of the concubine, which was so terribly revenged by the other tribes, and which resulted in the almost total annihilation of the tribe of Benjamin, as recorded in Judges 20th and 21st chapters. Here, also, was the scene of one of the most touch-

ing instances of maternal tenderness on record. Rizpah, the mother of two of the descendants of Saul that were hung here and left to rot upon the gallows, bemoaned her loss, and "took sackcloth and spread it for her upon the rock from the beginning of harvest until water dropped upon them out of heaven, and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest upon them by day, nor the beasts of the field by night." "It must," says one, "have been a mournful spectacle, to see this bereaved mother, sitting by the wasting skeletons of her sons, through the long days of a whole Assyrian summer, from the beginning of harvest in April, till the first rains in autumn."

As we sat upon the heap of ruins that crowns the site of this ancient city and read the record of these events, the sun was fast sinking behind the western hills. Our day's work was done; we hastened into the city, and spent the evening in reflecting upon the events of the day, and making notes of the interesting localities we had visited.

EXCURSION TO BETHLEHEM AND HEBRON.

April 8th. Bethlehem is between five and six miles south of Jerusalem; Hebron about fifteen miles south of Bethlehem. The usual mode of visiting Hebron from Jerusalem, is to hire horses and a dragoman, and take along tents and provisions. Several of us had now become so much accustomed to "foot excursions," we were bold enough to plan a visit to Hebron without horses, dragoman or tent. Our company consisted of my two traveling companions who came with me from Egypt; a young man from the city of New York, whom we met in Jerusalem; an English clergyman; the Irish Franciscan monk, of whom we have before spoken, from "our convent;" and an Irish Catholic priest from the Emerald Isle, here on a visit to the "holy places." Thus we had quite a diversity in nationality, religion and tongues; for though there were but seven of us, we represented three nations and five different religious denominations. Our monk could talk Arabic, two of our number spoke German and French, two Italian, all of us English, and seven being a perfect number, we had no fears of a failure in our enterprise.

We left Jerusalem about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, intending to spend the first night in Bethlehem. We passed out of the Jaffa Gate, crossed the valley of Hinnom, near the ruins of one of the old aqueducts of Solomon, and along the base of the Hill of Evil Counsel. On this side of the city can be seen what industry and enterprise can do in restoring the fertility of these rocky hills. English and American skill and capital have been expended in the erection of buildings and the cultivation of the soil. In one place, a long row of neat stone tenements have been put up by a wealthy Jew, all now occupied by Israelites engaged in the cultivation of the soil; the ruined terraces upon some of the hill-sides have been restored, the vine, fig, and olive trees again planted. The result shows that these barren hills can be made fruitful, and from these little cultivated spots one can understand something of what the country once was when all these hill-sides were clothed with a luxuriant growth of vegetation.

PLAIN OF REPHAIM—WELL OF THE MAGI.

About a mile from the city, we passed along the Plain of Rephaim, or, as it is also called, the Valley of the Giants. Here it was that the Philistines came up and spread themselves, making a demonstration against Jerusalem, when they heard that David had been crowned King of Israel; and here David smote them with great slaughter, so that they fled and left their images, and David and his men burned them. Not satisfied with this defeat, they came a second time, and David, by the direction fo the Lord, fetched a compass behind them, and "came upon them over against the mulberry trees." "And let it be," said the Lord, "when thou hearest the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees, thou shalt bestir thyself, for then shall the Lord go out before thee to smite the host of the Philistines." It is a beautiful green plain, terminating in the southwest in what is now called the "Valley of Roses." About two miles from the city we came upon a large, deep well, directly in the middle of the road, called the "*Well of the Magi.*"

It is walled around the top with great hewn stones, and pre-

served with care, not only from its utility in affording water to the traveler, but from a traditional story connected with it. The wise men, the tradition says, left Herod to seek for Jesus. They wandered on in uncertainty, till they came to this well. Looking down into it, and attempting to draw water, the wonderful star was mirrored forth from its deep waters. Whatever importance we may attach to the tradition, there can be but little doubt that this company of men, seeking the new-born king, traveled along this very road.

We now ascended a sloping hill for about half a mile further. On the top of this hill, and just about half way from Jerusalem to Bethlehem, stands the new Greek Convent of St. Elias, or Elijah. It is a huge, but neat looking stone building, surrounded by a high wall. The reason assigned for its erection here, is a tradition that on this spot the prophet, worn out with fatigue, lay down to rest when he fled from the persecuting Jezebel. These Greek Christians are doing much for the improvement of the lands in the vicinity of their convent, and have also just completed a fine improvement in the road leading to Bethlehem. The road from Jerusalem, thus far, is one of the best I have seen in Palestine. Most of the way a carriage might be driven over it. As we neared Bethlehem, we turned aside a few rods to the right of the main road to visit

THE TOMB OF RACHAEL.

It consists first of a small, white, square building, surmounted by a dome. This was designed, and has been used for a Moslem mosque, but is now in a sadly neglected state. From this an iron door, which we found locked, opens into an oblong monument, built of brick, stuccoed, and neatly whitewashed. Though this building is modern, the identity of the spot is well established. Here I recalled the simple, brief, yet touching biblical narrative of her death: "They journeyed from Bethel, and there was but a little way to come to Ephrath. * * * * * And Rachael died and was buried on the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem." And Jacob, we are informed, set up a pillar upon her grave, which Moses speaks of as standing in his day. That this is the place, none, I believe, dispute.

Here, then, I was gazing upon the very spot where the dust of this memorable woman had mingled with its original dust—the wife whom Jacob so much loved—the woman for whom he spent so many years of servitude—the mother of Joseph, whose virtues alone would have given her an exalted name. What changes have here taken place! What revolutions have swept over this land! What contentions of nations for the mastery! But amidst them all, *three thousand years* have not effaced the knowledge of this place, and Jew, Christian, and Mohammedan alike revere the memory of her who sleeps beneath this monument. The following notice, from the journal of another traveler, is here so much in point, I take the liberty of copying it: "The Turks are anxious that their bones may rest near hers, and hence their bodies have been strewn under tombs all around the simple grave of Rachael. The sweet, domestic virtues of the good wife have won their love and admiration, as the tomb of Absalom, near the brook of Kedron, has their detestation—upon the latter they throw a stone, to mark their horror of the disobedient son, while round the former they wish when they die their bodies may be interred. Nor is this wonderful. The wife, worth fourteen years service as a shepherd, must have been worth having. The whole life of Rachael is, indeed, one of the most touching in biblical history. The sweet shepherdess has left her mark upon the memory of man as well as her tomb. The tribute to her is the tribute to a good wife; and infidel, and Jew, and Christian, all combine to pay it. The great women of the earth—the Zenobias and Cleopatras—have died, been buried, and their very places of burial have been forgotten; but to this day stands over the grave of Rachael, not the pillar that Jacob set up, but a modern monument in its place, around which pilgrims from every land under the sun gather, in respect and reverence for the faithful wife and good mother of Israel."

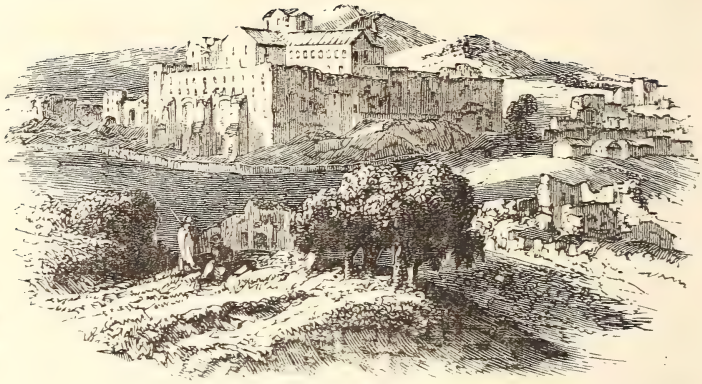
BETHLEHEM—THE "HOUSE OF BREAD."

A walk of about fifteen minutes from the tomb of Rachael brought us to Bethlehem. The natives now call it Beit Lahm, "*House of Flesh.*" It is indeed the place that has given to

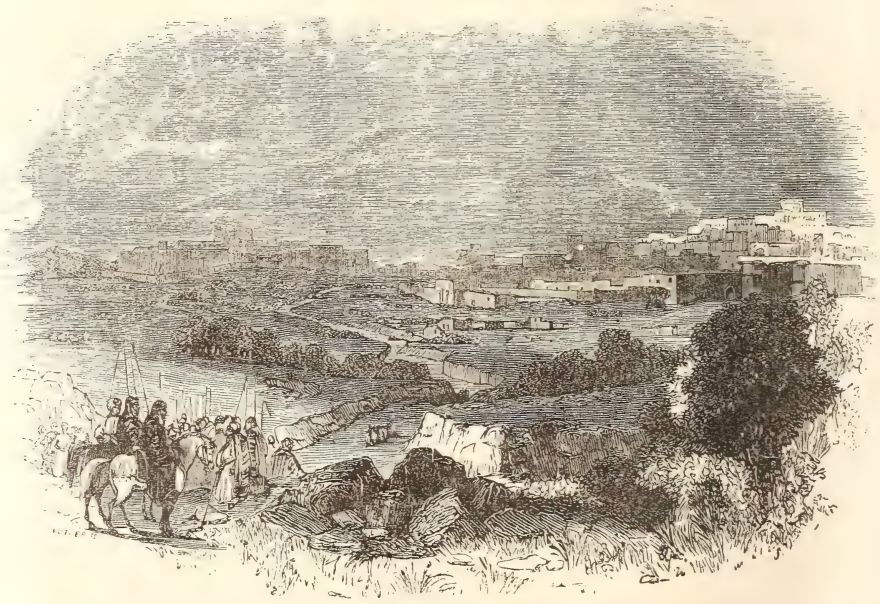
mankind the living bread and the flesh that sustain the life of the world. Little it was, and little it still is among the thousands of Judah, but out of it came Him who is ruler of the world. It was with no ordinary feelings I climbed the rugged road that leads up to the birth-place of Jesus. The city is situated upon a hill, the gray stone houses rising tier above tier, presenting quite a substantial and formidable appearance, while the great stone buildings of the convent and Church of the Nativity, with the massive, fort-like walls that inclose them, form the most conspicuous object in the place, looking like some of the old fortifications of feudal times. It was formerly a walled town, but the walls, no longer considered essential, have been allowed to fall into decay. There are about three thousand inhabitants, nearly all of them Christians. The streets are narrow and dirty, and like all others of Palestine, full of fleas. Many of the inhabitants live by the cultivation of the soil; the vine and olive are extensively cultivated, and the country around has a more flourishing and fruitful appearance than the hills about Jerusalem. A great amount of business is carried on in the manufacture of olive wood, bone and shell, into beads, cameos, crosses, crucifixes, and various other articles. The women of Bethlehem are proverbially beautiful, having in their features much of the European stamp, while the whole population appear to be industrious and well disposed.

CONVENT AND CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY.

Our home at Bethlehem was to be in the convent, and our Jerusalem monk had the sesame, in obedience to which its ponderous doors were readily opened. We received a welcome reception, were assigned our rooms for the night, and provided with a wholesome, but plain repast of bread, meat, eggs and coffee. This place is an immense pile of stone buildings, of great antiquity. There are three convents included within the walls—Latin, Greek and Armenian—the inmates each retaining their respective forms of worship, and all having access by different passages to the "holy places." The chief object of attraction is the "Church of the Nativity." This is said to be



Convent erected on what tradition affirms to be the Cave of the Nativity.



Bethlehem.

built over the grotto or cave that formed the stable in which the Savior made his advent into the world.

I have often been asked, since my visit to this place: "Is it at all probable the Savior would or could have made his appearance in the world in the manner, and in such a place as the scripture narrative represents?" I see no improbability in it at all. Indeed, it would not be strange for a child to be born, even now, in similar circumstances. The rocky hill-sides about Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and other cities of this land, are full of artificial grottoes cut in the rocks; some of these were originally tombs, some were probably excavated for other purposes. It is no uncommon thing at the present time to see these used as herding places for animals, and quantities of provender are frequently stored in them. In walled cities, as at Jerusalem, the gates, at night, are shut, and the belated traveler is sometimes compelled to take refuge for the night in these deserted tombs or grottoes, and if he can find one with a bed of straw, so much the better. It is easy to conceive how, under circumstances like these, and more especially among people of such habits as we find here, the necessities of a mother might drive her for shelter to a *stable.* It was a similar case to this that happened eighteen hundred years ago. A decree of the reigning monarch had called a multitude together at Bethlehem. The mother was not debarred from the city because the gates were shut, but from the multitude of people "*there was no room in the inn.*" Where then could she find shelter but in one of these same grottoes or stables? So far from there being any thing improbable in the narrative, it is precisely such an event as might, in such a combination of circumstances, happen at the present day.

But was this grotto beneath the Church of the Nativity *the* one? That, of course, I cannot tell. As early as A. D. 327, Helena built a splendid edifice over this cave; by what evidence she settled the question of the locality of the place it would be impossible now to tell. Certain it is, it was regarded as the place then, and has continued to be so regarded since. The church now standing here is said to be the same as built by Helena more than fifteen hundred years ago, though, doubtless,

it has undergone many changes. It is about one hundred and twenty feet long, one hundred and ten feet broad, and is the oldest specimen of Christian architecture in the world. The roof is of wood; the naked beams and rough frame-work supporting it is left on the inside uncovered, giving it a very unfinished appearance. This roof is supported by forty-eight Corinthian columns, arranged in four rows of twelve columns each. These columns are each of one single piece of stone, two and a half feet in diameter, and more than twenty feet high, and are supposed to have been taken from some more ancient building, some think from the porches of the Temple at Jerusalem. This great church is now seldom used for worship, and seems to be only a vestibule or thoroughfare to the smaller churches and apartments of the convent, and especially to the Grotto of the Nativity.

With one of the Latin monks for our guide, we passed the gloomy portals of this old church, thinking of Helena, Constantine, and of the strange events of the past, until we came to the dark, narrow passage leading down into the Grotto of the Nativity. The monk handed each of us a lighted taper, and led the way down a narrow stairway cut in the solid rock. What was once a simple grotto or cave in the hill-side, has been so fenced in and covered over by this great church, and transformed by the hand of art, a visit to it is now like a descent into a cellar. I cannot detain the reader by describing all I saw in these subterranean apartments, nor the manner in which the various rooms are arranged with the altars, pictures, lamps and numerous costly decorations. We were shown the altar and tomb of St. Eusebius; the altars and tombs of Saints Paula and her daughter; the tomb of St. Jerome, and what was of more interest to me, his study. This is in a vault or chamber near twenty feet square and about nine feet high. It is cut in the rock, and has been transformed by the monks into a chapel. On one side of the room a handsome altar has been erected, and over it is placed a picture of the Saint, representing him in the attitude of writing, while a large lion lies resting at his feet. Here, then, I was really in the room where this devoted man passed so many years of his life; these walls echoed the voice

of his prayer and witnessed his austerities. "Here it was," says one historian, "that he fancied that he heard the peals of that awful trump, which shall one day summon all mankind to judgment, incessantly ringing in his ears. Here it was that with a stone he struck his body, bowed by the weight of years and austerities, and with loud cries besought the mercy of the Lord. Here, too, it was that he produced those laborious works that have justly earned him the title of the Father of the Church."

In another apartment, now also turned into a chapel, is an altar said to mark the spot where the innocents slain by Herod were buried. Passing on through one or two more apartments, a door was reverently opened, and we entered a room nearly forty feet long and eleven feet wide. This was the sanctum sanctorum of the whole building. At one end of this room was an altar; beneath it, raised a little above the floor, a marble slab; on the center of the slab a large silver star, fifteen to eighteen inches in circumference; around this star, engraved in Latin: "Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary." Around this star and over this altar are suspended sixteen silver lamps, kept continually burning. The chapel is richly embellished with gold and silver ornaments and pictures. The monk who guided us approached the place, reverently fell upon his knees and kissed the revered spot, as is their custom always when they approach it. This then was the spot that has made this a place of pilgrimage for many centuries. For this spot this massive convent and costly church, and these numerous chapels, have been erected. I looked upon the place, and around the room, and in imagination tried to divest it of its appendages and adornments, and see only a simple cavern in the rocks, such as even now can be seen around Bethlehem and Jerusalem, and into which the herdsman still drives his cattle to shelter and feed them. I recalled the simple scripture narrative, how Joseph and Mary, in their extremity, were driven into one of these places, and "she brought forth her first born son and laid him in a manger, *because there was no room for them in the inn.*" I thought of Him who took not upon himself the nature of angels, but the seed of Abraham; who, though he was

rich, became poor, that we through his poverty might be made rich. What a stoop was that from the throne of the universe to the manger of Bethlehem! Why was he not born in the imperial palace, in princely state, and to regal honors? He came to teach us humility, self-abasement and self-denial, and it behooved him to be made in all things like unto those whom he was to elevate from the defilements and degradation of sin.

DAVID'S WELL—VIEW OF THE COUNTRY.

After visiting the Cave of the Nativity, we had time to wander about the place. The "Milk Grotto," just upon the suburbs of the city, is one of those places that has obtained celebrity, and which every one visits, without any faith in the foolish legend that has given it its name. It is a little cave excavated in the soft rock, upon one side of which the crumbling limestone has a peculiar white, milky appearance, giving rise to the absurd story that here the Virgin nursed her child, and the milk was spilt upon the side of the grotto—hence its name.

A few rods' walk in another direction brought us to "David's Well." This is a large, deep cistern, hewn in the solid rock, with several openings in the top. The event that has given it its celebrity is recorded in 1st Chron. ii. The Philistines had taken possession of Bethlehem, and David was sheltered in the cave of Adullam. And David said: "O that one would give me to drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem that is at the gate." And three of his men broke through the host of the Philistines, and drew water from the well and brought it to David. But David would not drink it, for it was like drinking the blood of the men whose lives had been put in jeopardy to procure it; and he poured it out to the Lord.

What an interesting day we have had in our ramble from Jerusalem here, and in visiting these renowned localities! Now as the day is declining, come with me to the top of the convent, and from its flat roof let us take a survey of the surrounding country, and call to mind some of the memorable events that have here transpired, and that have made this little place so prominent in the religious history of the world. First, we may call to mind the interesting history of Ruth, the Moabitess, the

great grandmother of David, who came here with her mother-in-law from beyond the Jordan. Upon some one of these very fields upon which we are now looking, she went out to glean barley, the narrative of which is so beautifully and artlessly recorded in the word of God, and which resulted in her marriage with the kinsman of her deceased husband.

But what was of deeper interest, here was the home of the shepherd boy that afterwards became Israel's king. Over these hills and through these valleys David led his flocks, before any visions of his future greatness had dawned upon his imagination or inflamed his ambition. It was here to the house of his father Jesse, Samuel came, his steps directed by the Almighty, to anoint with his horn of oil the lad who was afterwards to act so prominent a part in the history of the nation; whose sword was terrible to his enemies, and whose devout and holy meditations still continue to awaken the devotions of the pious heart. But what was of more interest, here on these very fields, at a later period, other shepherds watched their flocks, and here was announced the advent of another and a greater king, and from the angelic choir the song of peace and good will first fell upon the ear of man.

Bethlehem is still little among the thousands of Judah, but it has a history that will never be effaced. Men and nations have passed away; the glory of Israel has departed, and the hand of desolation has been laid upon this once fertile land; but here stand the hills, there lie the valleys, and these are the rocks and the fields that were kindled by the glory of the presence of God, and gave back the triumphant echoes of that heavenly song, "Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace and good will to men." And yet how variable are human events. How closely allied are light and darkness, joy and sorrow. How these mothers of Bethlehem were made to sit in sackcloth, and these same rocks and hills echoed with the wail of thousands of bereft ones, when Herod, jealous of the security of his throne, "sent forth and slew all the children in Bethlehem, and in all the coasts thereof, from two years old and under." Then was there a voice heard in Ramah, lamentation, weeping and great mourning. Rachael weeping for her

children, and would not be comforted because they were not. But while we have been contemplating these interesting events, the dim twilight has crept over the landscape, and we are called to seek rest for the night. To-morrow we shall pursue our interesting journey to Hebron.

POOLS OF SOLOMON.

A night's rest in the convent, a beautiful April morning—and April here is like our June—a hospitable breakfast furnished by the monks, all conspired to invigorate our spirits, and at the early hour of 6 o'clock we left Bethlehem, and continued our journey towards Hebron. We passed part way down the hill on which Bethlehem stands, and then commenced a slight detour from the main road to visit the celebrated reservoirs known as the Pools of Solomon.

Our course lay along the aqueduct leading from these pools, or reservoirs they might more properly be called, to Jerusalem, the grading for which along the hill-sides forms a comfortable horse and foot path. This old aqueduct, between Bethlehem and the pools, is in a good state of preservation, and in many places has been recently repaired. It is built of stone, the passage for the water about eighteen inches broad, and twelve to fifteen inches deep, and lined with a strong coat of water-proof cement. In the early days of the construction of these water works, the modern method of carrying water over hills and through valleys in pipes was not understood, or they had not the art of making pipes of sufficient strength to resist the pressure of the water; so this aqueduct is carried the whole distance upon a level, or nearly so, following the windings and sinuosities of the hill-sides like a canal. Through this ancient channel the water was still flowing fresh and clear, as in the days of the great monarch of Israel. Occasionally a hole was broken through the top of the passage, that the thirsty traveler might refresh himself from the inviting stream. We had occasion several times to try the quality of the water, and found it excellent.

Although the pools are less than one hour's ride from Bethlehem, we indulged ourselves in loitering along the way, stop-

ping occasionally to rest, or to gather flowers, multitudes of which, of bright and varied colors, strewed our way, so that we did not reach the place until about half-past 8 o'clock. Upon entering a ravine between two high and rocky hills, these great works of antiquity were suddenly revealed to our view.

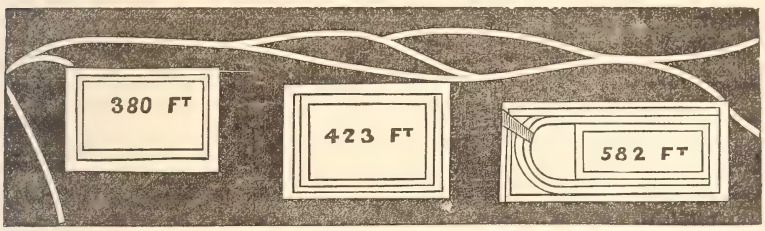
They have so often been described in the letters of travelers, it seems unnecessary to detain the reader by any minute description of them. They are partly excavated in the solid rock, and partly built up of hewn stone. Many of these stones are of great size, and bear the marks of great antiquity. There are three of these tanks, ranged along the ascent of the valley, one above and beyond the other, so constructed that the bottom of one lies as high or higher than the top of the one next below it. Thus, when the lower one is exhausted, the second can be emptied into it, and then the third through the second. The size of these reservoirs is as follows:

	Length.	Average breadth.	Depth.
Upper Pool	380 feet,	232½ feet,	25 feet.
Middle Pool	423 feet,	232½ feet,	39 feet.
Lower Pool	582 feet,	177½ feet,	50 feet.

The supply of water is abundant, as well as excellent—a large stream of waste water flowing down the valley from the Lower Pool after the aqueduct is supplied. The great curiosity connected with these pools is the fountain from which they are filled—a place generally overlooked by visitors. Dr. Barclay, author of "The City of the Great King," whom we met in Jerusalem, had spoken to us of this place, and told us how to find it, and advised us by all means to see it. Having examined the pools, we proceeded in a northwestern direction some forty rods, to an open field covered with barley. Here we found a small opening in the ground like the mouth of a well, nearly choked up by dirt and rubbish. It was a forbidding looking place, both from the dirt and smallness of the aperture. My companions examined it as well as they could from the top of the opening, and decided they would not attempt to enter. I told them I had come to see all that could be seen, and I was going down if it was possible. So it was arranged I should first enter the well, and if I found any thing worth seeing, I should call

the rest. The descent was perpendicular for a little more than the length of one's body, and then turned in an angle of about forty-five degrees. There was scarcely room to crowd the body through, and I was soon involved in darkness. I slipped along a muddy inclined plane ten to fifteen feet, until I could stand partly erect. Then I drew from my pocket matches and a candle, and struck a light. Fifteen or twenty feet below me I saw an open chamber, and heard the gush of running waters. I clambered down over rocks and dirt until I saw the place was worth a visit, and then returned and called to my companions, and one after another they crept through the passage into the opening below. Three or four candles were now lighted, and we were enabled to look about us and examine the wonderful place. We stood in a vaulted chamber upwards of forty feet long and near twenty-five broad, the sides and roof protected by stone masonry. Upon one side of this there was an opening into another smaller apartment, walled in the same manner. This is the fountain head from whence the large reservoirs and aqueduct are supplied. The water springs up in copious streams from four different places, and is brought by smaller passages into a large basin, from whence it flows off in a broad subterraneous passage. This passage is walled and arched, and large enough for three men to walk abreast. We did not care to follow it, but were told it was carried to the northwest corner of the Upper Pool; there it branched into two, a portion of the stream flowing into a vault twenty-four by five feet, and from thence into the Upper Pool. Another carried a portion of the water along the hill-side by the pools, and was so arranged as to carry a part into the second and third pools, and the remainder directly to the great aqueduct below the pools, from whence it was carried by a winding course to Jerusalem. The wisdom of this arrangement, for the production of an unfailing supply, is at once apparent. In the time of freshet, when the fountain yielded more than was needed, the surplus passed into, and was preserved in the pools. In the time of drouth, when the supply from the fountain was inadequate, it was augmented from the pools. The entrance to this underground fountain was, no doubt, guarded with great care, and from this Solomon

is supposed to have drawn the beautiful comparison used in his song: "A garden inclosed is my sister, my spouse; a spring shut up, a fountain sealed;" and hence this place among the monks has the name of the "sealed fountain."



POOLS OF SOLOMON.

The annexed diagram, which we have prepared for the purpose, will give a better idea of the pools and the underground passages by which the water is conveyed to them, than any mere verbal description. The left hand denotes the upper portion and place of the well, and the white lines the underground passages by which the water is conveyed along and to the reservoirs. These great reservoirs are now called El Burak, and that they were built by Solomon, no one, I believe, questions. If they are the work of that great monarch, for near three thousand years they have been receiving and pouring out their inexhaustible supply of waters. They are not only ingeniously constructed, but are built upon a scale of magnificence that would be creditable to the art and enterprise of modern days. From this place the Holy City and Temple were supplied with water. The termination of the long aqueduct, it is said, may still be seen in the area of the Harem upon Mount Moriah, where now stands the Mosque of Omar, but where once stood, in grandeur and glory, the magnificent Temple of God.

WALK TO HEBRON CONTINUED.

Having finished our visit to Solomon's Pools, we started off in the direction of Hebron, having now about fifteen miles to walk over a rocky road, and under the full rays of the sun, as they fell upon us from a cloudless sky. About four miles south of the pools, we came upon a broad cultivated valley, where the natives were diligently at work in the cultivation of the

soil. They were mostly dressed in Turkish costume, with loose robes gathered at the bottom, and turbans upon their heads. Most of them had broad swords or cutlasses dangling at their sides, and their old flint-lock guns near at hand. Their implements of husbandry were of the rudest kind. Their plows, the same as used two thousand years ago—a crooked stick, with a pointed iron upon the end, that only scratched the ground two or three inches deep; their yokes, a strait stick tied to the oxen's horns. Their draft animals were most varied and fantastic. In one place we counted nine teams plowing in one field. One man had a tall, lean camel harnessed to his plow; another an ox, another a cow, and a fourth a little donkey, not much larger than a sheep, yoked to a very small heifer, and so on, in most amusing and everchanging variety.

From the imperfect manner of their tillage, their crops, of course, are very light. The top of the soil is worn out by long cultivation, and no renovating measures are employed to increase its fertility. As we approached Hebron, we found the country more fertile, and in a better state of cultivation than any other portion we had yet seen. The valleys were broader, the hill-sides more sloping, and sometimes covered with brushwood. Upon many of the steeper acclivities the old terraces were still kept up, and vineyards, and the olive and the fig yet flourished. In these vineyards could be seen the stone towers and the wine vats, just as in the days of the Savior. It was not the time for gathering fruit, so we were not permitted to hear the joyous shouts of the vintage. Occasionally a large flock of goats, sometimes intermingled with sheep, could be seen upon the hill-sides, generally attended by young persons or children.

I noticed, as we passed along, two or three limekilns. One at first wonders how, in this country so destitute of timber, and even of shrubs, they can contrive to get up sufficient heat to make lime. It is done by gathering various kinds of woody herbage that grow upon the hill-sides and along the valleys, and leaving them exposed to the hot sun till they are thoroughly dried. Their ovens are still heated with the same material. I several times saw this process of making heat. It takes an

incredible amount of this light fuel, but they succeed in making a very hot fire, and when necessary, in keeping it up day after day. I was by this forcibly reminded of the words of the Savior: "The grass of the field that to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven."

But we are now close upon the ancient city. The soil upon the hill-sides and in the valleys is mostly of a deep yellow, in some places quite red. Some of the vines you pass have the marks of great age. Occasionally we walk upon the remains of the pavement of the ancient road that once constituted the great thoroughfare to Jerusalem. Important personages have traveled along the way we are now walking. Over this road Abraham probably traveled on that solemn errand, when he went with his son Isaac to lay him, in obedience to the command of the Almighty, upon the altar of sacrifice. Over this road Jacob walked on his journey to Haran, when he fled from his angry brother Esau. Over this road David led his invading army, when he went up and wrested Jerusalem from the possession of the Jebusites, and made it the city of the Great King, and the capital of the Hebrew nation. And here, too, probably, Joseph and Mary passed with the child Jesus, when they fled from the blood-thirsty Herod into Egypt. Come, stand upon this eminence and look out upon these hills, yet covered with the vine, and cast your eye along the rich

VALLEY OF ESCHOL.

Now you are reminded of the story of the spies, sent out by Moses as he emerged from the great wilderness, and came upon the borders of the Promised Land. And is it possible that grapes ever grow here in such enormous clusters as this narrative represents? These hills enjoy an elevation, and are favored with a climate in which the vine flourishes most luxuriantly. Indeed, Jewish tradition says the vine here had its primeval seat. Here, according to the prophetic declaration of Jacob, Judah was to have his inheritance: "Binding his foal unto the vine, and his asses' colt unto the choice vine, he washed his garments in wine and his clothes in the blood of grapes." It was not the time of grapes when I was here, but modern ac-

counts sufficiently confirm the fact, the Eschol grape still produces clusters of astonishing size. The autumn before leaving home I visited a grapery in Cleveland, Ohio, where the proprietor was cultivating a slip from a vine in this valley, and it then had two clusters not yet ripe, each two and a half feet long, and which would weigh from six to eight pounds, and I was assured they had been grown in other graperies much larger than this. If such is the size of these clusters when grown in foreign climes, what might we not expect to see, when growing in their own native soil, and under the genial influence of their own sunny clime? Indeed, the testimony of many travelers unite in fixing the weight of some of these clusters at from ten to fourteen pounds. But here, too, is the Plain of Mamre, and there is

ABRAHAM'S OAK,

Spreading wide its luxuriant shade. Just by it is a beautiful spring of water, and you may come and refresh yourself, and find protection from the scorching rays of the sun. The Lord appeared unto Abraham in the Plain of Mamre, or, as some say, it should be translated "the Plain of Oaks;" and he sat in his tent door in the heat of the day. It was while thus seated the angels appeared to him, and announced the solemn event of the approaching destruction of the cities of the plain. And that high eminence, a little to the east of us—a mountain-top, from which you can see the blue waters of the Mediterranean on the one hand, and the deep valley of the Jordan on the other—is pointed out as the spot where this hoary patriarch stood, and saw the smoke of Sodom ascending from the deep gulf between the mountains of Moab on the east, and the hills of Engedi on the west.

"But you do not believe," says one, "this is the oak under which Abraham pitched his tent?" No; though some of the credulous Arabs about you will affirm it is the veritable one. But though not the one, it is a descendant, and a conspicuous one among the very few representatives of its ancient progenitor. There it stands, and there it has stood probably for a thousand years. This tree stands alone, the ground about it

Hebron.

smooth and covered with a thick carpet of grass. It is twenty-three feet in circumference at the base, and its huge branches spread over a diameter of about ninety feet. It stands, one of the last of that sacred forest, where Abraham entertained angels as his guests, and communed familiarly with his Maker. A walk of about twenty-five minutes from Abraham's Oak down the valley brings us to

HEBRON.

This is one of the oldest cities in the world, and has a long and varied history, but we can not dwell upon it here. A thousand interesting incidents are connected with it. Every spot about it has been consecrated by the tread of patriarchs and prophets. In the days of Abraham's first visit it was called Kirjath Arba, from Arba, the father of Anak, from whom descended the giant Anakims. The Israelites, under Joshua, took it from the descendants of Anak, and it was assigned to the Levites, and subsequently set apart as one of the six cities of refuge. David, upon his accession to the throne of Judah, established himself at Hebron, and reigned here seven and a half years prior to the removal of his court to Jerusalem. The city was laid in ruins at the time of the Babylonian captivity, and rebuilt after the return of the Jews. It was afterwards conquered and held by the Edomites, and rescued from them by Judas Maccabeus. Then came the Roman conquest, and it is said thousands of the captive Jews were brought here, and sold into slavery at the Oak beside Hebron. Afterwards came the Mohammedan desolation, and then the victorious Crusaders, and the city under them was made a Latin bishopric. The Moslems again displaced the Crusaders, and have since remained masters of the place. What changes have here taken place since the patriarchs made this their favorite camping ground, and their flocks herded in these valleys, and grazed upon these hill-sides!

Modern Hebron contains a population of about ten thousand. The houses are mostly of stone, two to three stories high, and very strongly built. For some half a mile before entering the city, we were traveling upon a road coarsely paved with large

bowlders, and walled on each side five or six feet high. An archway supporting a gate, seemed to be built merely to defend the road, as there is no wall about the town. A small garrison of Turkish soldiers are quartered here, as well as in all the other prominent towns of Palestine. We entered the place about two o'clock. There is no hotel, or public house, for the accommodation of travelers. We made application to a Jew who had been recommended to us at Jerusalem. One of our number could converse with him in German, and in that language the negotiation was conducted. There were seven of us in company. He had but one room and one bed. It was at last arranged that we should have the room, lunch, supper and breakfast for five dollars. They were a kind-hearted family, and did the best they could for us; but with the miserable, filthy cookery, the camp on the floor, and the multitude of fleas, we did not pass a delightfully pleasant night.

We learned from our host that there were about forty families of Jews in the place. Many of the race make a pilgrimage here to visit the home and burial place of their great ancestor, but Moslem intolerance prevents many of them from making it a home. Aside from a few Jews, Turkish soldiers and native Mohammedans make up the population. Franks and the Frank dress are much more of a novelty here than at Jerusalem and Bethlehem, as but few visit the place. The people stared at us; the children followed after us; some of the ruder ones hooted at us, and occasionally a stone would come whirling along our path. We walked through the bazars, and bought oranges, figs and raisins, and visited some of the establishments where glass bracelets, beads and other ornaments are made, large quantities of which are manufactured here and exported to other cities.

Among the curiosities of the place are two large pools, or reservoirs of water, evidently of great antiquity. The lower one is called the Pool of David.

It is a square, each side one hundred and thirty feet, the depth fifty feet. It is very firmly built, with large hewn stones. It affords an abundant supply of water, a large stream constantly flowing through it. This is supposed to be the pool over

which David hung the murderers of Ishbosheth, as recorded in the 4th chapter of 2nd Samuel. Tradition also points out some other localities here, but they need evidence to authenticate them, or are too absurd to claim credence, and we did not inquire for them. Such are the tombs of Abner—of Jesse, David's father—the spot where Abel fell beneath the murderous hand of Cain, and the red earth from which Adam was made. But the great attraction of the place, the sacred spot which Jew, Christian and Moslem alike reverence, is the

CAVE OF MACHPELAH.

Sarah died in Kirjath Arba—the same is Hebron—and Abraham came to mourn for Sarah, and to weep for her. But Abraham was among strangers, and had as yet made no provision for the burial of his dead. The stern necessity was now forced upon him by this bereavement. He had received the promise of the Almighty, that this land should be a lasting inheritance for his children, and why should he not now make arrangements for a permanent resting place for himself and family? A negotiation was conducted in true oriental style, and the first bargain and sale which we have on record, resulted in the purchase of the sons of Heth, of the cave of Machpelah. The specification is very definite. He bought the field and the cave that was therein, and all the trees that were in the field, and that were in the borders round about. The purchase price was four hundred shekels of silver, and the title deed was confirmed in the presence of the children of Heth, at the gate of the city, before all that went in and out.

This cave is upon the hill-side, close upon the borders of the city. Of the identity of the place there can be little doubt. Through a long succession of near four thousand years it has been preserved; Jews, Christians, and Moslems have in turn possessed it, and watched over it with jealous care. It is now inclosed by a massive stone wall, two hundred feet long, one hundred and fifty feet broad, and about sixty feet high. Within this harem, as it is called, or forbidden inclosure, stands a Turkish mosque, once a Christian church, and for aught I know, before that a Jewish synagogue. Beneath that mosque

is the cave. The story of the little cluster of graves concealed there, is best told in the pathetic language of Jacob. In the land of Egypt he gathered his sons around his dying bed, and exacted an oath from them that he should not be buried among strangers in Egypt. "I am to be gathered unto my people; bury me with my fathers in the cave that is in the field of Ephron, the Hittite. There they buried Abraham and Sarah his wife; there they buried Isaac and Rebekah his wife; and there I buried Leah."

And Joseph went up from Egypt with a great retinue of chariots and horsemen, and servants, and kindred, with great pomp and ceremony, and laid the embalmed body of his father to rest with his kindred. Here, then, within that massive wall, beneath the dome of that mosque, are enshrined the ashes of the six ancestors of the Hebrew nation. Is it any wonder that the Jew still lingers around this consecrated spot—that they should cling to it as they do to the moss-grown stones that mark the foundation of their Holy Temple?

Would you like to visit this sepulchral abode of the venerable dead? You attempt it at your peril. You will not have reached the bottom of the stone steps that ascend to the door of the inclosure, before a dozen Turkish soldiers will stand athwart your path, and a dozen gleaming bayonets will warn you back. Like the tomb of David, on Mount Zion, or the site of Solomon's Temple, on Mount Moriah, it is too sacred a place to be polluted by the foot of a Christian. For many hundreds of years it has been thus jealously guarded and it has been only by accident or stealth that any knowledge of the interior could be obtained. Why is this? Mohammedans have a high regard for the patriarchs of Old Testament history, especially for Abraham, whom they call *El-Khulil*—"the friend of God." In the long succession of wars that have taken place for the possession of these ancient and sacred places, in which Jew, Christian, and Mohammedan have alternately held the mastery, a deep and settled spirit of hostility has been nurtured. For many generations it has been perpetuated, and many more will elapse before it will be eradicated. After many changes, the Mohammedans, in 1187, succeeded in wresting this place

from the crusading Christians. They converted the church into a mosque, closed the gates against the admission of Christians, and with most unwavering hostility, have not to this day relaxed in the least their jealous watchfulness over it.

We have spoken of the early history of Hebron, its wars and changes—of the crusading period, when again and again it was ravaged by successive masters. Its modern history has not been more favorable for its peace and prosperity. It was occasionally visited by travelers, until towards the latter part of the seventeenth century. From that period, through a long succession of years, few, if any, Frank travelers found their way to it. The people were restless, hostile and warlike. About one hundred years ago, Bethlehem and Hebron waged a bloody war against each other, and a majority of the best inhabitants of both villages, as well as of the surrounding country, were destroyed. The neighborhood of Bethlehem was ravaged and laid waste. From 1806 to 1833, mention is made of only five or six Frank travelers visiting this place. In 1834, Hebron and the surrounding country engaged in a desperate rebellion against their Turkish rulers. But they only brought heavy chastisements upon themselves. Ibrahim Pasha marched down upon them with a large force; the rebels met him, and gave him battle near Solomon's Pools. Here they suffered a signal defeat, and retreating, they intrenched themselves in Hebron. Ibrahim carried the place by storm, and vexed at the obstinacy of the inhabitants, gave it up to be sacked and pillaged by his soldiers. From this blow, it is said Hebron has never recovered. As one of the results of this war, all obstacles to the visit of travelers have been removed, and more or less every year find their way here, to look upon the home of the ancient patriarchs.

I went up to the top of the hill that overlooks the city, and the harem inclosing the cave, that, amid all these changes, has commanded the respect of conquerors and conquered. I sat down upon a large rock, and mused upon the events that had transpired around me. Thought wandered back into the dim obscurity of the earliest records of our race. I looked away toward the east—the land "the other side of the flood"—the

ancient home of the Chaldean race. I saw Abraham, the father of the faithful, separating himself from his home and kindred, wandering in the land of strangers, until he came and pitched his tent under the oak upon the plain that lay just at my feet. I saw him communing with angels, and conversing familiarly with his God. I saw Isaac, in the blindness of his old age, laying his hand upon the head of Jacob, and pronouncing the blessing upon him. I looked away southward: I saw Jacob, with all his household of children and servants, taking his departure toward Egypt, to escape the desolations of the famine, and to be nurtured in that land of plenty by his son Joseph, whom he had long supposed dead. I saw that dutiful son returning with the embalmed body of his father, to lay him, in obedience to his promise, in that sepulchral cave just beneath me, where they buried Abraham and Sarah, Isaac and Rebekah, and where he had buried Leah; and then, in imagination, I looked down into that home of the illustrious dead. Would that I could with one stroke annihilate the intolerance that for near seven hundred years has held dominion there; throw open those iron doors and enter. But what would I see? Could I find the tomb of the "Father of the Faithful?" Could I recognize the ashes of Isaac, the child of promise, in whose seed the nations of the earth have been blessed? But Jacob was embalmed, and many bodies embalmed long before his death still exist. How I should like to look for once on the form of that old patriarch, upon whose monument the storms of thirty-five hundred years have spent their force.

I was aroused from my revery by a troop of young Hebronites, who came noisily upon me, with a lot of old coins, beads and relics, which they were anxious to dispose of for a few piasters. I stopped to barter with them, and they followed me to the foot of the hill and into the town, until I was forced, even with rudeness, to check their importunities.

Our visit to the home of the patriarchs was over. We had fifteen to eighteen miles to walk on our return, and the sun was already shining hot in the heavens. We bade farewell to the Jewish family that had opened their doors for us, left

Hebron and all its interesting associations behind, and retraced our steps homeward.

SOLOMON'S BEAUTIFUL GARDENS.

As we approached Bethlehem, we again turned aside from our main path into a valley bounded on each side by high rocky hills, pointed out as the site of ancient Etam, or Etham, the supposed place of Solomon's gardens. Its location is in the valley, just below the Pools of Solomon. Josephus speaks of a place about six miles from Jerusalem, called Etham, pleasant for its fine gardens, and abounding in rivulets of water, to which Solomon was accustomed to make his morning drives, sitting on high in his chariot. The same great monarch, alluding to himself, says: "I made me great works; I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards; I made me gardens and orchards, and I planted trees in them of all kinds of fruit; I made me pools of water, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees." Eccl. ii, 4, 5. Tradition has long pointed out this valley as the place alluded to in these quotations. The valley is a narrow one, but very fertile; high, shelving banks of limestone rising on either side, and a beautiful stream of clear water dashing along its rocky bed. A miserable Arab village, mostly in ruins, called Urtas, has long existed here. A few ruins are scattered about the valley, a wall of hewn stone, the massive foundation of an ancient tower, excavated rocks, and old grottoes in the hill-sides, are the mementoes of ancient and more prosperous times.

A few years since a Mr. Mashellam, a converted Jew, commenced improvements here, intending to instruct young Jews in agricultural arts, and prepare them to gain a livelihood by cultivating the soil of their fatherland. His efforts thus far have been very successful. Under his transforming hand, the neglected valley is assuming its ancient fertility and beauty. He is able to irrigate the soil by the copious streams of water that come down, not only from the old pools of Solomon, but other portions of the valley above. I saw him at work in his grounds, in the midst of vineyards, fig and olive groves, a little paradise of greenness and verdure, in contrast with the barren,

rocky hills around. The productiveness of the soil, he assured me, was wonderful. By properly arranging his succession of crops, he gets four harvests in a year.

But the design we have in making such particular allusion to this place, is to call attention to some excavations of ancient ruins just being made. A short time before I was there, Mr. Mashellam, in digging in a portion of these grounds, came upon a wall of heavy stone that excited his curiosity, and through the assistance of some French gentlemen, interested in antiquities, who furnished him capital, he had, when I was there, near a hundred Arab men, women and children, at work, clearing the dirt and rubbish from this work of ancient times, that for many generations had been entirely covered by the accumulated debris of the valley. "And what," you ask, "were these ruins, and to what age, and to whose constructing hand are they likely to be traced?" A large room, some twenty feet by forty, had been cleared when I was there, with sides of hewn stone, and polished marble ornaments, with marble floor, inlaid with mosaics. A division wall separated this large room into two, in the smaller one of which were the marble baths, with the water courses, and fountains, and retiring rooms, just as they originally stood when in use.

These discoveries seemed about to confirm the ancient traditions relating to this spot. Here were the gardens, and here the fountains, of costly and elaborate workmanship, that adorned the grounds. How wonderful are the revelations of modern researches and discoveries! What a reflection, as the mind, with the rapidity of thought, wandered backward nearly three thousand years! And here the great and wise monarch of Israel had lived, planned and executed! Here he had acquired a portion of that experience, that, from its unsatisfactory results, had led him to pronounce the sentence, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." The queen of Sheba came from the far south to see the wisdom of Solomon. Did that monarch, when he walked upon the walls of yonder huge reservoirs, or rested in the fragrant shades of these gardens, or cooled himself in these costly baths, ever dream that in long, long ages after, men and women would come, not from

Ethiopia, but from the far distant regions of a then unknown world, and from far across unknown waters, to stand where he stood, to wonder at his greatness, and be astonished at the exhumed monuments of his wealth and power?

Again we climbed the rocky hill-side that led up to Bethlehem. Night was settling down upon the landscape as the doors of the convent were opened for us, and with weary limbs and blistered feet, we sought refreshment and rest.

A MORNING IN BETHLEHEM.

April 11*th.* On going out of the convent gate this morning, I had an illustration of the practice of mourning for the dead, reminding one vividly of the allusions in scripture. Just east of the convent gate was a small burying-ground, and a number of women were seated around a new-made grave, all dressed in long white robes, with white vails, uttering shrill, piercing wails of sorrow. On inquiry, I found the interment had taken place the day before, and the women this morning, like Mary of old, were "early at the sepulchre." I was also reminded of what the Jews said of the sister of Lazarus, when she left the house, "She goeth to the grave to weep there."

We had also a little time to wander about the town, visit the shops and trade with the natives, during which time, after much effort and long bartering, I succeeded in purchasing one of the curious head-dresses worn by the girls. I had several times before endeavored to procure one, but without success, as the young ladies seem extremely loth to part with them. They consist of a woolen cap, fitting close to the head, cloth more or less rich and embellished, ornamented in front with heavy rows of coin. The one I purchased, I found, upon more minute examination, was ornamented with more than two hundred pieces of silver coin, ranging in value from three cents to half a dollar, making an aggregate value of a little over nine dollars, besides the silver chain used to fasten it under the chin. Our visit was ended. Adieu, Bethlehem, birth-place of the Savior! Adieu, ye plains where shepherds kept their flocks, where David held communion with his God! A walk of five miles, and again we were in Jerusalem.

CHAPTER VIII.

EXCURSION TO JORDAN AND THE DEAD SEA—ANCIENT AND MODERN JERICHO—FORD OF THE JORDAN—APPEARANCE OF THE SEA.

WE had now another excursion to make, one to which we had looked forward with great interest, and for which we had been several days preparing—this was a visit to Jordan and the Dead Sea. This excursion usually occupies three days—the first day from Jerusalem to Jericho—here you spend the night; the second day to the ford of the Jordan, thence to the Dead Sea, and back to Jericho, where you spend the second night; thence, the third day returning to Jerusalem. Here you are going into a hostile portion of the country, and must take your supplies with you—provisions, tent, etc.; and as the safety of the country has not improved since the days of the Savior, when a certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, you must take an armed escort with you. The Arabs on the Jerusalem side of the Jordan are all friendly; it is the Moabite Arabs, from the other side of the Jordan, who are constantly making predatory excursions across to the plains of Jericho, against whom you have to guard. Two or three robberies had already taken place this season, and we were admonished to be on the alert.

A sheik of the friendly tribe who lived near Jericho, and who had come up to Jerusalem in search of employment, offered us his services. The usual price charged by the sheiks is about five dollars for each traveler, but as there were some twelve or fifteen of us to go, he concluded to charge us only about two and a half dollars apiece. The keeper of the German Hospice furnished us horses and tents, with servants to attend to and manage them for us; this cost us each about one dollar and a quarter a day, while each one was expected to look out for

himself for his three days' rations. Myself and comrade put a couple of dollars into the right hand of Joseph, our convent cook, and a liberal backsheesh into his left, and forthwith our traveling bags were so bountifully stuffed from the convent stores, with bread, ham, fried chickens, cheese, raisins, figs and the like, that no fears of famine haunted us during our excursion. Under this arrangement, our three days' excursion cost us about nine dollars each. A more common method is to hire a dragoman, who furnishes escort, tents, provisions, and all needed requisites; in this way it usually costs each traveler from fifteen to twenty dollars.

All things being in readiness, we left Jerusalem between ten and eleven o'clock, passed out of St. Stephen's Gate, crossed the valley of Jehoshaphat and the brook Kidron, wound around the southern brow of Olivet, leaving Bethany a little distance upon our left. In about an hour, having passed over a desolate looking rocky ridge, and wound our way down a long stony declivity into a deep, wild looking ravine, we came to a fine fountain of water. This is supposed to be the Enshemesh mentioned by Joshua, xv. 7, in designating the boundaries of the tribes. The fountain was formerly fitted up at great expense; a large stone trough still remains, and over it an old Saracenic arch, while the great hewn stones that once constituted the building are scattered about in wild confusion. At this place travelers from Jerusalem to Jericho always stop to refresh themselves; and here, no doubt, the Savior and his disciples often rested as they passed between the two places.

Leaving this fountain, we passed on for a couple of hours through a rough, hilly country. The valleys were cultivated, and occasionally a fellah could be seen driving his antique looking plow through the soil, while cultivated patches of barley could be seen upon the hill-sides, and occasionally a flock of sheep or goats, watched by the women or children. These hills still bore traces of the ancient terraces, and in the growing crops gave evidence of the fertility they still possessed. Soon the country became more wild and broken; the hills rose up in rugged aspect about us, and the defiles were deep and narrow. Some idea of these may be formed from the picture

upon the opposite page. About one o'clock we were climbing along a rocky ascent, so difficult, both from the steepness of its sides and of the rocks that blocked the road, we were compelled to dismount and lead our horses. On the top of this bleak elevation, we found the ruins of an immense stone building; old, dilapidated walls and ruined arches are still left standing. There is also a deep well, cut in the solid rock, while great caverns have been hewn in the hill-sides. When and by whom these were constructed, none can now tell. Upon this hill we stopped, and in the shade of the old walls took our noon-day lunch.

Again we were on our way, sometimes climbing the hill-sides, sometimes making a precipitous descent into some deep valley; now we were trying to select the place where the man in the parable fell among thieves, and sometimes were wondering if such a place was not the location of the inn where the good Samaritan brought him. Then, again, we were trying to imagine if there was any danger of our sharing the same fate; and as we looked along some rocky gorge, we could almost fancy we caught glimpses of the lurking Bedawin, with his old musket and flowing robe. As we approached the Jordan, the country became more broken—the mountains higher—the ravines deeper—the peaks sharper, their sides more precipitous, sometimes broken into ragged cliffs, rising almost perpendicularly to a dizzy hight. These cliffs were mostly limestone, sometimes of a chalky whiteness, resting upon a base of variegated flint. One writer aptly remarks of these mountains, they "seem to have been loosened from their foundations, and rent to pieces by some terrible convulsion, and then left to be scathed by the burning rays of the sun."

ELIJAH AND THE RAVENS.

About four o'clock, as we wound our way, at a high elevation, around one of these great chalky cliffs, we saw upon our left a deep ravine, where the water had cut its way far down into the soft limestone rock, making a high waterfall, and a deep, wild-looking gorge. That brook was Cherith, and that wild, sequestered place, the traditional spot where Elijah hid himself

A WILD MOUNTAIN DEFILE BETWEEN JERUSALEM AND JERICHO.

from the persecuting Ahab, and where the ravens brought him bread and meat in the morning, and bread and meat in the evening. We dismounted, and clambered down the rocky sides to get a better view of the place, and to listen to the dashing water as it went leaping over the cataract, and sparkling along its bed of foam. "And here," we said, "the faithful prophet was miraculously sustained while the dearth was in the land, until the brook was dried up;" and while we were thinking upon the strange event, just at that very moment, as if to add to the vividness of the scripture narrative, a large black raven set up a croaking almost immediately over my head. I looked up, almost expecting to see him with a supply in his mouth, on an errand of mercy for the old prophet of the Lord. A more secluded glen, or appropriate hiding place, could scarcely be imagined. This ravine is now called Wady el Kelt, is very narrow, and from four hundred to five hundred feet deep. The sides are almost perpendicular, and the noisy streamlet that goes gliding through it is fringed with oleander and other shrubs. The steep, rocky acclivities are pierced with numerous grottoes, in former ages the abodes of anchorites, who sought salvation in acts of austerity about all these localities that had been marked by the miracles of scripture. The mouth of this ravine, where it opens upon the valley just below us, is undoubtedly the valley of Achor, where Achan was stoned.

Occasionally on our route we could see the remains of the old Roman road that once led from Jerusalem to the rich plains and populous city of the Jordan. How different now from the days when these hills were adorned with the olive and the vine—when Herod, Cleopatra, and other kings and princes, were accustomed to ride here in courtly pomp and splendor. The hill we were now on was one of those that skirted the plain of the Jordan, and as we wound around it, suddenly, from our high elevation, we caught a view of the country below, and the waters of that wonderful sea of death that roll their leaden waves over the ruined and sunken cities that once existed there. By a long and winding descent, we at last reached the plain, very near the site of old Jericho. This, to

us, was a place of great interest, and it was with no ordinary feelings of awe and reverence we rode over the ground where stood the city renowned in the wonderful conquests of Joshua. Though we returned to the place and examined it more leisurely, we shall, for the sake of a more connected narrative, give the whole account as we proceed.

THE THREE JERICHOES.

As we struck the plain we turned to the left, riding a little more than a mile along the base of the hills, when we were upon the supposed site of ancient Jericho, or the Jericho of the Old Testament—the *City of Palm Trees.* Near by is the valley of Achor, where the terrible execution of Achan took place. The high mountain that rises up in the rear of the place is called Quarantania, from its being the traditional place of the forty days' fast of the Savior. Between it and Jerusalem is the wilderness of Judea. The mountain has a desolate and gloomy appearance. Upon its top may be seen a little, solitary looking chapel of the monks, while along up its chalky, precipitous sides, may still be seen numerous caves and grottoes, dug in more superstitious times, by religious devotees, and once inhabited by these misguided zealots. I noticed several of these high up the cliff had been seized upon by some poor Arab families, and converted into temporary residences. No one looking upon the scenery here, can fail to appreciate the accurate description of Milton:

"It was a mountain at whose verdant feet
A spacious plain, outstretched in circuit wide,
Lay pleasant; from his side two rivers flowed,
The one winding, the other straight, and left between
Fair champaign with less rivers intervened,
Then meeting joined their tribute to the sea;
Fertile of corn the glebe, of oil, and wine;
With herds the pastures thronged, with flocks the hills;
Huge cities and high-towered, that well might seem
The seats of mightiest monarchs, and so large
The prospect was, that here and there was room
For barren desert, fountainless and dry.
To this high mountain, too, the tempter brought
Our Savior, and new train of words began."

Near by, in the midst of luxuriant and tangled foliage, bursting from the base of a high mound, is a copious fountain of water, now called *Fountain of the Sultan.* The water is slightly tepid but sweet. There can be no doubt but this is the fountain whose waters were healed by the prophet Elisha (2 Kings, xix. 22); therefore we are certain here is the site of ancient Jericho—here was the Jericho of Joshua and the prophets. The whole plain about here is covered with mounds of ancient ruins, heaps of rough stones, the whole intermingled with fragments of pottery, while large portions are overgrown and almost concealed from view by tall weeds, and a luxuriant growth of brushwood.

We drinked from the waters of the fountain, recalling the story of their miraculous cleansing by the prophet of the Lord; then climbed the high mound from the base of which they spring, and sat down to recall the former history of the place, and reflect upon its utter overthrow. Not a vestige of that old city now remains; and yet what wonderful events have here transpired! Here, on this very spot, the great work of the conquest and subjugation of the land by the Israelites commenced. We could look across the plain of the Jordan to the hills of Moab, where the hosts of Israel were encamped. To this place Joshua sent spies. Here they were received and hid by Rahab, until they could be sent away in safety. Here it was that the mysterious circuit of the city was made by seven priests, bearing seven trumpets, accompanied by the ark of God, when, on the seventh day, the walls were overthrown. The destruction of Jericho was complete; it was not only utterly overthrown, but a curse of a most singular kind was pronounced against the one that should rebuild it: "Cursed be the man before the Lord, that riseth up and buildeth this city Jericho; he shall lay the foundation thereof in his first born, and in his youngest son shall he set up the gates of it."

JERICHO REBUILT.

A little more than five hundred years after its destruction, in the reign of the wicked king Ahab, Hiel the Bethelite, either having forgotten the curse, or impiously defying it, com-

menced rebuilding the city. The graphic description given us in the word of God is: "He laid the foundation thereof in Abiram, his first born, and set up the gates thereof in his youngest son Segub" (1 Kings, xvi. 34); meaning, as we are told, that the death of his children commenced with the commencement of the work, and its completion found him childless. This second Jericho became quite a flourishing city, and many of the interesting events of the days of the prophets are connected with it. A wild mountain pathway led from this place to Bethel, an easy day's journey distant. It was along this pathway that Elisha was traveling, just after he had witnessed the strange translation of Elijah, when the ill-bred children gathered around him, and in mock derision of what he had reported of his master, cried out: "Go up, thou bald head!" This act of hatred against God and his prophets was severely punished, and forty-two of these children, the account informs us, were torn of wild beasts. The event is recorded as an admonition to those parents who neglect the education of their children, and a warning to the young against disrespect to the aged, and disobedience to the commands of God.

THE FIRST LITERARY INSTITUTION.

Here was not only a home for Elijah and Elisha, but here they established a school of the prophets, and to this place young men gathered to be instructed in the knowledge of God. In connection with this place and this school, we have an account, I believe, of the building of the first theological institution on record. These sons of the prophets said to Elisha: "Behold now the place where we dwell with thee is too strait for us." So they proposed to go down to the Jordan, only a short distance, and cut timber, and take every one of them a beam, and build a house to dwell in. It seems they were content with a more humble college than modern taste demands. They did not send to Lebanon for beams of cedar, or to the quarry for blocks of marble; willing to labor with their own hands, they went with their president to the Jordan, to cut the timber that grew upon its banks. Like most theological students, they were poor, and the very tools they used upon the

occasion appear to have been borrowed. As they were chopping, one of them lost the head of his ax in the river. Had it been his own he would not so much have cared. Many people are very careless of borrowed things; not so with this conscientious student. "Alas! Master, it was borrowed." Elijah helped him out of the difficulty by cutting a stick, and by some strange, miraculous power, making the iron swim upon the surface of the water. How I wish there could have been some photographic views of this scene preserved—of the old bald-headed president and his industrious pupils sweating under the burden of their labors, as they added log after log to their humble structure. How I wish I could take a peep into the rooms of their literary associations, and see their libraries, and the emblems of their Aleph Baith Gimel, and Samech Teth Sheen societies. Alas! all is buried in the oblivion that has crept over the place But their theology was better than their college, while many a modern college is better than its theology.

Of the subsequent history of this Jericho of the prophets little is known. On the site of these instructive events the traveler now sees nothing but mounds of earth, mixed with stones and bits of broken pottery; the wild weeds, the thorn, and the brier grow in rank and tangled masses; no human form is seen; no human voice greets the ear; nothing is heard but the song of the wild bird, and the gush of the running waters from the Fountain of Elisha.

THE JERICHO OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

Jericho was again rebuilt; when, history does not inform us, but not upon prescisely the same site. It was about a mile farther to the south, and just where we struck the plain as we came down the steep descent of the hills, and upon the banks of the Kelt or Cherith. One of the first things we saw was the ruins of an old aqueduct that was used to carry these waters of the hill-side fountains over the plain. The numerous crumbling arches of this great work still attest its former magnificence. Here, also, are the remains of an ancient reservoir, four hundred and ninety feet broad, and six hundred and fifty-

seven feet long, now filled with rubbish, and its walls nearly buried from sight. The city that could boast such aqueducts and reservoirs, must have been a place of great wealth and population. Here was the Jericho of the days of the Savior and of Herod. According to Josephus, it was a large and beautiful city. The country, seventy stadia one way and twenty another, was watered by the abundant fountains, while the plain was covered with extensive and luxuriant palm groves and gardens, reaching even to the banks of the Jordan. These gardens not only produced common fruits in abundance, but opobalsam, and other choice productions.

This beautiful city and its environs was given by Mark Antony to Cleopatra, and was bought from her by Herod the Great, who made it one of his royal cities. He enriched and adorned it, and added many costly buildings. Here, too, this luxurious and dissipated prince and monster of iniquity, in the midst of his excesses and voluptuous refinements, died. To this city the Savior came; here he healed the blind man, and here he visited the home of Zaccheus. Of this beautiful and magnificent city scarce a vestige now remains. Those beautiful gardens have all disappeared; those precious balsam trees have perished, not a representative of them remains in all the land; even those transplanted by Cleopatra to the gardens of Heliopolis in Egypt, have become extinct. Of those beautiful palm groves, that once spread for miles over the plain, there was in 1837 a solitary tree remaining; now the last representative of their beauty and glory has entirely disappeared.

ENCAMPMENT FOR THE NIGHT.

Having wandered over the site of these old Jerichoes, we passed on in an easterly direction towards the Jordan, near a mile, and about 5 o'clock pitched our tents at the usual camping ground. It was a beautiful green spot, in the midst of a grove of acacia, just upon the banks of the brook Cherith. A few rods distant from us was Riha, or the modern Jericho, the only representative left of either the place or the name of the ancient city. It is a miserable, dirty village of a few dozen houses, peopled by a ragged, profligate looking set. A large

ENCAMPMENT AT JERICHO.

brush fence of the dry limbs of the thorny nubk incloses the town, intended as a wall of defense against the raids of the Moabites. These villagers are represented as being poor and profligate, still retaining some of the great vices for which Sodom was notorious four thousand years ago.

There were over twenty in our own company, and on our way here two other companies, one of American and one of English travelers, joined us; so that when we pitched our tents for the night, there were of travelers, escort and attendants, between seventy and eighty of us. In addition to this, we had scarcely erected our tents, when the company of French officers from Beirut, before spoken of, arrived, nearly one hundred in number, and bivouacked upon the same ground. So formidable did this render our encampment in point of numbers, all fears of Bedawin or Moabites were completely dissipated. Having several Arabic and Bedawin dragomen and sheiks in our confederate clans, they amused us with their exhibitions of skill in tournament and tilting. Their feats of horsemanship were quite exciting. As they sometimes came driving at each other at full speed, with their long lances poised in the air, they presented a wild and almost terrific appearance. But these long Bedawin lances are more formidable in appearance than in reality. Their great length renders them almost entirely useless in a close encounter, and the use of fire-arms fully as much so when the parties are at a distance. Still, the Bedawin horseman continues to carry them, perhaps in honor of his ancestors, though they are about as useless a weapon as he can well incumber himself with. Indeed, though we paid a heavy tax for our *armed* escort, we placed but little reliance upon them for protection. A sheik with one of these long, cumbrous lances in his hand, and a pair of old, rusty horse-pistols in his belt, and two tawny assistants, each with an old flint-lock musket, was all the guard furnished us. Of these two muskets I noticed, after we started, that one the locks had no flint in it, and very likely the barrel had no load, and so little reliance did the carrier place upon it, he never discovered the defect till we got back to Jerusalem.

We kindled a fire, boiled some coffee, and ate our cold lunch.

Just at dusk a company of the Arabs came out to entertain us with some of their wild songs and dances, ending with an earnest importunity for a backsheesh. The dogs of the village, and the fleas of our tents, gave us but little opportunity for sleep, while the thieving villagers were prowling around, watching a chance to commit some depredation. In one section of our camp a tent was entered, and nearly all their provision stolen.

THE GILGAL OF JOSHUA.

This portion of the "Plain of the Jordan" is truly a celebrated place. We have spoken of it as it was known under Joshua—the Prophets—the Savior. In the days of the Crusaders it was also a noted locality. Under them the sugar-cane was extensively cultivated here, and the place seems to have regained something of its ancient fertility and celebrity, and was considered the garden of Palestine. Large revenues, it is said, were drawn from here, which the Latin kings gave to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and which were afterwards transferred to a convent at Bethany. These revenues, it is said, amounted to five thousand pounds sterling per annum, an immense sum for those days. In this village, close by us, stands a large stone tower, thirty feet square and forty feet high, commanding an extensive view of the plain. This tower is supposed to have been built in the days of the Crusaders, for the protection of the fields and gardens against the Bedawins.

But the spot where we have encamped had other associations connected with it of more intense interest than any of these. I forgot the dangers of the night, barking dogs and thieving Bedawin, in the remembrance that the very spot upon which we were now encamped was the supposed site of Gilgal, the first camping place of Israel after crossing the Jordan, and where they first set up in the Holy Land the Tabernacle of God. If so, what a history it has, and by how many striking events it has been consecrated! Here, after their long, weary march through the wilderness, they stopped to rest and refresh themselves before they commenced the conquest of the land. Here, the rite of circumcision, which had been suspended for

thirty-eight years, was renewed, and, as a consequence, the Lord said: "This day have I rolled away the reproach of Egypt from off you." Josh. v. 9. Here it was the feast of the passover was again celebrated, and the people, on the day after the passover, eat the old corn of the land, and the manna that had been their bread for forty years ceased to fall. By these solemn religious rites did Joshua, in the very face of his powerful enemy, commence his great campaign. Here, too, was "holy ground," for here, near Jericho, Joshua stood and lifted up his eyes, and saw a Man over against him with his sword drawn in his hand. And Joshua went unto him, and said: "Art thou for us, or for our adversaries?" And he said: "Nay; but as captain of the hosts of the Lord am I now come. Loose thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy." And here Joshua fell on his face to the earth and worshiped. From here it was that strange expedition was fitted out before which the strong walls of yonder Jericho were laid even with the ground. Here, in later times, Samuel came to judge Israel; here he offered sacrifices, and here he brought Saul to confirm him in the kingdom. Here, too, for his rash act of unbidden sacrifice, that kingdom was taken from Saul and his posterity. When David in the rebellion of Absalom had fled beyond Jordan, it was at this place the tribe of Judah assembled to welcome him back; here the prophets were accustomed to come, and here some of their miracles were performed, as the healing of the poisoned pottage, the cure of the leprous Syrian, and the punishment of Gehazzi. Truly, we have pitched our tent on historic ground, and strange things have here transpired!

VISIT TO THE JORDAN.

April 2d. We rose early, impatient to be on our way to the Jordan. Our simple breakfast of brown bread, cold meat and eggs, was soon over, and by a little after 7 o'clock we were on our way to the waters of the sacred stream fraught with so many scriptural associations. Our tents were to be left behind, and we were to return to them to spend the night, so two or three of our servants remained to take charge of them. The

company of French officers had started a little before us, and following in the wake of so strong a military band, we felt quite sure our path would be cleared of all prowling bands of Moabites. The valley of the Jordan is a deep depression, reaching from the base of Hermon on the north, to the Gulf of Akaba on the south. A large portion of this valley lies far below the level of the sea. Here the Jordan finds a winding pathway through a beautiful and fertile plain, till its waters are swallowed up and lost in the mysterious sea of death. This valley of the Jordan is narrowest just below the sea of Galilee, and is there six hundred and fifty feet below the waters of the Mediterranean; it expands to its widest dimensions in this vicinity of Jericho, and is here from ten to fifteen miles broad, and where it touches the waters of the Dead Sea thirteen hundred and twelve feet below the Mediterranean. Thus the waters of the Jordan, in passing from the sea of Galilee to the Dead Sea, a distance of about sixty miles, make a descent of between six hundred and seven hundred feet. It is said the only known instance of a greater fall than this is in the waters of the Sacramento, in California. The rapidity the current would acquire in making this rapid descent is checked by the tortuous course of the waters; for in passing this distance the river actually runs near two hundred miles.

The western range of hills lying along this portion of the valley rises up quite abruptly to the hight of about fifteen hundred feet; the mountains of Moab upon the east, at first are not so abrupt or high, but they continue to rise, peak over peak, as they recede from the valley, until they culminate in the towering hights of Nebo and Abarim, from two thousand to twenty-five hundred feet above the plain. These high lands upon both sides stretch away to the northward, hedging in with their mountain barriers the beautiful plain. Between these gigantic walls and the lower terraces that form the bed of the Jordan, the river is described as rushing on its way through endless sinuosities and contortions, leaping down frequent and most fearful rapids, and dashing from side to side of the narrow bed in which it is imprisoned, as if struggling to burst the barriers

by which it is confined, and save its sacred waters from being lost in the sea of death below.

The distance from our encampment to the river in a direct line was probably not over three miles, but our course being in a southeasterly direction, we rode between four and five miles. We descended two terraces before reaching the immediate bank of the river. These were plainly marked, and the descent from one to the other was quite abrupt and several feet high.

The river lying quite low, and being fringed with thick foliage, cannot be seen till you are close upon it. On we rode, eagerly watching for the first glimpse of its waters. We had looked down into the valley from the hights of Olivet, from the "House of Abraham" at Hebron, and from the look-out at Mizpeh, and seen the winding line of its blue range from a distance; but we were anxious to stand upon its shore, go down into the stream, and mingle our meditatons with the music of its waters. As we emerged from a thicket of oleanders and willows, "There it is!" burst from several of our party; and there, sure enough, it was, and close by its rushing current we stood.

A BATH IN THE JORDAN.

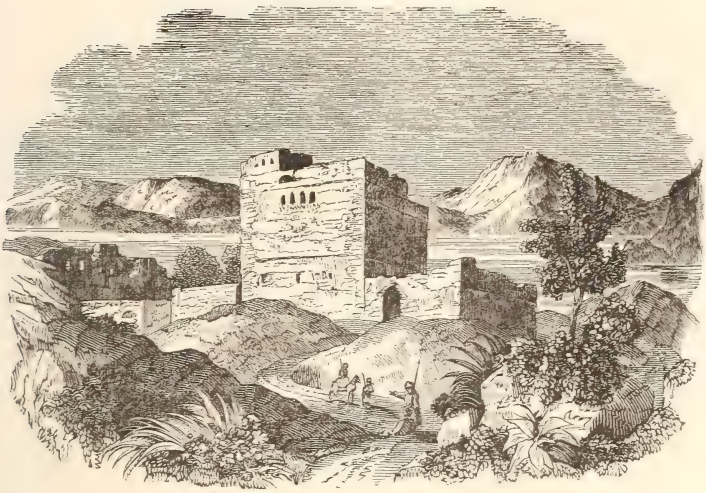
More than three thousand years ago it was said "Jordan overfloweth his banks all the time of harvest." Already the fields had commenced whitening for the sickle, and the stream was rapidly increasing from the falling rains and melting snows of the far distant mountains of Hermon. This freshet gives the waters a white, turbid appearance, and they were running quite swiftly. The size of the Jordan, of course, varies much at different seasons of the year, and like other rivers, the width and depth are quite different in different places, according to the nature of the ground. It had now risen so as to nearly cover the pebbly shore, and touch in some places the white, clayey bank that constituted the lower terrace of the plain. At the point where we visited it, the waters were now about one hundred and twenty feet broad, the depth in the middle of the stream probably ten or twelve feet.

According to the usual custom of visitors, we commenced

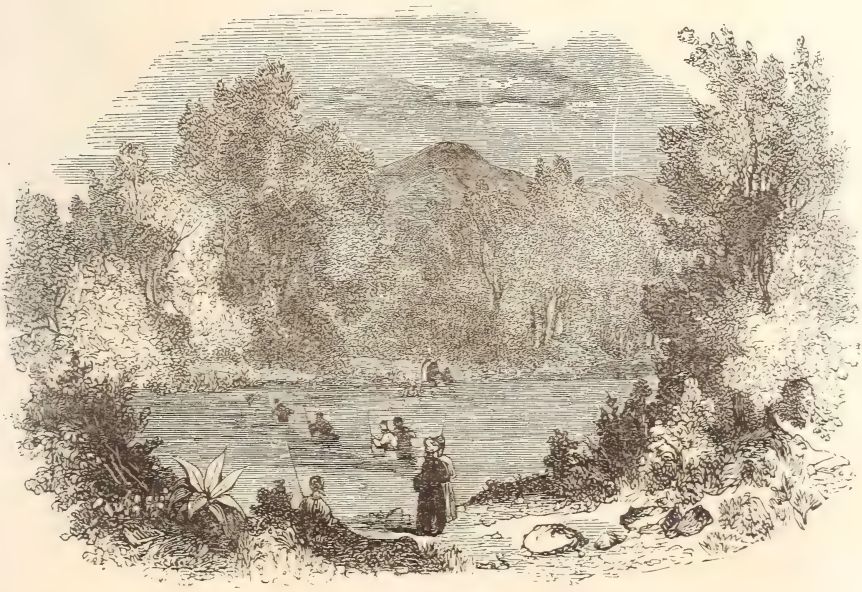
arrangements for a bath when our sheik interposed, declaring the current was too swift, and that it would be dangerous to enter the stream; that a man had been drowned in this very place only a few days before. But we had not come so far to be thwarted in our plans by trifles. Being a good swimmer, I measured the strength of the current with my eye, and willing to risk it, plunged in, and my companions, one after another, followed. We found the current quite strong, so that we could not venture in to a great depth, but far enough to accomplish our purpose of a plunge bath; some dipping themselves once, some in imitation of the leprous Syrian, seven times! Our bath over, we filled our tin bottles, which we had bought of the monks at the convent for the purpose, with the water to be borne to our far distant homes. And now shall we go? Not yet. Wait till we can recall some of the events that have made this spot so memorable in the world's history. Several scenes have here transpired, any one of which would have given a world's immortality to the spot that witnessed it. Come and sit down under the shade of this willow, and let us review some of these famous events. First,

ISRAEL'S ENTRANCE TO THE PROMISED LAND.

This is "The Ford of the Jordan." Look toward the rising sun and see that long mountain wall, towering peak beyond peak; then look behind you and see the ramparts of hills through the narrow defiles of which we reached this place from Jerusalem. Here is one of the few passes among these long lines of hills by which communication is kept up, and has been for thousands of years, between the eastern and western portions of the country. From their camping place on yonder hights of Moab, the multitudes of Israel came down in triumphal march toward this beautiful plain. On that plain over which our eye can now look, Joshua marshaled his host in obedience to the command of his Divine leader. When God leads the commander he can safely lead his people. With the sacred ark, the symbol of Jehovah's presence borne in front, onward the triumphal procession moved. Less than four hundred years before, seventy souls, to whose posterity the Lord



Ruins of Jericho.



The River Jordan.

had promised this land, had gone down into Egypt. We have seen them there; looked upon their afflictions, rehearsed the story of their bondage and deliverance; followed their track through the wilderness, and now here we meet them again, numbered by millions, led and defended by an army of six hundred thousand trained warriors, ready to claim the inheritance that God had given by oath to their father Abraham.

The place was "right against Jericho," the time the latter part of April, and the Jordan was at its flood; how was the river to be passed? "And the Lord said unto Joshua, this day will I begin to magnify thee in the sight of all Israel, that they may know that as I was with Moses, so I will be with thee. And thou shalt command the priests that bear the ark of the covenant, saying, when ye come to the brink of the water of the Jordan, ye shall stand still in Jordan." Josh. iii. And what was the result? Onward moved the sacred ark; behind it came the many thousands of Israel. The priests dipped their feet in the turbid stream—the waters acknowledged the presence of their God. Those "which came down from above stood and rose up upon a heap; and those that came down towards the sea of the plain, even the salt sea, failed and were cut off; *and the people passed over right against Jericho.*" They were moving in obedience to the commands of God, all dangers vanished, and all difficulties were overcome. In the path of duty we need have no fears, sink under no discouragements; God can divide waters and cleave mountains asunder!

ELIJAH AND ELISHA AT THE JORDAN.

The dividing of these waters before the Ark of God is not the only time they have felt the direct influence of Divine power. We have already looked in upon the school of the prophets at Jericho, and seen them coming down to Jordan to cut timber for their college; but there was another visit of these two old prophets to this vicinity worthy of special notice. Elijah's history had been a strange and remarkable one, and now it was to have a still more remarkable termination. He evidently had a presentiment that his earthly mission was finished, and he seemed desirous to withdraw himself from all

associates. The young men of his school noticed something unusual in his manner. He was at Gilgal, the very spot where our tents are now standing. Elisha looked up to him as a son to a father, and seemed resolved not to be separated from him. "The Lord hath sent me to Bethel," said Elijah, "tarry thou here." But Elisha would not stay, and they went to Bethel. "Tarry thou here," said Elijah, "for the Lord hath sent me to Jericho." Elisha would not be left behind, and back to Jericho they came, "Tarry thou here," said Elijah, "for the Lord hath sent me to Jordan." And Elisha said: "As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee." And the two came hither to Jordan. And the old servant of God took his mantle and smote these waters, and they were divided hither and thither, and they two passed over. Elijah was born into this world on that side of Jordan, from that side he was now to be transported to a better. They walked on across the plain; Nebo, where Moses died, was full in sight. On they went, still talking together, and behold, "there appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire, and parted them both asunder, and Elijah *went up by a whirlwind into heaven!*" Elisha had followed him to Bethel, to Jericho, to Jordan, but he could follow him no further. He cried out and rent his clothes at the bereavement, and with the mantle of his master and a double portion of his spirit—what an inheritance!—retraced his steps. Musing on these strange events he comes again to the Jordan. By the faith of Elijah a highway had been opened for him to go out, but how was he to return? With the mantle of his master again he smote the flood, and the waters were again divided, and he returned with the strange news to Jericho. But a greater than Elijah has been here; this was the place of

THE BAPTISM OF JESUS.

Behind us, among those rugged hills, is the wilderness of Judea, where John came preaching; here, roll the waters to which the people came to be baptized. Then came Jesus from Galilee to Jordan unto John to be baptized of him. What a strange event was that among the wonders that have here transpired, when the Son of God came up out of these waters!

In that countenance, radiant with light and life, was seen the kindling glory of God; there hovered the emblematic dove, the token of the spirit that rested upon him, while a voice from the skies broke the awful stillness that had hushed in silence the wondering multitude: "This is my beloved Son, hear ye him." What event could have given the place a more holy consecration? What thrilling associations stir the heart of the Christian as he looks upon this place!

In commemoration of the baptism of the Savior, a singular celebration annually takes place among eastern Christians at these waters—at the time of the Greek Easter, multitudes of pilgrims gather here to bathe in the waters. We were too early in the season to witness this strange celebration, but several travelers have given us minute descriptions of the scene. On Monday of passion week, the throng of pilgrims, numbered by thousands, march down in procession from Jerusalem, under the protection of a company of Turkish soldiers, and encamp or bivouac upon the plain near Jericho. Early the following morning, while it is yet dark, equipped with torches, and most of them arrayed in white robes prepared for the occasion, they commence a tumultuous march for the Jordan. Lieutenant Lynch, of the United States exploring expedition, was encamped here in the spring of 1847, and gives us a graphic description of the scene as he then witnessed it. As early as three o'clock in the morning they saw thousands of torches gleaming through the darkness, and moving toward them. Men, women and children, mounted on camels, donkeys, mules, and horses, rushing impetuously toward the bank, presenting the appearance of fugitives from a routed army. At five o'clock, just at the dawn of day, the last part of the procession was seen coming over the crest of a high ridge, in one tumultuous and eager throng.

"In all the wild haste of a disorderly rout, Copts and Russians, Poles, Armenians, Greeks and Syrians, from all parts of Asia, from Europe, from Africa and from far-distant America, on they came; men, women and children, of every age and hue, and in every variety of costume; talking, screaming, shouting, in almost every known language under the sun. Mounted as

variously as those who had preceded them, many of the women and children were suspended in baskets or confined in cages; and, with their eyes strained toward the river, heedless of all intervening obstacles, they hurried eagerly forward, and dismounting in haste, and disrobing with precipitation, rushed down the bank and threw themselves into the stream.

"They seemed to be absorbed by one impulsive feeling, and perfectly regardless of the observations of others. Each one plunged himself, or was dipped by another, three times, below the surface, in honor of the Trinity; and then filled a bottle, or some other utensil, from the river. The bathing-dress of many of the pilgrims was a white gown with a black cross upon it. Most of them, as soon as they were dressed, cut branches of the agnus castus, or willow; and, dipping them in the consecrated stream, bore them away as memorials of their visit.

"In an hour, they began to disappear; and in less than three hours the trodden surface of the lately crowded bank reflected no human shadow. The pageant disappeared as rapidly as it had approached, and left us once more the silence and the solitude of the wilderness. It was like a dream. An immense crowd of human beings, said to be eight thousand, but I thought not so many, had passed and repassed before our tents and left not a vestige behind them."

Such are some of the events that have transpired in this immediate vicinity. What a history this part of Jordan and its plain has! But alas, how changed from the days of the prophets and the Savior, when populous cities, groves of palm, and beautiful gardens abounded here, and the valley was filled with industry and beauty! All has become a wilderness, and solitude and desolation hold undisputed reign. The curious traveler comes and goes, and the lawless Bedawin seeks his plunder undisturbed, but Jordan has a name prominent among the rivers of the earth, and the events that have immortalized it will never fade from the page of history. When will the desolating curse that now rests upon it be removed, and the voice of civilization, and the hum of industry again be heard along its banks? Here is room and means of support for a

numerous population. "This river," says Thompson, "winds incessantly, falls every where rapidly, and has about thirty distinct cascades. Here is unappropriated water power to drive any amount of machinery, and elevation sufficient to allow every part of this valley to be irrigated at all times of the year. Thus treated, and subjected to the science and the modern mechanical appliances of agriculture, the valley of the Jordan could sustain half a million of inhabitants."

RIDE TO THE DEAD SEA.

Again we were upon our horses, under a full gallop across the plain toward the Dead Sea. As the Jordan approaches the sea, the river widens and the banks are low and marshy. A short distance from the sea, Lynch found it forty yards wide and twelve feet deep; then fifty yards wide and eleven feet deep; then eighty yards wide and seven feet deep, and finally, one hundred yards wide and three feet deep upon the bar. "Thus," says one, "this sweet type of life subsides into the Sea of Death." The marshy nature of the ground would not allow us to follow the course of the river, so we struck off in a south-westerly direction.

This sea has ever been considered a wonderful and mysterious place. As a natural phenomenon it has no equal upon the face of the globe, while in the moral associations connected with it, it is a miracle full of profound and awful significancy. As we rode on, the fertility of the plain gradually diminished, and at last almost every appearance of vegetable life disappeared. The whole scenery of the place wore a strange, solemn and impressive aspect. As the visitor approaches the place, if all knowledge of his locality and its previous history could be obliterated, he would still instinctively feel that he was in close proximity to the theatre of some appalling or portentous event. All around him is a sterile desert of sand, and beneath his feet the salty incrustations crackle and break at every step. No signs of human habitation—no sound of human voice—no song of bird—no footfall of beast—no hum of insect—a silence, profound and awful as the chamber of death, is there! On one side rise up the lofty mountains of Moab,

with all their dread associations of robbery and blood; on the other, the rugged bluffs of Engedi, presenting to the eye no sign of vegetation, their jagged peaks and yawning caverns all conspiring to deepen the solemnity and awfulness of the scene. The traveler in this strange place, looks about him with something of the nervous hesitation and trembling the timid boy in the evening would look into a tomb. Such is the approach to these mysterious waters of death.

THE SEA AND ITS PECULIARITIES.

This sea, as we have before said, lies in a deep basin, one thousand three hundred and twelve feet below the level of the Mediterranean; the most depressed sheet of water known. Here it lies in this deep caldron, surrounded by tall, ragged cliffs, its bosom exposed to the burning rays of a cloudless sun, encompassed by sterility and deathlike solitude. It is known in the books by different names, Dead Sea—Lake Asphaltites—Salt Sea—Sea of Sodom—Sea of the Plain—Eastern Sea, and is sometimes called by the Arabs Lot's Lake, but by whatever name known, it is the same stern, solemn emblem of death. The first account we have of this portion of the country, is in the thirteenth chapter of Genesis, in connection with the controversy that arose between the herdsmen of Lot and Abraham, about 1900 B. C. They were feeding their flocks about the rich pasture grounds of Bethel, when dissensions arose among them. A separation became necessary, and the magnanimous Abraham gave his nephew the first choice: "And Lot lifted up his eyes, and beheld all the plain of the Jordan, that it was well watered every where, before the Lord destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah, even as the garden of the Lord, like the land of Egypt as thou comest unto Zoar." In the cities of the plain, where now these dark waters roll, Lot chose his inheritance, and found rich pasturage for his flocks.

Then follows the account of a battle—the first battle the pages of history record. Five kings of this plain of Sodom had for twelve years paid tribute to a distant and powerful prince. Tired of this tribute, they rebelled. Then came Chedorlaomer, king of Elam; Amraphel, king of Shinar;

Arioch, king of Ellasar, and Tidal, king of nations, to reduce these rebellious provinces to submission. The kings of Sodom, Gomorrah, Admah, Zeboim and Zoar, went out to meet them—four kings against five. The ground chosen for this battle was the vale of Siddim, *full of slime pits*. This accidental mention of these slime pits, or bituminous springs, gives us some knowledge of the character of the country and of the agencies already existing here that afterwards became instrumentalities in the hand of the Almighty for its fearful overthrow. The fortunes of the battle we need not follow—the five kings were defeated; Lot, his family and flocks, carried away captive by the conquering kings, and subsequently delivered by Abraham. We have made this allusion to the early history of the plain to show what it once was, and that this sea was a subsequent creation.

WHEN AND HOW IT WAS FORMED.

The impressive and graphic description of this is likewise given by the sacred historian, and is so familiar, it need not be repeated here. The depths of depravity into which the cities of the plain had fallen, provoked the displeasure, and drew down the terrible judgments of the Almighty. We have stood upon the plain of Mamre, where the angels talked with Abraham, and God revealed his fearful purpose of destruction. We have seen how terribly those purposes were executed: "And the Lord rained upon Sodom and Gomorrah brimstone and fire from the Lord out of Heaven. And he overthrew those cities, and all the plain, and all the inhabitants of the cities, *and that which grew upon the ground*." What language could be more accurate? Look upon this parched and verdureless plain of sand, those bleak and naked hills! "And Abraham gat up early in the morning to the place where he stood before the Lord. And he looked toward Sodom and Gomorrah, and toward all the land of the plain, and lo! the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace." Gen. xix.

It is but a few years since we had any accurate information of this remarkable body of water. Our knowledge of it was derived mostly from the ignorant and superstitious people who

inhabited the country about it. Having some traditions of the terrible convulsions that had taken place here, and of the fearful doom that had been visited upon the cities that once occupied its site, their imaginations had invested it with characteristics awful and supernatural. In addition to the fact that its waters would not sustain animal life, it was said they were so dense the winds would not move them, that they were thick and clammy, and corroded and blistered the skin whereever they touched it—that no boat could navigate the sea; that a poisonous exhalation continually arose from it, so that no bird could fly over it without being suffocated, and many other marvelous and fantastic things. The mystery of some of these strange stories had been increased from the fact that two travelers, Costigan, a young Irishman, and afterwards Molyneaux, an Englishman, had both perished in their attempts to explore these waters.

The first successful attempt at a thorough exploration of this remarkable sea, was made by an expedition sent out by the United States government in 1848, under the charge of Lieutenant Lynch. April 8th, with a crew of ten men—all native born Americans, and all pledged to total abstinence from intoxicating liquors, he launched two boats of copper, and one of galvanized iron, which they had conveyed across the country from the Mediterranean, upon the Sea of Galilee, proceeded down the Jordan, making a thorough exploration of all its cataracts and windings. They then traversed these waters in every direction, taking soundings, mapping the whole sea shore and surrounding mountains. He entered the Jordan from the Sea of Galilee, April 10th, reached the Dead Sea April 19th, and spent twenty-one nights on its shores.

As a result of these explorations, it was ascertained that the sea is forty-two miles long, and in the widest place, about nine miles broad. About two-thirds of the distance from the head of the lake is a broad low promontory, with a long cape or peninsula, called by the Arabs "the tongue," cutting the sea nearly in two. Above this the waters are very deep, in one place 1,300 feet; below this they are quite shallow. No animal life is found in its waters, but Lynch frequently met with ani-

mals about the shore, generally in the vicinity of the fresh water streams that empty into it, among which are mentioned doves, hawks, partridges and hares; and what is singular, the birds, insects and other animals, are all of a light stone color, the same as the materials of the shore and mountains. I noticed this same thing in the Sinai desert among the few birds and insects I saw there. Ducks are occasionally seen swimming upon the water. No poisonous exhalations arise from it, but bits of sulphur are sometimes met with upon the shore, and sulphurous exhalations in some places arise from the ground. At the mouth of one of the valleys on the west side are the celebrated warm springs, to which Herod the great went, in the vain hope of being cured of his loathsome disease. Here, between lofty perpendicular cliffs of red sandstone, a copious stream of warm, sweet water flows into the lake. Where the fresh water streams flow in from the mountains, the willow, tamarisk, oleander, and various shrubs are found, and the song of birds may be heard, but over all the rest of the banks and the shores, sterility and death-like solitude abound. The scenery is magnificently wild, stern and impressive. At the southeastern portion of the sea, the original name Sodom, seems to be retained, applied to a portion of the country and the salt mountains—*Oosdom*, sometimes written Usdom. Here there is an immense ridge of salt, five miles long, and from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet high. In connection with these saline hills, is found

THE CELEBRATED PILLAR OF SALT,

With which the story of the strange fate of Lot's wife has been connected. Josephus tells us that the pillar of salt into which she was changed existed in his day, and he had seen it. Other early travelers have spoken of this remarkable monument as still being in existence here, and various marvelous and superstitious stories were told in connexion with it. Lynch's account of it is as follows: "Approaching the salt mountain, we saw, to our astonishment, on the eastern side of Usdom, a lofty, round pillar, standing apparently detached from the general mass [of salt] at the head of a deep, narrow

and abrupt chasm. We found the pillar to be of solid salt, capped with carbonate of lime, cylindrical in front and pyramidal behind. The upper, or rounded part, is about forty feet high, resting on a kind of oval pedestal, from forty to sixty feet above the level of the sea. It slightly decreases in size upwards, crumbles at the top, and is one entire mass of crystalization. A prop or buttress connects it with the mountain behind, and the whole is covered with debris of a light stone color. Its peculiar shape is doubtless attributable to the action of the winter winds." This singular column is undoubtedly the result of natural causes, and yet it is not strange that it should become blended in the minds of the inhabitants of the land with the story of Lot's wife.

It is this salt formation, about the lower part of the sea, that imparts its intense saline properties to the waters; probably the depths of the sea also abound in salt pits and springs. The Jordan, with its vast floods; the Arnon, Cherith and other mountain streams, have been for near four thousand years pouring into it their supplies of fresh, sweet waters, but they produce no change. Some idea of this intense saltness may be formed from the fact that while common sea water has only four per cent. of salt, Dead Sea water has twenty-six. The water also contains other chemical properties, rendering it intensely bitter and pungent, making it one of the most disgusting and nauseous compounds imaginable. A single drop of it can scarcely be endured upon the tongue. The salt obtained by the evaporation of the water is too bitter for use, and is given by the Arabs to their sheep for medicine. It is said, however, they have a process of purifying it so as to make it palatable. The specific gravity of the water is about 1,200, distilled water being 1,000. The following analysis may be taken as about an average of the results of several analyses of its waters, showing the proportion of salt to the one hundred:

Muriate of Lime	3,920 grains.
Muriate of Magnesia	10,246 "
Muriate of Soda	10,360 "
Sulphate of Lime	0.054 "

Large lumps of bitumen or asphaltum are found along the

shore, and during the earthquakes that have taken place here in modern times, large quantities of this substance have been thrown up from the waters of the sea. This substance hardens into lumps, and is known under the name of Jews pitch, Moses stone, or Dead Sea stone. It partially ignites in the fire, and emits a sulphurous smell. Quite large quantities of it are taken to Jerusalem and manufactured into cups, bowls, snuff-boxes, rosaries, crucifixes and the like, and bought up by visitors, to take home with them. The sea, having no known outlet, the influx of the waters of the Jordan and other streams, during the rainy seasons of the year, increases the depth of the water from ten to fifteen feet. This is thrown off again by evaporation during the heat of the summer, and it is this rapid evaporation of the water that produces the constant hazy state of the atmosphere, much like the Indian summer of our western prairies, that all travelers notice, adding greatly to the appearance of solitude and gloom that enshrouds the place. In addition to the intense heat of the sun pouring into this deep caldron-like basin, the neighborhood of the sea is occasionally visited by the scorching sirocco of the southern deserts. These fiery winds Lynch's men found it almost impossible to endure, their face and hands were blistered, the sands on the shore become so burning hot they could not stand upon them, and every metalic object scorched the hand that came in contact with it. The thermometer stood at 98° at midnight, and the men were sometimes compelled to wrap themselves head and body in a blanket and throw themselves upon the ground.

A BATH IN THE DEAD SEA.

Such are some of the characteristics of this wonderful body of waters over which there hangs the everlasting shroud of its own changing vapors. Let us approach the shore, and come in closer contact with it. I found it quite different from what I expected. My imagination had not only wrapt the sea in gloom, but invested its shores with swampy morasses, and its waters with a dark, turbid aspect, and overspread them with slime and pitch. What was my surprise to find a clear transparent water, of a deep green hue, lying calm and tranquil in

the sunlight, and bounded by a clean, handsome, pebbly shore! Lynch tells us, he found near the southern end, in some places, a dark scum on the waters and a marshy shore, but here there was nothing of the kind. It was a clear, calm day, and the water lay in tranquil beauty, like an immense mirror, tossing the sunbeams from its bosom. It was a strange contrast with the surrounding scenery, and only served to render its immense frame-work of craggs and cliffs far more magnificently wild and majestic.

What traveler, after so long and toilsome a journey, would miss the opportunity of a bath in these strange waters! A few minutes, and our whole party, I believe, without a single exception, were floating about like so many corks. The density of this sea is greater than that of any other known body of water. I tried several experiments to test this peculiar property of the water; by keeping the feet under me with only motion enough to keep the body in a perpendicular position, I could float with my head and shoulders to the arm-pits above the water. Lying at length upon the water, I could not float, for the density of the water was such that the feet would be thrown upward, so as to submerge the head; but when I turned upon my back, elevated the head, and drew up the knees so as to balance the body on the water, I could lie with head, arms and knees above the water and float like a piece of wood, as long as I kept myself in that position. The experiment has been tried of swimming a horse in the water, when it was found the buoyancy of the water was such as to render it impossible for the animal to keep his feet under him; in his terror, he could only flounder about upon his side.

I went into the sea with great hesitation and dread from the stories I had read of its corrosive properties, and the clammy prickling sensation it produces. I am inclined to think travelers have very much exaggerated this effect of the sea. If such smarting sensations have been produced it must be in consequence of the skin's having been previously fretted by riding or irritated by the heat; in such cases, this water would produce the same effect of any other salt water applied to the raw flesh. All the effect I perceived, on emerging from the water, was a

slight greasy feeling of the surface of the body. I wet the end of a towel in some fresh water I had with me for drink, rubbed myself with it, and felt no more inconvenience of any kind. Lynch did not find any such irritating quality in the water, unless from long exposure to it. In bathing, it is best to avoid getting the water into the hair; and no one who has tasted a drop of it, need be admonished not to get it into his mouth. Wherever it touches the clothes, a white spot is produced from the salt left in the evaporation.

And now, we have seen the sea, bathed in its waters, recalled its strange history, examined some of its wonders, and looked upon the solemn scenery that gives sublimity, grandeur and awfulness to the place. Shall we go? Wait. Cast your eye on those scathed and blasted hills, over these burning verdureless plains. Are there any lessons to be read there? Look away down into the profound depths of those transparent waters! Do you see any thing? Hark! Are there any murmuring voices whispering in solemn accents in your ear? Ah, in the solemn hush of the deepest silence that broods over this sea of death, the very solemnity is instructive; and when the tempest comes howling from those mountain crags, waking the deafening echoes of their yawning chasms, lashing into tempest these dark and leaden waters, above the mingled roar of the deafening storm, and the dashing of the angry waves on the fœtid shores, may be heard the sepulchral voices that come up from the entombed cities of forty centuries, speaking of the time when

> "The cup of guilt was full up to the brim
> And Mercy weary with beseeching, had
> Retired behind the sword of Justice, red
> With ultimate and unrepenting wrath."

Lieutenant Lynch, after the ample facilities afforded him, after having made a most thorough exploration of this sea in all its parts, and all its surroundings, says: "The inference from the Bible that this entire chasm was a plain sunk and '*overwhelmed*' by the wrath of God, seems to be sustained by the extraordinary character of our soundings." He records

his impression that the mountains are older than the sea—"the sea *was a subsequent formation.*" In conclusion he gives the impressions made upon his own mind, and upon the minds of his men; and it is the more impressive, as coming from one who went out simply as a scientific man to make an exploration in behalf of his government for scientific purposes:

"Upon ourselves the result is a decided one. We entered upon this sea with conflicting opinions. One of the party was skeptical, and another, I think, a professed unbeliever of the Mosaic account. After twenty-two days of close investigation, if I am not mistaken, we are *unanimous* in the conviction *of the truth of the Scriptural account of the destruction of the cities of the plain.* I record, with diffidence, the conclusions we have reached, simply as a protest against the shallow deductions of *would-be* unbelievers."

The story in Genesis is a strange one; we need strong evidence to give us faith in the wonderful narration. Aside from the evidences that conspire to establish the Book of Revelation as a whole—and if we take the whole we must take its parts—how much evidence is here seen to confirm the special narration that records the overthrow and overflow of the cities of the plain. Is any thing too hard for the Lord? Is not his quiver full of arrows, and can he not direct them with unerring skill and certainty, and with the awful energy of Omnipotence? No doubt but God here made use of natural agencies for the execution of his stern and fearful judgments; but the execution was none the less terrible, and none the less an act of direct and Almighty power on that account. The overthrow was accompanied by exhibitions of the most awful and terrific kind. The vale was full of bituminous pits. These inflammable substances were kindled, and fire broke forth from the ground. By the power of volcanic action they were ejected into the air, and came raining down from the uplifted and quaking hills. Here Sodom and Gomorrah, Admah and Zeboim met their astounding and deserved overthrow! It was an utter and irreparable ruin. No one can stand here and look on this impressive scenery, and not feel the conviction that this sea is a creation of the wrath of God. The hand of the Almighty has been here, and he has

left his imprint on this barren plain, these scorched and blackened hills, these sulphurous shores, these salt and bitter waters of death. This dark and mysterious sea, and these gloomy hills are monuments placed here by the Almighty, upon which all succeeding generations may read, traced as with letters of fire, the Handwriting of his judgments, the certainty of his displeasure against sin. Jude tells us, in the book of God, that these buried cities "giving themselves over to fornication, and going after strange flesh, are set forth an example suffering the vengeance of eternal fire." God created a beautiful Eden, and man rejected it. That Eden the joyous type of innocence has faded from the earth; sin reigns, and here the symbol of its punishment remains, a type of the retributive justice of God!

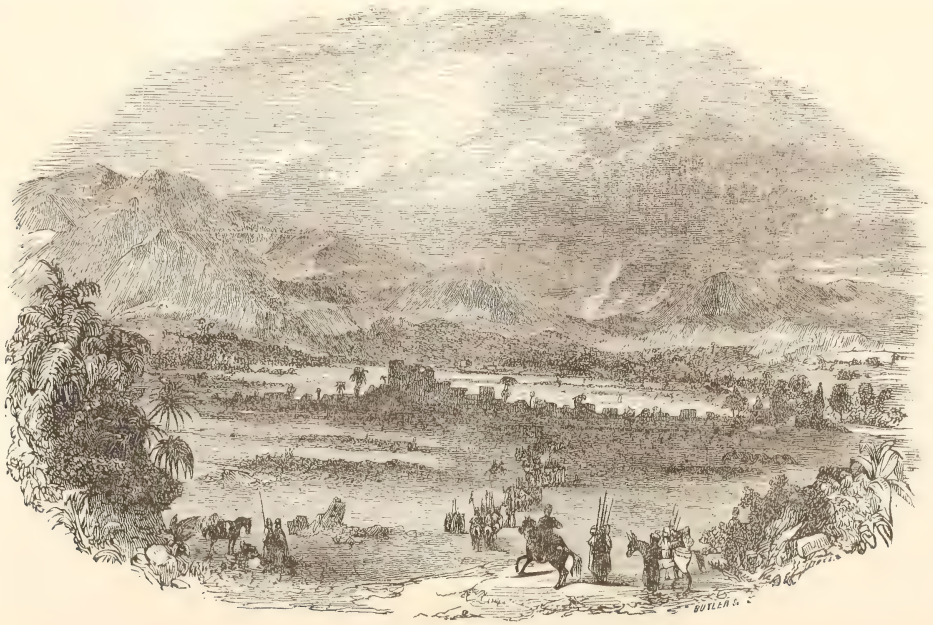
CHAPTER IX.

RETURN FROM THE DEAD SEA — LEAVING JERUSALEM — TOUR NORTHWARD.

WE spread our cloth upon the shore of the sea, arranged our lunch, and amid the solitude and gloom of the place, took our frugal meal of cold chicken and brown bread. Here our company separated, a part to visit the convent of Mar Saba, and from thence to return to Jerusalem by way of Bethlehem, a part to return direct to the city. The Convent of Mar Saba is situated among the wild, rocky ravines of the wilderness of Judea, and is said to be one of the most extraordinary buildings in Palestine, built upon the sides of precipitous rocks, and partly excavated within them. For ourselves having visited Bethlehem, and had quite an experience in convent life, we preferred taking the shortest passage home. A couple of hours' ride across the plain, brought us to our tents at Jericho, which we found doubly stocked with fleas, the lounging, filthy villagers having taking advantage of our abscene to rest in the shade, and sleep upon our mats.

We spent the evening hours wandering about the site of old Jericho, meditating at the base of Quarantania, and watching the fading sunlight as his parting rays died away on the opposite mountains of Moab—Nebo, Pisgah, Peor and Abarim. Here I was in the very midst of the scenery of one of our most beautiful hymns, and with what force the words were brought home to me:

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.



The Plain of Jericho.

Could I but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er—
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright me from the shore."

As the dusk of evening crept over the land, we repaired to the brook Cherith for a bath; thus we had enjoyed a bath in the Jordan in the morning, in the Dead Sea at noon, and in the waters of this renowned stream at night.

APPLES OF SODOM.

We were anxious to see some of the celebrated apples of Sodom; but it was either not the season for them or there were none in this vicinity; we inquired among the Arabs for them, but none of them could show us any. The first mention of these is said to be by Josephus; he says they have a color as if fit to be eaten, but if you pluck them with your hands they dissolve into smoke and ashes. Tacitus in speaking of the vicinity of this sea says: "The herbage may spring up, and the trees may put forth their blossoms, they may even attain the usual appearance of maturity, but with this flower outside, all within turns black and molders into dust." I find a great variety of opinion among different writers, who have visited here, in reference to this fruit. Lynch gathered and preserved some of the fruit of the *osher*, which he says was fair to the eye, and bitter to the taste, and when ripe, filled with fibre and dust. These specimens he brought home, and deposited in the patent office at Washington, as the genuine apples of Sodom. Some writers have treated the whole account of them as fabulous, among whom are Pocoke and Shaw. De Chartres was here as early as the year 1100, and makes mention of this fruit, and compares its deceitful appearance to the pleasures of the world. Others have made mention of the fruit, but have ascribed its production to different species of plants. From all accounts I can gather of this fruit, it seems to be much like the "*oak balls*," or "*oak apples*," sometimes called—of our own forests. These are produced by the puncture of an insect upon the young tender leaves in the spring. I used to gather them by the hatfull in my school-boy days; they grew, many of them,

as large as a medium-sized apple, very fair and handsome to the sight, but containing nothing but a little fibrous matter with a worm in the center, and when left till they were dry they contained nothing but a little dust. I apprehend these apples of Sodom are a similar product, and if so, they may be found on different varieties of trees, which may account for the discrepant account travelers have given of their origin.

A SUPPOSED ROBBER AND A FRIGHT.

Amid Bedawin, dogs, thieves and fleas, our slumbers on retiring for the night were not likely to be of the profoundest kind. The robbery of one of our tents the night before was calculated to awaken suspicion, and put us on our guard. A little past midnight a slight rustle in the tent awakened me, and I was conscious some one was stealthily crawling about. I called out, "What's wanted?" "*Moiya*"—the Arabic for water was the answer. Receiving an answer in Arabic, I supposed, of course, an Arab had crept into our tent, and now under pretence of wanting water was trying to excuse his presence. I started up on hands and kness, and fiercely ordered him out of the tent. In the dim starlight I could just discern him as, also on all-fours, he turned round and facing me only two or three feet distant, commenced jabbering in an unintelligible jargon. I was too much frightened to reason, and knowing my companion had his revolver under his pillow, I commenced shouting, Baker, Baker, a robber! shoot him! shoot him! The more I shouted the more earnest the intruder became, until my companion, who was more of a linguist than myself, was sufficiently aroused to take part in the scene. He found myself and one of our German companions both on our hands and knees, our heads within five feet of each other, myself shouting in English to have him murdered, and he jabbering away in German, trying to explain to me his presence in our tent, while I, too much excited to distinguish German from Arabic, supposed I was facing a Bedawin robber. Wanting a pitcher of water that stood in our tent, and not wishing to disturb us, supposing we were asleep, he had thus stealthily crawled in to get it. His first answering me in Arabic was what had misled me.

When we came to understand it, the scene was so ludicrous it ended in a hearty laugh, though but for the timely explanation it might have ended in a tragedy.

With the fright and the fleas, there was no more chance for sleep. The moon was soon above the horizon, and we struck our tents and packed our mules by her light, and before the first rays of the morning sun had touched the tall, white cliffs of Quarantania, we were moving across the plain. We now realized the accuracy of the Scripture language, where speak- of Jesus in his journey from this place it says: "He went before *ascending up to Jerusalem*," for we had now an ascent of about three thousand five hundred feet to make to reach the city. At last, the toilsome labor was accomplished; about 3 o'clock in the afternoon we wound around the southwestern slope of Olivet. Jerusalem burst upon our view, and we saw it again from the very spot from which Jesus looked when he wept over it. Jehoshaphat and the Kidron were passed, we bowed to the guard at the gate of St. Stephen, and our excursion was ended.

ARRANGEMENTS TO LEAVE JERUSALEM.

We had spent a month in the Holy City, and the time was now approaching that we must leave its interesting scenes. A company of six clergymen, three from Scotland, and three from England, joined us, making a party of nine, and we were to make the tour of northern Palestine together. The first thing was to secure a dragoman. Several offered their services, but we thought their terms too high—though the expense of travel through this land for the last few years has considerably increased. Parties of two or three are compelled to pay a good dragoman as high as seven or eight dollars a day. The more there are in the party, the less per person the contractor can afford to take them for. We ascertained first from resident Americans what would be a fair compensation, and that we were willing to give. At last, we selected our man, an active, intelligent Jew, a native of the city, and who had been for a number of years, engaged in the business. Meeting at the

office of the British Consul, we entered into the following contract:

"This agreement made this 6th day of April, A. D. 1861, between E. P. Baker, A. C. Herrick, D. A. Randall, J. W. Coombs, Arthur Hall, Bryan Dale, George Sandie, George McCorkindale and James McGregor of the first part, and Abraham Mordeica of the second part, *Witnesseth:*

1. That the said Abraham Mordeica agrees to convey the parties of the first part from Jerusalem to Beirut by the way of Samaria, Nazareth, Tiberias, Mount Carmel, Tyre and Sidon; the journey to commence on Monday, April 15, 1861, and to occupy not less than twelve nor more than thirteen days.

2. The parties of the first part shall have the privilege of directing the details of said journey; deciding what places on said general route they will visit, and how long they will remain at each; but no variations or stoppages shall be made that will protract said journey beyond the thirteen days; and if the party choose to remain encamped and rest from travel on Sunday, they shall have the privilege of doing so.

3. The said Abraham Mordeica agrees to furnish the aforesaid party good riding horses, and all necessary pack-horses or mules for the conveyance of their baggage, and all needed assistance and protection for the security of their persons, and the safe delivery of their property in Beirut; and should any of the horses by accident or fatigue become disabled, others shall be furnished in their place.

4. The said Abraham Mordeica shall furnish good tents, iron bedsteads, clean beds and bedding. He shall also furnish a good and substantial breakfast of omulet or cooked eggs, one dish of meat with vegetables, and tea, coffee, etc. At noon a cold lunch of chicken or other meat, eggs, bread, cheese, fruit, etc. A good dinner shall be furnished on encamping for the night of soup, two courses of meat, bread, vegetables, coffee, rice, fruit, etc. The provision and all the supplies to be of such quality, quantity and variety as is customary in such traveling excursions.

5. The said Abraham Mordeica shall pay all the expenses of said journey to Beirut, except such backsheesh as may be required of the parties of the first part, in visiting such places as they may think best, and he shall perform all the duties a dragoman is accustomed to perform on such journeys.

6. The said Abraham Mordeica shall receive from each of the above named parties of the first part, one pound sterling per day for each day of said journey; six pounds sterling to be paid by each person on the signing of this contract, one pound sterling from each one at such time on the journey as the said Abraham may wish, and the balance on arrival in Beirut, and the said sum of one pound sterling per day from each one is all the said Abraham shall be entitled to receive for any expenses he may incur in the performance of this contract in going to Beirut, and his return shall be at his own expense.

7. Any difference of opinion that may arise in regard to the meaning or fulfillment of this contract shall be settled at the office of the British Consul in Beirut, and his decision shall be final in the matter.

[Signed by the parties.]

Both parties appeared in Her Britanic Majesty's Consulate of Jerusalem, and agreed to the above in my presence.

[L. S.] PETER MESHULLAM, Cancelliere.

JERUSALEM, April 10th, 1861.

VISIT TO THE SUPERIOR OF THE CONVENT.

Saturday, April 13. We had not yet seen the Head of the Convent, and we made arrangements with the monk, Stafford, to accompany and introduce us during the afternoon. We found him in his room in the convent building. He received us pleasantly and cordially. Not understanding his language, (Italian) and having no good interpreter, we could hold but little conversation with him, but on parting we put into his hand the following note:

CASA NUOVA, April 13, 1861.

TO THE FATHER SUPERIOR OF THE CONVENT:

We came into the Holy City strangers and foreigners. We came as Christians on a journey of near seven thousand miles, to visit the holy places where Patriarchs, Prophets and Apostles traveled, toiled, suffered and were entombed; and, more than all, where the blessed Savior was born, cradled, labored, wept, agonized, died, was buried, rose again, and ascended in triumph to heaven. We were received into your hospitable home, we have been kindly treated, and many facilities have been afforded us in visiting those sacred places, towards which every Christian heart turns with fondest affection. We expect to leave on Monday morning. Please accept our thanks for all your kindness and hospitality. We shall, in our distant homes, cherish a grateful remembrance of the kind attentions we have received, and our affections will hereafter cluster more closely around the cross of the blessed Savior as the result of this pilgrimage to the Holy Land and the City of the Great King.

We cheerfully tender the accompanying donation, which please accept in part compensation for the trouble and expense we have occasioned you. With our best wishes for your welfare—farewell. Yours truly, &c.

LAST MORNING IN JERUSALEM.

April 15. In the distribution of backsheesh we did not forget Joseph the butler and cook, nor the old door-keeper, who was ever ready to serve us. In return, as a parting memento, he gave each of us a rosary made from the stones of the olives that grew on the old trees in the Garden of Gethsemane, gathered and strung, as I understood, by his own hand. Their being done up in the form of a rosary added nothing to their value, in our estimation, but the locality from which they came,

and the apparent good will with which they were bestowed upon us, made them a precious souvenir. The Father Superior also sent each of us the following printed certificate, which we brought away with us, and which I here insert as a matter of curiosity, not expecting, however, a diploma from such a source will add any thing to our standing among our protestant friends. We give the original and a translation:

IN DEI NOMINE AMEN.

Omnibus, et singulis præsentes litteras inspecturis, lecturis, vel legi audituris fidem, notumque facimus, Nos Terræ Sanctæ Custos Domino David Austin Randall, Americanum, Jerusalem feliciter pervenisse die 21st mensis Martii, 1861, inde subsequentibus diebus præcipua Sanctuaria, in quibus Mundi Salvator dilectum populum suum, imo et totius humani generis perditam congeriem ab inferi servitute misericorditer liberavit, utpote Calvarium, ubi Cruci affixus, devicta morte, Cœli januas nobis aperuit; SS. Sepulchrum, ubi Sacrosanctum ejus corpus reconditum, triduo ante suam gloriosissimam Resurrectionem quievit, ac tandem ea omnia Sacra Palestinæ Loca gressibus Domini, ac Beatissimæ ejus Matris Mariæ consecrata, a Religiosis nostris, et Peregrinis visitari solita, visitasse. In quorum fidem has scripturas officii nostri sigillo munitas per Secretarium expediri mandavimus.

Datis apud S. Civitatem Jerusalem ex Venerabili nostro Conventu SS. Salvatoris, die 15 mensis Aprilis, anno D. 1861.

{L. S.}

De Mandato Reverndiss. in Christo Patris.
Fr. Clemens A. Solerio,
Terræ Sanctæ Secretarius.

IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN.

To all and each, who shall inspect, read, or hear these writings read: We, the guardian of the Holy Land, give assurance and proof, that Rev. David Austin Randall, an American, happily arrived at Jerusalem on the 21st day of the month of March, 1861; then on subsequent days, visited the principal sacred places, in which the Savior of the world, mercifully delivered his beloved people, yea, and the lost mass of the whole human race, from the lowest bondage; viz: Calvary, where fastened to the cross, with death vanquished, he opened to us the doors of heaven; the Holy Sepulchre, where his most holy body having been laid, rested three days before his most glorious resurrection; and finally, all those sacred places of Palestine, consecrated by the footsteps of the Lord and his most blessed mother, Mary, accustomed to be visited by the pious, and by strangers. In assurance of which, we have caused this writing, confirmed by the seal of our office, to be prepared by the Secretary.

Given at the holy city of Jerusalem from our venerable Convent of Saint Salvator, on the 15th of the month April, A. D. 1861.

{L. S.}

By command of the most Reverend Father in Christ.
Clemens A. Solerio,
Secretary of the Holy Land.

Quite a heavy shower of rain fell this morning, accompanied by lightning and heavy thunder. This is just about the closing up of the "latter rains;" after a few days they expect no more rain till the latter part of September or October. It was my last morning in Jerusalem. I rose early, and taking my Bible, like Peter of old I went upon the house top to read, meditate, and pray. What a place for devotion! I was often there during my stay in the convent. It was an elevated position, and I had a fine view of the country about. To the east of me was Olivet, the Mount of Ascension, its summit just bathed in the golden light of the rising sun; at its base, and now buried in its deep shadow, lay Gethsemane, reviving afresh a thousand recollections, while nearer still towered up the majestic dome that sheltered Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre. From the Bible I read again the story of the agony, the betrayal and the crucifixion. My soul was wafted upward on wings of faith and love, and again I communed with God. I rejoiced that my eyes had been permitted to look on these places. I regretted I was now to leave them, and see them no more. This I said *was* Jerusalem; it is such no longer! It has accomplished its mission! Jerusalem is on high. From this city I must turn away, but toward the real one I hope to be continually traveling, till I hail its pearly gates, its golden streets, its everlasting light. I could not sing, but there was music in my heart, and the soul's devotion found expression in the words of a familiar hymn:

"Jerusalem? my glorious home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?
O! when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend?
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And sabbaths never end!"

By previous agreement, we were to leave the city at 10 o'clock. On arriving at the place of rendezvous, we found that our cook and one of the servants, in passing one of the narrow streets with some of our mules and luggage, had got into a quarrel with some Turkish muleteers, about the right of

way, and our cook had been arrested for assault and battery, and thrown into prison. Our dragoman spent nearly all the morning trying to procure his release, but in vain, and at last was forced to employ another man. We had also considerable difficulty about our horses; they had been previously selected and shown us, and we had tried and accepted them; but now that we were ready to start, we found several of them had been changed, and much poorer ones substituted—a common trick among these dragomen.

At last, after many vexatious delays, we made our escape from the ragged, loafing crowd of Arabs and beggars that always assemble on such occasions, eager to hold your horse, or lift your traveling bag, or adjust your stirrup, or in some way, no matter how trivial, lift a hand for you, to open the way for an earnest solicitation for a backsheesh! We left the "Traveler's Rest," wheeled into the street of Mount Zion, and went clattering along the rude pavement, and emerging from the city by the Damascus Gate, took the great northern thoroughfare toward Samaria.

In ancient times there was no doubt a well graded and finely paved road here, and a few traces of it can still occasionally be seen, but the ravages of time and war have nearly obliterated it. Again we were on the ground where Titus commenced the siege that ended in such terrible scenes of massacre and blood. We passed the tombs of the judges and of the kings, crossed the head of the valley of the Kidron, and ascended the ridge of Scopus. This ridge once passed, Jerusalem would be hidden from our view forever; for none of us expected to return. What multitudes of pilgrims have caught their first view of the city from this eminence, and hailed with joy the cheerful sight of Zion! What multitudes, as they have left it, have paused here to take the last long, lingering look, and say farewell! We rode to the highest point of the eminence, wheeled our horses about, and for a long time gazed in silence, each absorbed in deep contemplation. One poet says:

> "It is fine
> To stand upon some lofty mountain thought,
> And feel the spirit stretch into a view."

Was there ever a spot more elevating, more suggestive, fraught with scenes of holier and more stirring interest than the one on which we now stood! From the dark mountains of Moab that blended with the distant horizon; from the mysterious depths of that solitary sea, over which they cast their shadows; from the long winding vale of the Jordan; from the distant hills and valleys of Bethlehem, there seemed to come strange voices, whispering of angel's visits; while mingled with the dim mysteries of the past were the visions of wonderful scenes, presenting in striking contrast the dark clouds of wrath, and the radiant light of mercy. And set in this strange and magnificent frame work, every foot of which was teeming with history, every valley and hill top of which had its lesson, lay the wonderful city—the city with its history of four thousand years—the city from which has gone out the influence that is ruling the world! Every dome, minaret and spire seemed to talk to us and the mountain hights kindled with a fresh inspiration! Jerusalem, wonderful city! Thou art embalmed in the memory of every Christian; thou hast a home in the affections of every one who is an Israelite indeed! Thy high places have been made radiant with the presence of Deity; through thy streets, prophets, and apostles have walked! Gethsemane, Olivet, thy paths have been hallowed by the footsteps of the incarnate son of God! His tears moistened thy soil, and the wail of his anguish mingled with the murmur of thy waters, O Kidron! Moriah, thy temple, opened its gates to the everlining Shekinah, and thou, O Calvary, didst drink his blood! How can I leave thee, O city of the living God! "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!" But we could not tarry. Slowly and reluctantly we turned away. We descended toward the valley, and the long ridge of Scopus lay between us and the city. Farewell, we said again, the bright visions of thy hallowed places will long shed their blessed influence on the soul!

NOB AND THE MASSACRE OF THE PRIESTS.

We were now passing over a diversified country of lofty hills

and wide-spread vales, the most of which presents only a barren and desolate aspect. The limestone rocks that were once laid in handsome terraces and walls, are scattered about in wild confusion, giving a ragged and barren appearance to the hills, while the miserable cultivation of the valleys, and the neglected fig and olive trees, deepen the general impression of improvidence and decay. Still the close observer can easily detect the traces of what might soon, under the transforming hand of industry, make this neglected land what it once was when the graphic pen of the sacred historian so aptly described it: "a land of vines, and fig trees, and pomegranates; a land of oil olive and honey."

In our "foot excursions" we have described the prominent scriptural sites in this immediate vicinity—Gibeah of Saul, Mizpeh, Ai, Michmash, Gibeon, etc.—and need not detain the reader with further notices of them. To one place only will we call special attention. About three-fourths of an hour's ride from Jerusalem, attention is directed to an eminence covered with loose stones, the top marked by the ruins of what appears to be a very ancient town. Portions of the rock have been cut away and leveled, and large cisterns hewn in the rocks are still to be seen. This is supposed to be the site of Nob, an ancient city of the Israelitish priests. If so, let let us pause here a moment, for it has been the scene of one of the bloodiest and most inhuman tragedies that characterized the reign of a mad and God-forsaken king.

Cast your eye along the valley toward yonder hill, the summit of which was once crowned by ancient Gibeah, the birthplace and home of Saul. From that city Jonathan descended, after having ascertained the design of his father to slay David. Among the rocks of this valley, along which we have been riding, David, by previous concert with Jonathan, had concealed himself. Jonathan gave him the sign by which he understood that his life was sought, and that there was no safety but in immediate flight. Here they met, wept, embraced, and parted, after having entered into a solemn covenant of perpetual friendship. Jonathan returned to yonder Gibeah, and David came here to Nob. By an artfully framed story, he

secured the assistance of Abimelech, the priest, who fed him with the consecrated bread, and gave him the sword of Goliath; and he fled to Achish, the king of Gath. The story of David's reception at Nob, and his subsequent flight, was made known to Saul by Doeg, an Edomite, Saul's chief shepherd; and the anger of Saul was kindled against the priests, and against the city. In vain was Abimelech's explanation; in vain his asseverations of his innocence, of the purity and loyalty of his intentions; his assertions that he knew nothing of the quarrel that had excited the revenge of Saul. Abimelech and all his house were doomed by the inexorable king to destruction. But such was the evident injustice and madness of the decree, not a single one of all the servants of Saul, of Hebrew blood, would lift a hand to execute the sentence! They dare not, and would not, thus slay the priests of the Lord. And Saul said to Doeg: "Turn thou, and smite the priests." And this Edomite, stranger and spy, was base enough to become the king's executioner; seizing the implement of death, he "slew fourscore and five priests that did wear a linen ephod;" 1 Sam. xxi. In this horrid massacre, this whole city was overthrown, and men, women, children and sucklings, oxen, asses and sheep, were slain with the sword.

SITE OF ANCIENT BETHEL.

About 3 o'clock we stopped to take our lunch, near Beeroth, now called Bireh, another of the four cities of the crafty Gibeonites. It now contains seven hundred to eight hundred Moslem inhabitants, and a few Christian families. Piles of old ruins here attract the attention of the traveler, among them a fine old gothic church, large portions of the walls of which are still standing, another hoary monument of the days of crusaders and knights templars.

About half-past 4 o'clock we ascended a long low ridge, covered with great piles of stone. Here we paused and looked eagerly about us—we were standing upon the site of old Bethel! Between three and four acres of ground are covered by the ruins. Foundations, fragments of walls, and heaps of loose stones, lie in promiscuous heaps around you. On the

highest point may be seen the remains of an old square tower, in another place the ruins of an old Greek church, inclosed within the foundations of another and much older edifice. A few miserable huts, some fifteen or twenty in number, constructed from the ancient materials, and occupied by ragged, miserable looking tenants, constitute the modern village. In the valley, a little to the west of the village, is a huge cistern, built of massive stones, three hundred and fourteen feet long, and two hundred and seventeen feet broad. One side of this great reservoir is still entire, the others have been much dilapidated by the ravages of time. Its bottom is now a beautiful grass plat, and near by are two small fountains of pure, clear water, from which this great tank was originally supplied. This place is about twelve miles nearly north of Jerusalem, and is undoubtedly the Bethel of scripture.

We may then sit down by these fountains, and with the Bible in our hand, that great text book of ancient history, recall the interesting incidents that have here transpired. Surely this spot is historic ground, and renowned visitants have been here! Originally it was called Luz. Abraham, on his first journey through the land, pitched his tent here, and here he built an altar, and called on the name of Jehovah. On his return from Egypt, he could not forget the rich pasture grounds, and the refreshing springs of water that existed here. Rich in cattle, in silver and gold, to the altar he had built he returned, and here again he called on the name of the Lord. Over these broad valleys his flocks roamed; from these fountains he watered them, and here the maidens of Sarah came to fill their pitchers. Here, in these pasture grounds, commenced the strife between the herdsmen of Abraham and his nephew Lot, and here the old patriarch made that magnanimous offer: "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdsmen and thy herdsmen; for we be brethren. Is not the whole land before thee? Separate thyself, I pray thee, from me; if thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left." From this place it was, Lot looked down upon yonder beautiful plain of the Jordan, beautiful as

the garden of the Lord, and chose him a residence among those cities that now lie entombed beneath the bitter waters of the Dead Sea. Here too, it was, the Lord appeared to Abraham, and made him that memorable promise, that in our journeyings we have seen so signally fulfilled to his children: "Lift up now thine eyes and look from the place where thou art, northward, and southward, and eastward, and westward, for all the land which thou seest to thee will I give it, and to thy seed forever." Gen. xiii.

Time passed on; Abraham found a resting place in the cave of Machpelah, and Isaac saw his sons growing up around him. A lone traveler, with his staff in his hand, is seen passing along this valley. He has made a long, weary journey of forty miles, from Beersheba, and now the shades of night are gathering around him. He gathers some stones for his pillow, and with the hard earth for his bed, and the broad canopy of the heavens for his covering, composes himself to rest. He had a long journey of near five hundred miles before him; he was in the vigor of life, and though his fare was scanty and his pillow hard, he had a stout heart, and was favored with pleasant dreams. He saw a ladder set upon the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven; and behold the angels of God ascending and descending upon it! Above that ladder he saw the vision of the Holy One, and he heard a voice: "I am the Lord God of Abraham thy father, and the God of Isaac; the land whereon thou liest to thee will I give it, and to thy seed:" and here the promise was made him that he should be kept in all his ways, and brought again in safety to this land. He awoke from this strange vision. "Surely," said he, "the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not. How dreadful is this place! This is none other but the house of God, and the gate of heaven." Early in the morning, Jacob rose up, took the stone he had put for his pillow, set it up for a memorial and dedicated to the Lord. *And he called the name of that place* BETH-EL—*House of God.*

Years passed away. With flocks and herds, a large family of children, and a numerous retinue of servants, Jacob came back to the land of promise. Again the Lord appeared to him

and said: "Arise, go up to Bethel, and make there an altar unto God." Again Jacob and all his household dwelt upon this ground. Again he built an altar here and worshiped God. And he called the place EL-BETH-EL—*God the House of God.* Here Deborah, Rebeka's nurse, died, and they buried her "beneath Bethel, under an oak." What a history this place has! How strange to stand here on the camping ground of the ancient patriarchs, musing on the wonderful events in their history!

We have not time to trace the subsequent fortunes of Bethel. In the time of the conquest by Joshua, it was one of the royal cities, governed by a king, and was conquered by the Ephraimites, as it lay just upon the borders, between them and Benjamin. It afterwards became one of the cities in which Samuel held his circuit court when he judged Israel. The Ark of the Covenant seems at one time to have been kept here, and some suppose the Tabernacle was set up here. In the separation of the kingdom, after the death of Solomon, Jeroboam, fearing to have his people go up to Jerusalem to worship, lest they should be drawn back to their former allegiance, established idolatrous worship, made two golden calves, set one in Dan and the other he placed here in Bethel, and here he built a magnificent temple, after an Egyptian model, intended to rival the one at Jerusalem. Such was the iniquity and abomination of this idolatrous worship, the name Bethel—*House of God*—seemed no longer appropriate, and the name was changed to BETH-AVEN—*House of Idols.* It was in one of these idolatrous festivals that Jeroboam attempted to lay hold of a prophet of God who rebuked his abominable worship, and his arm was paralyzed and withered. These iniquities drew down the wrath of God upon the place, and twenty-five hundred years ago the prophet Amos was inspired to say: "Seek not Bethel, nor enter into Gilgal; for Gilgal shall surely go into captivity, and *Bethel shall come to naught.*" Look upon these heaps of ruins, these broken cisterns, these neglected valleys; has this prophecy been fulfilled? Whose Handwriting is here?

Our view of the desolate ruins of Bethel was completed, and we had now a ride of three or four hours to make to reach the

place of our encampment, whither our mules and luggage had gone. Do the best we could, it would be dark an hour before we could reach the place, and these wild glens are not pleasant places for night travel. We now passed through a more highly cultivated portion of the country than any we had seen. Especially was this the case near a little village called Jifnah. It needed no interpreter to tell us that European capital and enterprise were here at work. The terraces were restored, waving grain adorned the valleys, olive and fig trees were planted upon the hill-sides, and the vine adorned their summits.

THE ROBBER'S FOUNTAIN.

From this we passed into a region of the most wild and romantic scenery. Occasionally the remains of the old Roman road, in some places quite perfect, could be seen. Along this route Titus came with his invading army, and not far from us was pointed out a place where he made one of his encampments. The scenery of our road was constantly changing; sometimes we were clambering along hill-sides, among limestone bowlders, and the jagged points of limestone rocks, and again we plunged into the bottom of some deep glen, making our way along the rocky bed of some winter torrent. Just about dusk one of these wild glens expanded a little, giving a few rods of breadth to the valley, and the trickling waters from the rocks, festooned with ferns and trailing vines, were received into artificial basins cut in the bottom of the ledge. This romantic place was distinguished by the suggestive name of "The Robber's Fountain." The name, the wildness of the place, its remoteness from human habitation, the rocky hills that rose up around us, the sombre shades of the evening, the solemn silence that brooded over the scene, all conspired to overawe the mind with an instinctive sense of fear, though we knew there was little or nothing to dread from robber bands. Refreshing ourselves and horses from the fountain, on we hastened, for it was now nearly dark, and we had four or five miles of this gloomy, almost trackless road to traverse to reach our tents. About 8 o'clock we reached our camp; the cook soon had his smoking viands on the table, and we lay

down to rest, to spend our first night of "tent life" in our tour of northern Palestine.

A VISIT TO SHILOH.

April 16th. On rising this morning, we found, what we could not see as we came in last evening, that our camp was on a high hill overlooking one of the most beautiful valleys we had yet seen, while near by us was quite a large Arab village. We have many places of interest to visit to-day—Old Shiloh, Jacob's Well, Shechem, Ebal and Gerizim are all in the programme, and we must lose no time. To reach Shiloh, now called Seilun, we had to make a detour of about one-half hour from our main road, and we hired an extra guide from the village to conduct us to the spot. At one period the site of Shiloh seems to have been overlooked, and almost forgotten, and many had come to the conclusion that Neby Samuel was the place where the ark was kept, and where the tribes were accustomed to assemble. The researches of modern travelers, and the accuracy with which the location is pointed out in scripture, has identified the spot, I believe, to the satisfaction of almost every one. The Bible says it is "on the north side of Bethel, on the east of the highway that goeth up from Bethel to Shechem, and on the south of Lebonah." We found the place an utter desolation—nothing to indicate that it had once been the center of worship, and the great rallying place of the tribes of Israel. A valley, perhaps a quarter of a mile broad, with sloping sides, forms the main feature. Projecting from the ridge, on one side of this, is a round-topped hillock, presenting from one point of view the appearance of a small hill standing in the center of the valley. On this great natural mound was no doubt the sanctuary of God. As soon as the conquest of the land was so far completed as to allow it to be done in safety, the Tabernacle of God, with the sacred ark, and all its holy furniture, was removed from Gilgal to this place, and here it stood during all the time of the Judges to the days of Eli. Upon this site there is nothing standing but the ruins of an old stone building, probably first erected for a Christian church, and subsequently converted into a mosque.

Now the roof has disappeared, and the walls have fallen into heaps. A Moslem tomb, marking the resting place of some modern sheik, has been erected within the ruins, and this is all that preserves it from complete demolition. The tall, rank grass was waving among the stones, and the ground had been plowed up to the very foundation walls, and a crop of barley was rapidly approaching the harvest.

HOSTILITY OF THE ARABS.

We led our horses through the standing grain, and placing them in charge of the servants, were soon wandering about the ruins. We had been upon the ground but a few minutes when several of the native Arabs made their appearance, and one of them, with an old broad-sword dangling from his belt and a long gun in his hand, running up to us in hostile attitude, and apparently in great rage, ordered us off the ground. One of our company, more belligerent than the rest, drew his revolver, and gave the infuriated son of Ishmael to understand that he was ready to meet him on his own terms. This only seemed to increase his rage, and he raved like a madman, while, as if by magic, though it was an out of the way place, near a dozen evil-looking, swarthy-faced fellows suddenly appeared about the place. I was standing near the tomb of the sheik, where I had been gathering some flowers, as the man, gun in hand, approached me, motioning me off. It is said, love in the heart makes rainbows in the eyes; and now I felt that the converse of this was true, for malignity in the heart had filled his eyes with dancing demons, and I could see them spitting fire from beneath his long, dark lashes. I was unarmed, but did not care, for I knew of a charm that would exorcise the demoniacs quicker and more effectually than brimstone and blue pill. I sent a searching but pleasant glance deep into his flashing eyes, motioned—for I could not speak to him in Arabic—that I only wanted to gather a few flowers, and drawing a quarter of a dollar from my pocket, slipped it into his hand. O potent power, to bind the infuriated passions! There is a music in the silver's clink that softens and calms even the heart of the untamed savage. His manner towards me changed in an instant,

and while he went on bullying the rest, he would occasionally turn and give me a complacent look, as much as to say, "Go where you please and take what you want." Our dragoman interposed to preserve order between the natives and the more rudely disposed of our party, and at last succeeded in preventing a quarrel. There is no doubt but these natives are a lawless, plundering set, but we had intruded upon their grounds, led our horses through their standing grain, and though the crop was a light one, and but little injured by the intrusion, still they had a just claim upon us, and a few pence from each one, instead of meeting them by force, would have set the matter all right. A party who followed us the same day got into an open rupture with them, and only succeeded, with great difficulty, in making their escape from them after blows had been exchanged on both sides. But do not let these uncivil, churlish Arabs divert us from the great object of our visit here.

THE TABERNACLE AT SHILOH.

This place was for more than three hundred years the center of worship for the tribes of Israel, and here, during all the long period of the Judges, they held their great annual festivals. It is no common ground on which we stand. This hill-top and this broad valley have been the theater of many an interesting event. That wonderful Tabernacle, and that holy Ark, that were built at the base of Sinai, and carried with such devout reverence through the wilderness, were here permanently located in the very heart of the country. It was at this place the tribes assembled together, when the land under Joshua was divided among them. Here Hannah of old brought her little son, Samuel, and dedicated him to the service of God. "For this child," said the pious mother, "I prayed, and the Lord hath given me my petition. Therefore, also I have lent him to the Lord as long as he liveth." Here that child of prayer grew up amid the scenes of the sanctuary, to honor his parents and bless his country. Here, for a long time, Eli was high priest. But though a well-disposed and amiable man, he appears to have been negligent and inefficient in the discharge of many of his duties. His two sons grew up in iniquity, unrestrained

by parental authority, and the Lord signally rebuked his neglect. The armies of Israel were smitten by the Philistines, and they said: "It is because we have not the Ark of God with us." They sent to Shiloh, and contrary to all precedent, took the Ark of God from its place in the Tabernacle, placed it at the head of their army, and again went out to meet their enemy. But Israel had sinned, and God was not with them. In vain do we have the symbols of his presence if the spirit is not with us. And now by the gate of this city, Eli, still anxious for the honor of Israel and the safety of the ark, sat waiting for tidings from the battle-field. A runner approaches, and cautiously announces the result: "Israel is smitten before the Philistines." Heavy news for the man of God. "There has been a great slaughter, and thirty thousand of our men have perished." Worse and worse. "Thy two sons, Hophni and Phineas, are slain." Alas, those wicked sons; what a blow to an aged parent's heart; but still the old man could bear up under it. "And the Ark of God is taken captive." This was the heaviest blow of all, for he loved the ark before which he had so often sprinkled the blood of atonement. When he heard this he fell from his seat; his neck was broken, and life was extinct. So vividly, as I stood on this ground, was this tragic scene before me, I almost involuntarily looked about me, wondering if the place where this old servant of God expired could not still be found. That Ark never returned to Shiloh; Israel ceased to gather here, and the place was eventually forsaken.

As I looked down upon the valley, I was struck with the appropriateness of the place for the assembling of a large concourse of people. In that beautiful valley, and along those sloping hill-sides, thousands upon thousands could have been congregated, and all have been in the immediate vicinity and within sight of the Tabernacle of God. This valley, during the days of the Judges, was made the scene of a singular adventure by the remnant of the Benjaminites, who escaped from the frightful massacre with which their brethren had been visited by the other tribes for the horrid crime perpetrated at Gibeah. Their women had all been slain, and the other tribes

had all bound themselves by oath they would not give them their daughters for wives. Knowing the maidens of Shiloh held an annual festival in honor of the ark, by the connivance of the elders of Israel, two hundred of these young Benjaminites hid themselves in the vineyards upon these hill-sides, and while the daughters of Shiloh were engaged in their open-air festivities, they suddenly sprang upon them from their hiding places, and each man seized upon a damsel, and bore her away as his future wife.

Leaving Shiloh, we soon reached the main road, a troop of the impudent natives following us nearly a mile, sometimes holding on to our bridle-reins, clamoring for backsheesh. A one-eyed, ruffianly-looking fellow had my horse by the head full fifteen minutes, until tired of his importunities, I gave him a piaster, when the insolent vagabond left me.

We had been riding among the steep declivities and rocky passes of Benjamin; we were now emerging into the more fertile vales of Ephraim. The hills became more sloping, the valleys broader and more fertile. A succession of hills and vales were passed. At last we wound our weary way up a high ridge of land, and upon reaching the summit, what a view greeted our eyes! Before us, stretched away for many miles, a beautiful valley, teeming with luxuriant crops; to the left of it peered up the round-top of Gerizim, and just beyond it the more sullen-looking brow of Ebal, while far in the distance, old Hermon lifted his hoary peaks into the clouds, covered with huge banks of snow glistening in the sunlight. From this interesting hight we rapidly descended, wound around the base of Gerizim, having the beautiful "Valley of Cornfields" upon our right, passed Jacob's Well, which we will not stop to examine now, as we shall return to it again when we have more leisure, and about 4 o'clock pitched our tents under some old olive trees by the walls of

NABULOUS, OR OLD SHECHEM.

This city has an old and interesting history, reaching back four thousand years. In the striking and impressive events connected with it, it holds a place next to Jerusalem and the

plain of the Jordan. It is the Shechem of the Old Testament, the Sychar of the New. In the Roman conquest it seems to have been completely destroyed, but was re-built by Vespasian, and called Neapolis, *New City*, which in Arabic is now called Nabulous, usually pronounced *Nab-loos*. Dr. Barclay, by previous arrangement, again met us here, having came from Jaffa for that purpose. We are to spend one day and two nights here, and shall have full time to visit all the interesting localities of the place. Our visit completed here, a part of the company are to go with the Doctor to explore the ruins of old Cæsarea upon the sea-coast, with a view of ascertaining the feasibility of establishing a settlement there, while the other part of our company will proceed to Beirut, by the way of Mount Carmel. To-night we will look at the history of the place; to-morrow we will make an excursion about the city and mountains.

The first account we have of this spot is in connection with Abraham's entrance into the land. At the age of seventy-five years, in obedience to the call of God, he left Ur first, then Haran, crossed the Jordan, and passed through the land "*into the place of Sichem*," the Canaanite being then in the land. Wherever this patriarch went he took his religion with him. Here, though among an idolatrous people, he built an altar unto the Lord, and here God promised him an inheritance in the land. Here, then, we have pitched our tent, where Abraham sojourned, and upon the very ground where stood the first altar that Canaan saw consecrated to Jehovah God!

Jacob, after his sojourn in Messopotamia, returned with his numerous family, his flocks and herds, and following in the steps of his grandfather Abraham, came to Salem, a city of Shechem, there pitched his tents, and bought from Hamor, the father of Shechem, the piece of ground of which we shall have occasion to speak hereafter. As if to perpetuate the remembrance of this visit of Jacob, on the slope of one of the hills opposite this valley, and not more than two miles distant, is a little village, now called *Salim*. Here, too, in imitation of his great progenitor, he built an altar, and called it El-Elohe-Israel, *God the God of Israel*. But this place was not only early

honored with the altars of God, here the earth was stained with the blood of revenge; for it was here Simeon and Levi, for the wrong done their sister, treacherously brought the men of the city into their power, and slew all the males, including Hamor and Shechem his father, with the edge of the sword. Gen. xxxiv. Other events we shall have occasion to describe as we take our walks about the place.

THE SAMARITANS.

We have brought letters of introduction from Dr. Levishon and Prof. Krauss of Jerusalem to Mr. Shellabar, (I am not sure I have the name right, I spell it as pronounced,) a leading man among the Samaritans; and as we have time this evening to go into the city, we will improve the opportunity and make arrangements for our excursion to-morrow. We found Mr. Shellabar a kind-hearted, intelligent man, and able to converse fluently in English, and as he was brought up in this city, and is well posted in all matters pertaining to the place, we considered ourselves peculiarly fortunate in making his acquaintance. With two such persons with us as Mr. S. and Dr. B., we shall be able to spend our time here to the best advantage. There is a remnant of the old Samaritan stock still existing here, maintaining the faith and forms of worship handed down from generation to generation, as they believe, from the very time of Moses. Among these Mr. S. was born and bred. They believe as firmly as in the days of the Savior that in this mountain—Gerizim—men ought to worship, and there only will they offer their sacrifices. They have a priest, who, they claim, is a lineal descendant of Aaron, and they assert that the priesthood has continued in an unbroken succession among them. Their present priest is quite aged, and the only person in the priestly line that can succeed him is a nephew, now about twenty years old. Their scriptures are the five books of Moses only. Of these they have, as they claim, very ancient copies, of which we have spoken in connection with Dr. Levishon's labors at Jerusalem, and of which we shall speak again, as we expect to see the old copy, written, they say, by the great grandson of Aaron. They adhere strictly to the Mosaic law, prohibiting

Mounts Ebal and Gerizim.

any alliance with other sects, and never marrying out of the pale of their own society. The consequence is, they are constantly diminishing, and are now reduced, all told, to about one hundred and thirty. Mr. S. informed us that they had several young men, who were living single, *because they had no wives for them!* They live by themselves, despised, and often illy treated by their Mohammedan rulers. A fine stone structure in the city, about one thousand years old, was formerly their synagogue, but it was wrested from them by their oppressors and turned into a mosque, and they compelled to worship in a more obscure and humble place. I was much interested in this remnant of an ancient race, and these representatives of an ancient religion, for I was not aware, until I mingled with them here, that they had kept themselves so completely separated from all foreign alliances. We shall learn more of them tomorrow.

ASCENT OF GERIZIM.

April 17th. Before we commence our walk this morning, let us endeavor to have a definite idea of the localities of the places we are to visit. Referring to the picture of Gerizim and Ebal, standing in the foreground, just where you see the small figures of men and horses, you are upon the beautiful "Plain of Cornfields," along the left side of which we came as we approached the city. The round-topped mountain upon the left is Gerizim, the "*Mount of Blessings;*" the bolder and rougher looking one upon the right is Ebal, the "*Mount of Cursing.*" Just at the opening of the narrow valley that separates them is Jacob's Well, and a short distance from it, partly towards Ebal, is Joseph's Tomb; while from a half to three-fourths of a mile up the valley is Shechem, or Nabulous. The valley between these mountains is a beautiful one—a fine stream of water dashing along its pebbly bed, fields of corn, large olive trees, and orchards of various kinds of fruits, while the town, with its gray walls and numerous domes, lies nestling under the base of Gerizim, almost concealed by the tangled growth of trees and shrubbery that surrounds it.

We left the city and took a circuitous path to reach the sum-

mit of Gerizim by as gentle an ascent as possible. At the hight of about two hundred feet we came upon a conspicuous fountain of water, sending a large, refreshing stream down towards the city, which seemed now to lie almost directly beneath our feet. Standing thus and looking down upon the domes and minarets of the city, one can readily understand how it was that Jotham could stand here, and make his taunting speech of the parable of the trees and the bramble, in the presence of all the city, (Judges ix.,) and then make his escape before the men of the city could reach him.

The mountain rises about eight hundred feet above the plain. The soil is rich and capable of cultivation to the very top. As we came near the summit Mr. S. pointed out to us a small spot of ground inclosed by a low, rude stone wall. This, he informed us, belonged to the Samaritans, having been purchased by his grandfather for their exclusive use. Here they come up three times a year to worship the God of their fathers. The anniversary of the Passover is their great annual festival. On this occasion, all that are able to leave their homes, men, women and children, make a pilgrimage up the mount, taking tents with them, prepared to spend a night upon the summit. On this piece of ground they encamp, and make preparations for the solemn feast. Calling our attention to a hollow spot in the ground: "Here," he says, "is where the paschal lambs are slain. Seven men, each with a lamb, arrange themselves in a circle around these stones; the priest stands upon that little eminence yonder and watches the setting sun. The seven men have their victims bound, and knives raised ready to let fall the blow. The moment the sun disappears below the horizon, the word is given; the knives fall, and the quivering victims are writhing in the agonies of death." Then pointing to another similar place, "Here," he says, "is the place where the flesh is roasted in the fire; and here is where the bones, and what remains after the feast is over, are burned." These last two places had the remnants of the fires that had been kindled still remaining, and on raking open the ashes of the latter place, I found the remains of some of the bones of the last sacrifice, partially charred, which I brought away with me.

From this place we had but a few rods to go, and we stood on the site of their ancient temple. A large portion of the rock has been graded down, and is as level as a house floor, but every vestige of the walls has disappeared. This spot is to the Samaritan what Mount Moriah and the site of Solomon's Temple is to the Jew. It is holy ground, and he takes off his shoes when he steps upon it. They claim that here is the place that Melchisedek met Abraham, and that on this mount Abraham offered Isaac; and here our guide pointed out to us twelve stones, which they believe to be the veritable ones taken by command of Joshua from the bed of the Jordan, when the waters were divided before the Ark of God! and here they believe the ark was brought and the tabernacle set up.

After the return from the Babylonish captivity, a mongrel race of Jews and Gentiles inhabited this portion of the country. They adopted the Pentateuch, and the leading features of the Jewish faith, but the Jews rejected them, and shut them from the Temple at Jerusalem. This led to the erection of a Temple on Gerizim, and to the claim set up by them that it was the true place of worship; hence the long and obstinate religious feud that is perpetuated even to this day. This Samaritan Temple upon Gerizim was probably built about four hundred and twenty years B. C.; when it was finally destroyed, it is difficult now to tell. Upon the top of the mount are the ruins of an immense structure, reaching about four hundred feet in one direction and two hundred in another. It is a massive piece of work, built of hewn stone, and among the ruins are several deep wells and cisterns. Some suppose it to be the ruins of the old Samaritan Temple. The Samaritans, however, do not claim it as such, and most writers suppose it to be the remains of an old Roman fortress built by Justinian. The view from the top of this mountain is one of the finest and most extensive in all Palestine. Upon the west are the waters of the Mediterranean, with a portion of the Plain of Sharon and Jaffa lying upon the sea shore; on the east you look down into the valley of the Jordan; while far beyond it, the view is bounded by the great mountain chain stretching far away from north to south, and

rising peak over peak; to the north, old Hermon lifts his towering form high into the heavens, his snow-capped peaks wrapped in clouds of mist; while all around you are the mountains of Ephraim, the former home and great stronghold of this powerful branch of the house of Joseph. "The rich plains and valleys are seen winding like a green net-work among them, waving with corn, and fat with the olive and the vine."

THE PLACE OF BLESSING AND CURSING.

We now descended part way down the mountain-side toward Ebal, to get a view of the probable place of the assembling of the tribes under Joshua, to pronounce the blessings and the curses upon Israel. In the narrowest portion of the valley there was a kind of projection or spur upon the side of Gerizim, and as we looked across there seemed to be a corresponding one upon the side of Ebal. The valley here is not more than sixty rods broad. Here, we almost involuntarily said, must be the place of that august and solemn assemblage! This meeting was appointed by Moses before his death, and particular directions given how it should be conducted. Here, after the conquest of the land, Joshua assembled the tribes; six of them were placed on this side, and six on yonder Ebal—these to bless, those to curse—the vast multitudes, no doubt, covering the mountain-sides and filling the plain below. Here we sat down, took out our bibles, and read aloud the blessings and the curses as they were pronounced on that solemn occasion. Deut. xxvii. xxviii. The ark of the covenant was here, the elders, and officers, and judges ranged round it—the whole nation of Israel were here, with their women and little ones. "This was," says Thompson, "beyond question or comparison, the most august assembly the sun has ever shone upon; and I never stand in the narrow plain, with Ebal and Gerizim rising on either hand to the sky, without involuntarily recalling and reproducing the scene. I have shouted to hear the echo, and then fancied how it must have been when the loud-voiced Levites proclaimed from the naked cliffs of Ebal, 'Cursed be the man that maketh any graven image, an abomination unto Jehovah.' And the tremendous AMEN! tenfold louder, from the

mighty congregation, rising, and swelling, and re-echoing from Ebal to Gerizim, and from Gerizim to Ebal. AMEN! Even so let him be accursed. No, there never was an assembly to compare with this." Here, also, Joshua set up pillars of stone, with the words of the law engraven on them. From this point we made a direct and rapid descent toward

JACOB'S WELL.

Jacob's Well! What traveler through Palestine fails to visit it? What journalist does not describe it? It is one of the ancient landmarks; many a historic association clusters around it. Here patriarchs watered their flocks; here Jesus rested and refreshed himself, and the modern traveler sits down by it, looks inquiringly into its deep, dark depths, or lets down his cup and line for a draught of its waters. It is situated just at the opening of the valley, between Ebal and Gerizim; is nine feet in diameter, and about ninety feet deep—an excavation into the solid limestone rock. The sides are hewn smooth and regular. It must have been constructed at an enormous outlay of time and labor. An excavation about fifteen feet square, and eight or ten deep, has been made about the mouth, walled up and arched over, making a subterranean vault or chamber over the mouth of the well. The roof of this vault has now fallen in, and the loose stones and dirt have accummulated about the mouth below, and the natives have rolled a large stone over the opening, to prevent the loose material from falling into the well. This gave the well formerly two mouths or openings, one in the roof of the arched vault, one opening from the floor of the vault beneath. It is this circumstance, I presume, that has given rise to the discrepancies in the reports of different travelers, as to the depth of the well, some measuring from the lower mouth, some from the opening in the vault above. From the lower mouth it is seventy-five feet deep.

We let down a line, with a cup attached, and drew up some of the water, which each of our company tasted. The well has no living spring or fountain, probably never had. Mr. S. informed us that the depth of water varied according to the season of the year; during the rainy season it accummulates

to the depth of fifteen to twenty feet, and in time of drought sometimes entirely disappears. It may be this circumstance of the failure of the water, that gave an intensity of meaning to the words of the Savior as he talked with the woman: "If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that said to thee, give me to drink, thou wouldst have asked of him, and he would have given the *living* water." John iv. 10. A portion of ground about the well has formerly been inclosed by a stone wall, but it is now in a sadly dilapidated condition. Near by the well are the ruins of an old stone church, built in the times of the Crusaders. Among the ruins I noticed two or three finely wrought granite columns. This renowned parcel of ground, bought by Jacob of the children of Hamor, near eighteen hundred years before Christ, for one hundred pieces of money, has recently been sold again, Mr. S. informing us that he assisted in the negotiation. It has been bought by the Greeks, who paid for it one hundred thousand piasters. They have already commenced improving the grounds, and are inclosing about one-fourth of an acre with a heavy stone wall, with a view, I presume, to reconstructing the old church, and perhaps adding a convent, so that it will not be long before from the spot on which Jacob built his altar, where Samaritans and Mohammedans have worshiped, the songs of Christian praise will again be heard.

This well was to me one of the deeply interesting places of the Holy Land. Here we were, upon the great road along which Jesus "must needs" travel in his journey from Jerusalem to Galilee. To this well he came, and weary with his journey, on its open mouth he sat. To yonder city his disciples went to buy meat, and here alone, during the burning heat of the day, he reposed. Two thousand years have not changed the scenery, while the customs of the inhabitants, in many particulars, remain the same. Sitting here upon this well, you may still see the women passing and repassing, with their water-pots upon their heads, just as in those ancient times. There, right before us, rises the mountain summit of Gerizim; here are the Samaritans, just as tenaciously contending with the Jews about the place of worship, as they did

when the woman, standing on this spot, referred the great question to Jesus: "Our fathers worshiped in *this* mountain [Gerizim], and ye say that in Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship." I could not but feel that this well, these mountians, and that city, were so many monuments, planted and perpetuated by the wisdom and power of God, upon which he has inscribed the evidences of his own truth. Here men come, and sit and read the instructive lessons of Divine revelation, and all the surroundings bring vividly to mind and witness to the truth of the story of Jesus! Here it was Joshua was commanded to set up pillars of stone, and inscribe the law of God upon them, that Israel might know his commandments. Here, too, a greater than Israel's leader, our own JOSHUA, has left his memorial records, designed to keep fresh in our minds the remembrance of the great fountain from which we must draw the water of life.

JOSEPH'S TOMB.

From his home in Hebron, Joseph, then a mere lad, came to this field, seeking his brethren as they led their flocks among the rich pastures of this valley. A man found him wandering about here and sent him to Dothan, whither his brethren had gone. What befell him there, at the hands of his envious brothers, all well know. Had that lad Joseph, as he wandered about these grounds, had power to look by prophetic ken down the long vista of the future, what strange scenes of history would have passed before his vision!

Nearly one hundred years passed away. In a distant land, in a princely palace, surrounded by the wealth and splendor of an eastern court, as prime minister of one of the most powerful nations of earth, he lay upon his dying bed. His children and kindred gathered around him to close his eyes in death. "God," said he to his people, "will assuredly visit you and bring you out of this land unto the land which he sware to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob." There and then he exacted of them an oath, that they would carry up his bones with them when they went out of Egypt. Long years passed away, strange events transpired, and his descendants,

led by the wisdom and power of God, reared up their altars in this valley. "And the bones of Joseph, which the children of Israel brought up out of Egypt, buried they in Shechem, in a parcel of ground which Jacob bought of the sons of Hamor the father of Shechem, for an hundred pieces of silver." Josh. xxiv. 32.

Leaving the well, we passed a short distance across the plain toward the base of Ebal, when we entered a little square area, inclosed by a high stone wall, neatly whitewashed. Across one end of this little inclosure is a Moslem tomb, surmounted by a dome—*the Tomb of Joseph.* Samaritan and Jew, Moslem and Christian, alike revere it, and honor it with their visits. We paused a few moments in the interior, musing upon the strange vicissitudes in the life of him whose dust was here moldering under the shadow of Ebal and Gerizim. The Tomb of Joseph!—the dutiful son—the affectionate, forgiving brother—the virtuous man—the wise prince and ruler! Egypt felt his influence; the world knows his history. Thirty-five hundred years have not effaced the memory of his integrity and wisdom; his holy, useful life instructs us, travelers from all climes come and meditate in the shadow of his monument, and his tomb preaches to us! I plucked a few leaves and flowers from the shrubs and vines that ornament the interior of the inclosure, and with my companions turned away toward the city.

THE OLD MANUSCRIPT.

We have before spoken of the old manuscript of the Samaritan Pentateuch, procured from this people by Dr. Levishon and Prof. Krauss of Jerusalem. They have one in their synagogue here, for which they claim an antiquity quite astounding. Nothing but a liberal backsheesh can overcome the strong reluctance of the priest to exhibit to infidel eyes this remarkable document. The letter we had brought from Jerusalem paved the way, and a gold sovereign overcame all scruples. Divested of our shoes, we entered their little synagogue sanctuary, and stood before their altar. A richly wrought curtain concealed a recess, from which the young priest brought out the remarkable document and set it upon

the table before us—the five books of Moses, written upon beautiful parchment, in the ancient Samaritan character, (these Samaritans say the character used by Moses,) done up in the form of a scroll, now kept in an elegant silver case, rolled in an antique looking cloth of blue, purple and scarlet, interwoven with threads of gold. As it is of comparatively recent date that these manuscripts have been known to the world, and exhibited to travelers, there has as yet been but little opportunity of testing their claim to antiquity. If the one now in possession of Dr. L., at Jerusalem, was written, as he believes, while the first temple was standing, it is nothing unreasonable to suppose that this may have been written while as yet the Hebrews worshiped in the old Tabernacle. Such antiquity at any rate they claim for it. The transcriber's imprint is wrought in one portion of the scroll into the text in the form of an acrostic, and reads: "Written by Abishua, *son of Phineas*, SON OF ELEAZAR, SON OF AARON!" Did I then look upon a copy of the Pentateuch, transcribed by a great grandson of the first Hebrew High Priest! The stones set up by Joshua, inscribed with the law, perished under the wasting influence of time and the devastations of war, and are known no more. Did God hide away these copies written on parchment, and has he kept them secreted from the world for more than *three thousand* years, that in the fullness of time they may be brought from their obscurity and testify to the antiquity of his revelation? It may be so. Some sincerely believe it. Dr. Levishon's fac-simile of the one in his possession will soon be before the world, and scholars will have an opportunity of investigating its claims.

Two or three hours of the evening were spent looking about the city, climbing about the rugged sides of Ebal, and recalling the prominent incidents that have here transpired. We wondered where that oak stood under which Jacob buried the ear-rings, and strange gods that had perverted the worship of his family! We recalled that solemn assembly, when Joshua gathered all Israel at this place, and gave them his earnest dying advice. We thought on the strange anomalies existing here, as seen in the oldest and yet the smallest religious sect

in the world, and how in this vale, and on these hills, worship has been perpetuated, almost without change, from the days of Abraham.

THE LEPERS OF SHECHEM.

April 18. This city is one of the principal resorts of the lepers that still infest the land, and among whom that awful disease—a type of sin in the moral constitution of man—is still perpetuated. Our tent was pitched under the shadow of some venerable old olive trees, that must have seen the changes of many hundreds of years. There is something interesting in the olive; a thousand scriptural associations are connected with it. The morning was pleasant, and leaving our tent, our breakfast table was spread in the open air, under the overhanging boughs of one of these old trees. A large number of the lounging villagers, men, women and children, gathered around us. Among the rest came a company of disgusting looking lepers, and seated themselves upon the ground, in a sort of semi-circle, only a few feet from our table. Much as I commiserated their sad condition, I could not endure the sight of them so near me, especially at meal time, and I asked the dragoman to send them away. This he did with considerable rudeness, when, retiring to a more respectful distance, they again seated themselves in the same manner. Breakfast over, knowing they had come to beg, and feeling a sympathy for them, I counted, and saw fourteen sitting in the company, side by side. A lad from the city was there with a basket full of barley loaves for sale. I bargained with him for a quantity, and taking a loaf for each, went up to them, and commenced the distribution. They immediately rose and clustered close about me, eager to snatch the proffered gift, and before I had finished the distribution, their number, as if by magic, seemed to be doubled, and each, as he got his loaf, hid it under his loose garment, and stretched out his hand for more. I saw at once I had a larger contract than I had bargained for, and that when *I* undertook to feed the hungry, it was the people that were multiplied, and not the loaves; so I made a hasty retreat from the unpleasant crowd.

OLD OLIVE TREES.

CHAPTER X.

FROM GERIZIM AND SHECHEM TO NAZARETH—OLD SAMARIA—JEZREEL—MOUNT TABOR—SEA OF GALILEE.

April 18*th*. Leaving Shechem, our road, for nearly an hour, lay through the beautiful Valley of Nabulous. A fine stream of water goes dashing along its pebbly bed, a rare and cheerful sight in this now thirsty land. Not far from the city we passed the remains of an old aqueduct, probably Roman; several fine stone arches still standing. We also passed a mill for grinding corn, the first one I have seen in this country turned by water. A ride of two and a half hours, over a road far better than any we had before traveled, brought us to Samaria, once the capital of this portion of the country, now called Sebaste or Sebustieh. As we traveled northward the fertility of the land seemed constantly increasing. The inhabitants were a stout, robust-looking race, all armed, even when about their homes and most ordinary business. Each man usually carried a flint-lock gun, an old, antique-looking broad sword stuck in his belt, and sometimes pistols. As we approached Samaria, there was a beautiful diversity of hill and dale; the sloping hill-sides crowned with verdure to the very summits.

At half-past 9 o'clock we reached Samaria, the ancient capital of this portion of the country, now called *Sebaste*. It is a miserable Arab village of about sixty houses, and is all that now remains to mark the spot where a large city once stood, and royalty held court in the midst of beautiful palaces and extensive colonnades. Of the modern village, the chief attraction to the traveler is an old pile of ruins, dating back to the days of the Crusaders, known as the Church and Tomb of St. John.

It stands upon the hill-side, a little east of the village, and

the only portion of it in a sufficient state of repair to be used is now occupied by the Moslem inhabitants as a mosque. Beneath the ruins of this old church, in a little chamber deeply cut in the rock, is the reputed tomb of John the Baptist, called by the Arabs Neby Yahya. It was this tomb we desired most to visit; and apprised beforehand of the rude character of the inhabitants, Dr. Barclay, who was still with us, had procured a firman from the governor of Nabulous, whose jurisdiction extends to this place also, ordering the authorities to allow us to enter. To enforce the firman, he sent with us two armed soldiers from the standing guard kept at the former city. Some of our company had gone on in advance, and apprised of our approach, a rude rabble of citizens gathered around the church. The keeper of the place demanded an exorbitant backsheesh as a condition of opening the door. This we refused to pay, knowing it was a lawless act in them to attempt to obstruct the order of the governor of Nabulous. The soldiers coming up, Dr. B. appealed to them to enforce the order, and open the doors for us. By this time a fierce-looking set had gathered around, armed with guns and cutlasses, evidently bent on mischief. They set us, soldiers, firman and all, at defiance, and demanded the backsheesh as the only terms of admittance. The soldiers, seeing the state of things, refused to enforce the order; and after looking about the ruins, we left, much to their disappointment, for they had evidently calculated we would pay the backsheesh, or fight our way through; but we thought best neither to encourage their insolent demands, nor get into a quarrel with them. For one, however, I confess I was considerably disappointed; I did want to stand by the tomb, and look upon the spot where moldered the remains of the man who preached in the wilderness of Judea, baptized Jesus in the Jordan, who dared to rebuke a wicked king, and whose head alone could appease the wrath of an offended paramour.

THE ANCIENT CITY.

We rode over the hill to get a view of the location of the ancient city, and some of the ruins that still remain. The origin of it is readily told: "In the thirty and first year of Asa,

King of Judah, began Omri to reign over Israel twelve years; six years reigned he in Tirzah. And he bought the *hill of Samaria* of Shemer for two talents of silver, and built on the hill, and called the name of the city which he built after the name of Shemer, owner of the hill, Samaria." 1 Kings, xvi. 23, 24. The site was certainly a most appropriate and picturesque one. Here is a beautiful valley about five miles in circumference, surrounded by lofty hills covered with vegetation. In the very center of this valley is a flatish, oval hill, upon which the ancient town was built—a hill within an amphitheatre of hills, surrounded on every side by a beautiful valley. "No better site," says one, "could have been selected for a capital, in all the length and breadth of Palestine—a strong position, rich environs, a central situation, and an elevation sufficient to catch, untainted, the cool, healthy breezes from the sea."

As we rode around the brow of the hill we passed along the ruins of an ancient colonnade, probably belonging to the days of Herod. There were two rows of columns, about fifty feet apart. These columns were sixteen feet high, and about two feet in diameter; some of them are still standing, and the whole highth can be seen above ground; some of them are broken off near the ground, and some can be seen lying about, scattered among the ruined terraces. This remarkable colonnade extended about three thousand feet, and in one part of it some sixty of the columns can yet be seen standing. Having passed along this ancient pathway, marked by majestic columns, we left our horses, climbed over the stone walls, along the terraces, and through cultivated fields of grain and olive groves, to the top of the hill. Here we found in one place an open area, once surrounded with columns, fifteen of which are still standing. On the northeast side of the hill is another remarkable cluster of these columns. They are arranged in the form of a quadrangle, and the space inclosed, one hundred and ninety-six paces long, has been leveled by the hand of art. Fifteen whole columns are still standing, and the original number to complete the inclosure must have been one hundred and seventy. These, as well as other ruins, attest the former greatness and magnificence of the city. Around this hill and in the immediate vi-

cinity of this ancient city have transpired some of the interesting scenes of biblical history. Omri died, and was succeeded by Ahab, who married the notorious Jezebel, daughter of the King of Sidon. Instigated by his idolatrous wife, he built here a magnificent temple dedicated to Baal, planted a grove, and ran into the wildest excesses of heathen abominations, so much so, it is said, he "did more to provoke the Lord God of Israel to anger than all the kings of Israel that were before him." Here was the scene of some of the striking events in the lives of Elijah and Elisha. The King of Syria was at war with Israel, and he was astonished and perplexed to find that the King of Israel was acquainted with all his movements. Suspecting he had a traitor in his camp, he called a council and made the inquiry: "Who among us is for the King of Israel?" One of his servants said: "None, my Lord, O King; but Elisha the Prophet that is in Israel telleth the King of Israel the words that thou speakest in thy bed-chamber." Then he sent horses and chariots and a great host to take that prophet of the Lord, and bring him to the Syrian camp. And they came to Dothan where Elisha was, and encompassed the city. When Elisha's servant looked out upon that besieging army he cried out: "Alas, master, what shall we do?" "Fear not," said the prophet, "they are more that be for us than those that are against us." And the Lord opened the eyes of that servant, and he saw the "mountains full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." How strangely, and with what power the Lord encamps about them that fear him. "Lord," said Elisha, "smite these men with blindness;" and immediately the whole multitude were groping about in darkness. "Whom do you seek?" said Elisha, as he approached them. "This is not the way, neither is this the city. Follow me, and I will bring you to the man you want!" And he led them into the midst of this very city, Samaria! "Lord," said Elisha again, "open the eyes of these men." What was their astonishment to find themselves prisoners in the very court of the King of Israel. "What shall I do?" said the King to Elisha; "shall I smite them?" "No. Thou shalt not smite them. Wouldst thou smite those whom thou hast taken captive with thy

sword?" The good and the great are always magnanimous. "Feed them," said the prophet, and let them go." They came to their master with the strange story of their mission. The King of Syria was at an utter loss to know how to carry on a warfare with such an enemy, and he immediately left the country.

That plain also upon which we look down from this hill, was the scene of two unsuccessful attempts of Benhadad to take Samaria. The first time, he was defeated in consequence of a drunken frolic, in which himself and chief officers were engaged—not the only or last time a battle has been lost through the incapacity of drunken officers. Upon another occasion, that same king closely besieged this city, and the inhabitants were driven to the utmost extremity by famine. The king, clothed in sackcloth, had his soul wrought up to the most intense degree of anguish, by the appeal of one of the mothers of the city. "What aileth thee?" said the king. "This woman said unto me: Give thy son, that we may eat him to-day, and we will eat my son to-morrow." The first part of this horrid covenant was consummated and the child cooked and eaten; "and now," continued the complaining mother, "she hath hid her son." In the midst of these indescribable horrors, Elisha sat in his house, his life hunted by the king, and when a messenger from that king with a warrant to slay him stood in his presence, the prophet met him fearlessly. "Thus saith the Lord, to-morrow about this time shall a measure of fine flour be sold for a shekel, and two measures of barley for a shekel in the gate of Samaria." The story is too long to narrate here. But that night the Lord filled the besieging hosts of the Syrians with imaginary dread, and they fled, leaving every thing behind them. All their immense stores fell into the hands of the Samaritans, and the words of the prophet were made true. 2 Kings, vii.

It was to this city Naaman came to be healed of his leprosy. To this idolatrous city, in less than one year after the Savior's death, Philip came preaching Christ, and here was organized the first Christian church out of Jerusalem. Of the glory of ancient Samaria, nothing now remains but heaps of stones and

mutilated columns. Where once costly palaces stood, and mighty kings reigned, the half-civilized fellah builds his miserable hovel; while along these valleys, where great armies encamped, and bloody battles were fought, the wandering Bedawin leads his flocks and pitches his tent. But the Handwriting of God is here, and the discerning eye of the traveler cannot fail to read it. Recall the fearful doom pronounced by the prophet Micah: "*I will make Samaria as an heap of the field and as plantings of a vineyard; and I will pour down the stones thereof into the valley, and I will discover the foundations thereof.*" Now look about you and see the heaps of buried ruins, the vineyards and olive trees covering the site of ancient temples and palaces; see how they have *gathered up the stones* from the rich soil *and rolled them down into heaps into the valley below!* Was there ever a more exact and literal fulfillment of a prophetic declaration?

Passing down the hill, and through the village, we stopped to talk and bargain with the natives; they gathered around us, rude and boisterous, picked our pockets when they could get a chance—they stole from me two pocket-handkerchiefs—and made themselves so annoying we were glad to take our departure. From Samaria we passed over a fertile portion of the country, leaving Dothan a little to the right, but crossing the rich pasture lands where the sons of Jacob led their flocks when Joseph followed them, and where they consummated their wicked designs for his ruin by first casting him into a pit, and afterwads selling him to the Ishmaelites. We encamped for the night at Jenin, the ancient En-gannim, a Levitical city of Issachar, just at the opening of the great plain of Esdrælon, and on the northern border of Samaria.

THE MOUNTAINS OF GILBOA.

April 19*th.* A short ride over the plain northward, and we were winding around the western point of Gilboa. As we looked out over the naked ridge, the defeat of Saul and Jonathan, and the pathetic lament of David, were fresh in our minds. Saul was encamped at the base of these mountains, and the multitude of Philistines spread themselves over the plain. Saul,

the night before, had made his way over the opposite hills of Hermon to consult the witch of Endor, and his interview with the disturbed spirit of Samuel had not been such as to arouse any hope of victory. He returned disheartened to his camp, conscious that some terrible calamity was impending. As he sat that night in the midst of his camp, gloomy and dejected, the poet represents him as pronouncing his own doom:

"My kingdom from me rent, my children slain,
My army lost, myself from hope cast out—
The seer hath spoken well. All is achieved.
David, thou art avenged."

In the morning the onset was made. The army of Israel was driven back upon these mountains of Gilboa. "The battle went sore against Saul, and the archers hit him." "I am sore wounded; slay me," said he to his armor-bearer, "lest these uncircumcised come and thrust me through and abuse me." But he would not lift up his hand against the Lord's anointed. Then Saul took a sword and fell upon it. The next day the Philistines found Saul and his three sons slain in Mount Gilboa.

The news of this sad event was brought to David, who was already apprised that he was to be the successor in the honors of the kingdom. He had no feelings of malignity to be gratified in this untimely fate of one who had treated him with base cruelty and ingratitude, while to Jonathan his heart had been bound by ties of love and friendship such as earth seldom knows. His lament over their death is one of the most beautiful and pathetic ever put on record. The magnanimity and poetic tenderness of his nature rose superior to every feeling of revenge or ambitious rivalry. He mourned, wept and fasted for Saul and Jonathan his son, and the deep emotions of his heart found vent in the most passionate exclamations:

"The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places;
How are the mighty fallen!
Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askalon,
Lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice,
Lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph;
Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew,

Neither let there be rain upon you nor fields of offering;
For there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away,
The shield of Saul as though he had not been anointed with oil.
How are the mighty fallen in the midst of battle!
O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thine high places!
How are the mighty fallen and the weapons of war perished!"

RUINS OF ANCIENT JEZREEL.

After reaching the base of Gilboa, a short ride brought us to Jezreel, now called Zerin, a village of about twenty wretched looking houses, built of mud and stone. It is upon a little eminence in the midst of the plain, commanding an extensive and beautiful view. An old stone tower in the midst of the village attracted our attention as the most imposing object in the town. Its rooms have been thrown open to the sheep and goats, and they have herded here and climbed the stone stairways till the uppermost rooms are filled with their filth. We succeeded, by dint of hard climbing, in reaching the tower, where we remained for some time studying the localities of the various strange incidents that had transpired in this immediate vicinity. Here we looked out over the great Plain of Esdrælon, stretching away for miles in beauty and fertility towards the Mediterranean Sea. On the west was Carmel; on the northwest the hills of Galilee, among the quiet vales of which Jesus spent his boyhood.

This Plain of Esdrælon is one of the great battle-fields of the world. Its length is about eighteen miles, its breadth from twelve to fifteen miles. It is the ancient "Plain of Megiddo," and the numerous battles fought here is supposed to have suggested to the Apostle John his name of the battle-ground on which the last great conflict between the hosts of good and evil shall take place. He saw these powers gathered against each other into a place, called, in the Hebrew tongue, "*Armageddon*," that is, the "*City of Megiddo*."

Looking away across the plain towards Carmel, the base of which is washed by the river Kishon, our eye rested on the battle-field, where, more than three thousand years ago, Deborah and Barak overcame and made such terrible slaughter among the hosts of Sisera—the event that gave rise to the sub-

lime song of Deborah, in which the kings of Canaan fought by the waters of Megiddo, the stars in their courses fought against Sisera, and the river Kishon swept them away. Here, too, we looked out upon the field where Necho, King of Egypt, encamped on his way to fight against Carchemish by Euphrates. Josiah, King of Judah, rashly came up here and pitched battle with him, and here he received his death wound. On this plain the Crusaders have fought, and here, in still later times, Napoleon came to meet, in deadly strife, the Saracenic foe.

Now let us turn and look down at our feet. On this very ground was once the proud capital of Samaria. Where these miserable Arab huts now stand, the place was once adorned by royal palaces; and here was the court of that wicked woman Jezebel. Here was the vineyard of Naboth—it appears to me it would be easy to select the very spot, just upon the plain there that opens away toward the Jordan, and near the walls of the city. Jezebel's conspiracy against Naboth, his cruel murder, the seizure of his vineyard by the king, are all too well known to need rehearsal here. Jezebel thought that wealth and royalty might commit crime with impunity; but an omniscient God pronounced sentence against her by the mouth of his prophet: "*The dogs shall eat Jezebel by the wall of Jezreel!*" It was not long after this that strange things were transpiring about this city; for great sins will provoke terrible judgments. There stood a watchman *on a tower in Jezreel*—I almost wondered, as I read the account, if this tower on which we stood was not the very one—he saw a hostile company approaching the city, and "the driving was like the driving of Jehu, the son of Nimshi; for he driveth furiously." And Joram, King of Israel, and Ahaziah, King of Judah, went out in haste to meet him. "Is it peace, Jehu?" said Joram. "What peace," answered Jehu, "so long as the whoredoms of thy mother Jezebel, and her witchcrafts are so many?" This cutting rebuke was followed by an arrow that pierced through the heart of Joram, and they threw him in contempt into the vineyard that his mother had obtained by the murder of its owner. And now the avenger, Jehu, was in the city. "Throw her down," said he, as he looked up and saw Jezebel in the palace window.

Dashed upon the pavement, her blood was sprinkled upon the wall, and upon the horses, and they trampled her under foot; and when the messengers came to bury her, the ravenous dogs had left only her skull, feet, and the palms of her hands! We looked down upon the ground that witnessed the horrors and drank the blood of this awful tragedy, when our English friends proposed, in view of the contrast between their good queen Victoria and the bloody Jezebel, we should sing "God save the Queen." How different from the wail of that dying woman, were the strains of that old national anthem, as they floated away upon the breeze!

GIDEON'S WONDERFUL VICTORY.

A few minutes more and we had started down the valley, close along the base of Gilboa, to visit the fountain of Jezreel, where Gideon tried his army, and to ride over the field where his wonderful victory was achieved. The fountain is only a half hour's ride from Jezreel, and is now called Ain Jalud. The water flows out from a large cavity at the base of Gilboa; a wall has been erected to confine the waters, making an extensive pool, I should think two to three hundred feet broad, and twice as long; from this it flows off in a clear, copious stream, toward the Jordan. It was just here that Saul was encamped with his army the night before the sad defeat that terminated so disastrously to himself and family. But if this has been the scene of a melancholy defeat, so has it also been of one of the most remarkable victories on record. It was in the days of the Judges, three thousand years ago. The enemies of Israel were the Midianites, Amalekites, and the children of the East. They crossed the Jordan, came up this valley, "with their cattle and their tents, and as grasshoppers for multitude." Then it was the Spirit of the Lord came upon Gideon. Assured of the favor of God, he gathered an army of thirty-two thousand men and encamped on this side of the valley, while the hosts of the invaders lay along the opposite side. The Lord had a lesson to teach Israel of dependence and trust on him. "The people that are with thee are too many; whosoever is afraid let him depart." That simple test stripped

Gideon of twenty-two thousand men, and he had but ten thousand left. "Bring them to the water," said the Lord, and by this fountain they stood. Another test, from the manner in which they drank, was applied, and only *three hundred* men remained to Gideon, to subdue that countless host.

Under cover of night he stole into the camp of the Midianites, and a man was relating to his fellow how he saw in his dream a barley loaf tumbling into the camp of Midian, and it smote a tent and overturned it. This dream was to Gideon an omen of good. Then came the singular stratagem of the pitchers, the trumpets, and the lamps, and the cry that carried consternation through all the ranks of the enemy: "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon." And the Midianites turned in their consternation and fought each other. The result was a total defeat, and they were driven back over the Jordan with a great slaughter. Judges viii. It was with peculiar interest I drank from the water of this fountain, and rode over this wonderful battle-field! Thirty centuries have passed away since it happened, but it still has its lessons of faith and trust in an overruling God. Feeble instrumentalities, used in faith and owned of God, may accomplish the most wonderful results.

We now struck directly across the plain of Jezreel, here from four to five miles broad, reaching to the base of Little Hermon. We stopped to take our noonday lunch at Shunem, now called Salem. We cannot stop to rehearse the interesting event that here transpired in connection with the prophet Elisha. This is the place where "a great woman" built the "little chamber on the wall," and here the prophet was entertained as he passed back and forth in his missions through the land. Her hospitality was afterwards rewarded by the restoration of her little son to life. 2 Kings, iv.

We now passed around the western point of Little Hermon, and caught our first view of Mount Tabor, lifting its great oval form in majesty and beauty directly from the plain. One hour from Shunem we reached Nain, the village where our Savior met the funeral procession and raised the widow's son to life. From this we turned somewhat aside from our direct route, and in less than an hour we reached Endor, the home of

the witch Saul came to consult the night before his death. It is now a village of some twenty miserable houses, perched upon the hill-side, far above the valley. One thing that struck me, both here and at Nain, were the numerous caves excavated in the rocky hill-sides; they have a wild and gloomy look, and I wondered if some of them were not the very ones mentioned in connection with the invasion of the Midianites, at the time of Gideon's battle, when the terrified Israelites "made themselves dens which are in the mountains, and caves and strongholds." If witches are still to be found, I should certainly think they might be conjured up from those gloomy looking abodes. From Endor we turned back to our direct route, crossed the plain, passing a short distance from the base of Tabor, climbed over a rugged ridge of hills, and at 6 o'clock, after a long, laborious day, in which we had visited many points of interest, pitched our tents in

THE CITY OF NAZARETH.

April 20th. Here we are, in the old home of Joseph and Mary—the city where Jesus spent his early life. If you are disposed to ask, like one of old: "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" to the old question I would return the old answer: "Come and see." We are to take a walk in the city, and the memory may be refreshed, and perhaps faith strengthened, as we roam over the places where the Savior lived, walked, and taught.

We have taken our breakfast under the shade of a venerable olive tree, close by the side of the great thoroughfare that leads from the city to a fountain near by, from which a great portion of the drinking water for the inhabitants is obtained. A throng of women are continually passing and repassing, with their waterpots poised upon their heads, just as they did when Jesus was a child Along this very path he has walked again and again with his mother, as she went to fill her pitcher; indeed, it is asserted by many, that it was at that very fountain the angel met her and made the strange announcement: "Hail thou that art highly favored, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women." Luke i. 28.

This place is now called the "Fountain of the Virgin," and the Greek Christians have a large structure near it, called the "*Church of the Annunciation.*"

Nazareth, as we may learn from scripture, is built upon a hill. Beneath it is a fertile valley, and high above, covered with foliage, and crowned with a little Moslem mosque, is the bold summit of the eminence, to the side of which it clings. It has a population of about four thousand, of which probably fifteen hundred are Greeks. The others are Latin Christians, Maronites and Mohammedans. The houses are of stone, substantially built, and there is an air of thrift, enterprise and manliness about the town we had not seen in any other place since we left Jerusalem. We first visited the English Mission School, and were glad to find it in a flourishing condition. Among the children were a number whose parents were murdered in the recent massacre by the Druses.

Next we turned our steps to the Latin Convent—a neat pile of buildings, inclosed with a massive stone wall. We took a hasty walk through several portions of the building, and then entered the church—the church that covers the ancient home of Joseph and Mary! Service was being performed, and the familiar tones of the organ, and other accompaniments of worship, awakened thoughts of Christian lands. We waited till service had closed, when we descended from the main room of the building a broad flight of fifteen stone steps, into a grotto in the hill-side. In a portion of this grotto is a beautiful marble altar, beneath it a marble slab, ornamented with a cross. Here the Latins say the Virgin stood during the Annunciation! The whole interior of this sanctum and vestibule is encased with marble, ornamented with pictures, and hung with costly silver lamps. This is the "Holy Grotto" of Nazareth. From this grotto you are taken back into still deeper recesses, where the cold, rough, rocky walls are left uncovered and unadorned. In one place a staircase leads to the "Virgin Mary's Kitchen!"

From the convent and church we passed on up the hill a short distance, and were taken to the workshop of Joseph. This is also now transformed by the Latins into a chapel.

Here, they said, Jesus was accustomed to work with his father. Then we were taken to another building, said to be the synagogue in which Jesus read the scriptures on the Sabbath day. This is now owned by the Greeks, and has also been transformed into a Christian Church. It was from this synagogue that Jesus was led by his enraged fellow citizens to "the brow of the hill whereon the city was built," from which they intended to cast him down. I went out with one of my fellow travelers, the morning we left here, to see if we could find near by any precipitous place, of a hight sufficient to have answered the purpose of these murderous Nazarenes. The monks have located this place about two miles from the village, upon the brow of a steep precipice overhanging the plain. It is not likely, however, the place was so far from the town. Just in the suburbs of the town, a short distance above where our tents were pitched, we found a steep declivity that would answer all the requisitions of the scripture narrative.

Having visited the principal places of interest in the city, we climbed the lofty hill in the rear of the town, to enjoy the extensive prospect that may there be had of the surrounding country. This view is said to be one of the finest in all Palestine. To say nothing of the picturesque hills and valleys just about you, the bold summit of Tabor, the snowy peaks of Hermon, the long, dark ridge of Carmel, the great plain of Esdrælon, and the distant waters of the Mediterranean, are all in view. But from these sublime prospects my own thoughts were continually reverting to the events that had transpired just at my feet. How I wished that we could know something more of the boyhood of the Savior! Here was the home of his youth; over these hills, and about these valleys, he wandered. Here he was obedient to the authority of his parents. From this place, when but twelve years old, his parents took him up to the temple at Jerusalem, where he astonished the learned doctors by the wisdom of his questions and answers. Here he increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man. Here his mother marked these wonderful events and developments, and "pondered them in her heart." Here he was known only as the son of a carpenter, and here

his brethren and kindred lived! What a strange life was that of Jesus! At the age of thirty, from the obscurity of this vale of Nazareth, he burst like a meteor's light upon the world. His career was a brief and humble one, confined to a small extent of territory, yet he kindled a light that is enveloping the world in glory! We wonder at the strange things he wrought; but the rise, spread and power of his religion is a standing miracle, the greatest wonder of them all!

MOUNT TABOR.

At 11 o'clock our visit to Nazareth was completed, and we were on our way to visit Tiberias and the Sea of Galilee. In a little less than two hours we reached the base of Tabor. We had passed near it and had a fine view of it on our way to Nazareth, as we crossed a portion of the great plain from which it rises. Now our road lay directly across its northern base, and on this route the traveler generally takes the opportunity of ascending its summit. It projects from the south-eastern formation of the hills of Galilee. It is a grand and imposing object, an isolated mountain, between four and five miles in circumference at the base, rising like a great round-topped sugar loaf, 1,350 feet high; standing in lone and solemn grandeur, upon the great plain of Esdrælon, which forms its base. The ascent of this mountain is by a circuitous path, and occupies about one hour. It is richly adorned with verdure—oak trees, and various kinds of shrubbery, covering the top, while the sides are adorned with a great variety of beautiful flowers. On the summit are found piles of old ruins, the remnants of towns and fortifications that have existed here from the days of Joshua down to the devastations of the crusades, and from their day to this.

The great beauty, and singular position and formation of Mount Tabor, would immortalize it, and, together with the fine view from its summit, attract many travelers to it. But it has other attractions. It is one of the sacred mountains of the Bible, and standing upon it, we see around us, and beneath us, the theatre of great and instructive events. It was at this mount, while the Canaanites were oppressing Israel, that Debo-

rah, by the direction of the Almighty, gathered ten thousand men under the command of Barak. Along the base of Carmel, by yonder Kishon, lay Jabin's army, an immense multitude, with nine hundred chariots of iron, under the command of Sisera. At the given signal Barak descended from Mt. Tabor, and Sisera, with all his hosts, was smitten with the edge of the sword. This signal triumph was celebrated by a song of Deborah, the prophetess, renowned for its beauty and sublimity. Judges v.

But not merely in ancient wars has this place been celebrated. Bonaparte himself visited Mount Tabor, and added another to the baptisms of blood this hill and plain have received. On this broad plain beneath our feet, a little more than fifty years ago, an immense Turkish army of fifteen thousand infantry and twelve thousand cavalry was drawn up in battle array. Kleber marched out from Nazareth, about five miles distant, with *three thousand* men, and at once engaged in bloody strife with this *twenty-seven thousand!* We cannot stop to describe the particulars of the bloody scene. Six dreadful hours Kleber and his handful of men fought against this fearful odds, piling around them heaps on heaps of slain. At this critical juncture, Napoleon is seen wheeling down from Tabor with another division of his men. The Turks were driven down upon the Jordan, where Murat charged upon them with his cavalry, and decided the fate of the day.

And yet Tabor is not alone a mount of blood. It has witnessed other scenes that may well redeem it from these stains of human carnage. It has been gory from the blood of thousands slain; it has been covered with glory from the presence and communion of heavenly visitants. Jesus, the Son of God, "took Peter, and James, and John, and went up into a high mountain apart," and Tabor was witness of a scene in which heaven and earth had a deeper interest than all other events that cluster about this sacred mount. While He was praying, the fashion of his countenance was altered, and his raiment became white and glistering; and there appeared Moses and Elijah from Heaven, talking with him. Moses was the great lawgiver of Israel; Elijah was the chief of all the prophets.

Their mission was now accomplished. In Christ, their great successor, the prophecies centered, in him the law was fulfilled. Now they came as the representatives of types, shadows, and prophetic predictions, to lay down their mission at the feet of Him who was greater than them all! The wondering disciples were overawed by the radiant glory of their master and the presence of the heavenly visitants—a cloud overshadowed them, and they feared as they entered into it, but there they caught such glimpses of the heavenly glory and angelic company they said, "Master, it is good for us to be here."

We were now passing through the rich portion of country formerly occupied by Zebulon. We cannot detain the reader by any definite descriptions of this part of Galilee. Our road wound through fertile vales, and along rocky hills. From Tabor to Tiberias is a ride of about five hours. Winding down a steep rocky ridge, we came upon an old, dilapidated town, now called Kefr Kenna, supposed by many to be the Cana of Galilee, where Christ's first miracle—turning the water into wine—was performed. The Greeks have a little church and convent here, built, of course, on the site of the house where the marriage was performed! A priest, in a Greek cap and long black robe, made his appearance at the gate, and offered—for a backsheesh of course—to show us some of the veritable water-pots used on that memorable occasion!

As we passed on we rode over miles of rich pasture grounds, where not a house or inhabitant was to be seen, the rank grass growing to our horses' knees. Over these immense tracts the wild Bedawin roams, and occasionally a cluster of his low, black tents may be seen. As we approached the sea of Galilee we were passing a broad table-land of gentle undulations, and a little distance to our left rose up a saddle-shaped hill, known as the "Horns of Hattin." That mount is pointed out as the traditional place where our Lord delivered his sermon—the Mount of Beatitudes. It was a convenient and beautiful place for the assembling of the multitude, and I could not but picture in my imagination the scene, when the thousands gathered upon its green slopes, overawed by the majesty, and impressed with the authority of their strange and wonderful preacher.

As we passed on we were riding over another celebrated battle-field. In July, 1187, the King of Jerusalem assembled the flower of the Christian army on this great plateau. A number of circumstances conspired to arouse the animosity, always strong between Moslems and Christians. Saladin with his Mohammedan hordes came up in immense numbers from the northern part of the Sea of Galilee. The Christian army was overpowered; a terrible slaughter ensued; the victory was a decisive one, and Saladin was master of the land—it was the end of the Crusaders' power in Palestine.

On we rode, gradually ascending to the ridge of the lofty hills that overlook the sea. The summit was gained—all at once the coveted sight burst upon our view, and we looked down the steep slope upon the blue waters as they lay in calmness and beauty, in their deep basin of hills, nearly a thousand feet beneath us. We reigned in our horses, swung our hats in the air, and cheered for joy!

The descent was rapid, in some places the path so steep, rocky and difficult, we dismounted and made our way on foot. The sun was dipping his disk below the western horizon, as we passed the ruined gateway of the old, dilapidated wall, and pitched our tents in the ancient city of Tiberias, a few rods from the shore of the sea. It was Saturday night, and we had made our arrangements to spend the Sabbath in this interesting locality. We lost no time in making preparations to make our stay as instructive and useful as possible. On these waters, where once so many fishermen plied their craft, but one solitary boat is now found! We immediately dispatched our dragoman to make arrangements with the old Druse who owned it, to have it in readiness for us. We found it was at the foot of the lake, and it would take a half day to have it brought up. This would answer, as we wished for it on Monday morning to make an excursion to the head of the lake.

THE CITY OF TIBERIAS.

This is an old Roman town, and though lying in the immediate vicinity of the most interesting portions of the Savior's ministry, is not mentioned by him, nor have we any account

TIBERIAS AND THE SEA OF GALILEE.

of its ever having been visited by him, probably from the fact that it was principally occupied by foreigners. It appears to have been built subsequent to the birth of Christ, and probably in the days of his preaching had not attained much distinction. The Rabbins say it was built on the site of the old city, Rakketh, mentioned in Joshua. This new city subsequently became the capital of the province of Galilee. After the Jews were driven from Jerusalem they made this their headquarters; the Sanhedrim was removed here; here dwelt many of their most eminent Rabbis, and their tombs are still shown in the hill-side back of the town. Among these were the celebrated Maimonides, and Jochannan, author of the *Gemara*, or Jerusalem Talmud.

The modern town is a wretched, dilapidated looking place, containing about two thousand inhabitants, eight hundred of whom, it is said, are Jews; the others, Druses and Mohammedans. In 1837 the place was nearly destroyed by an earthquake. Up to this time it was surrounded by a strong stone wall. In this calamity many of the houses were destroyed, great seams were left in the walls, and in some places they were so prostrated a horse could be rode over them, and no attempt has been made to rebuild them. The walls and houses are built of a black, volcanic stone, giving the place a dark and gloomy appearance. The inhabitants are poor, the streets narrow and filthy, and lying as it does in a deep basin, six hundred feet below the Mediterranean, the sun pours upon them his scorching rays, giving them almost a tropical climate. The filth of the city affords a capital breeding place for vermin, and I was impressed with the fact, mentioned by so many travelers, that the king of fleas holds his court in Tiberias.

On Sunday morning the most of our company went out to perform their ablutions in the warm baths near the town. They are situated upon the sea-shore, only about fifteen minutes' walk from the walls. The level strip of ground along the shore was once covered by the old town, and portions of ruined walls and fragments of columns are strewn all along the way. The bath-house is a neat little structure, built from the ruins of the old town. In the center of the main room is a large mar-

ble reservoir, capable of swimming from twenty to thirty persons at a time. Into this is constantly pouring a copious stream that gushes from the hill-side. This water has a temperature of 144° Fahr., so warm that when one first plunges the hand into it, it feels burning hot. It is extremely salt and bitter, and emits a strong sulphurous smell. These baths are considered efficacious in rheumatic complaints, cutaneous eruptions, and various other diseases. They are very much resorted to by the natives, and we found around them, like the Pool of Bethesda in the days of the Savior, a great multitude of impotent folks. I looked upon the great smoking bath-tub, upon the imbecile multitude that were coming and going, and turned away to make my bath in the pure, sweet waters of the lake, leaving my companions to boil themselves in the polluted waters, with the diseased multitude, till they were satisfied.

A SUNDAY AT GALILEE.

Breakfast was over, and we had a Sabbath day to spend about the shores of this beautiful lake, hallowed by so many interesting incidents in the life of the Savior. There were no Christian temples here, no assemblies of saints to invite us to devotion; yet what Christian could look upon this amphitheatre of hills, and not feel that here was a glorious temple for worship? Who could listen to the murmur of these waters, and not feel the kindlings of devout and enthusiastic aspirations?

This sea was one of the favorite resorts of the Savior, and on its shores he made his home. It was by these waters he walked, in the early part of his ministry, when he saw Andrew and Peter casting their nets into the sea, and that strange call fell upon their ears: "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men!" It was on the slope of these beautiful hills Jesus came and sat down, and the lame, blind, dumb and maimed were laid at his feet, and felt his healing power, and the astonished multitude glorified God! It was on the opposite banks of this sea he had compassion on the famishing multitude, and multiplied the loaves and the fishes, till the assembled thousands were satisfied! It was down that steep bank that is now within our sight the crazy herd of swine, under the influence of the

evil spirits that had been cast out of the Gadarene, plunged into the sea! It was on these waters Jesus slept, while the frail bark that bore him and his disciples was endangered by the fury of the tempest; when the terrified disciples aroused him from his slumbers: "Lord, save us, we perish;" and here it was he arose, rebuked their lack of faith, and in the calm majesty of Omnipotent power, laid his hand upon the furious elements, and hushed them to peace! And, again, it was on these waters, in the lone hour of night, tossed by the waves and driven out of their course by contrary winds, the disciples were astonished by the sudden and miraculous appearance of their Lord, walking upon the water and saying: "Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid." It was on these shores the lone and afflicted disciples, after the crucifixion, pressed for the necessities of life, gathered together and betook themselves to their old occupation; and it was while here engaged that their risen master appeared standing upon the shore, and attested his presence and character by the miraculous draught of fishes! What numerous associations conspire to embalm this lake in the memory of the Christian!

At 11 o'clock, by previous agreement, our little company assembled in an upper room of one of the old deserted watch-towers of the wall that overlooked the sea, for a season of social worship. Each one selected a portion of Scripture narrating some incident in the life or teachings of the Savior connected with these waters; these were read in turn, intermingled with prayer and singing. With what deep interest we read these narratives, and with what life and power they seemed invested, as we looked out upon the localities where they transpired. As our eyes rested upon the sloping hills, covered with verdure, where the multitudes gathered about Jesus, one read the account of the feeding of that multitude with the few loaves and fishes; as we looked across the sea upon the hills of Gadara, another read the account of the healing of the man possessed with devils, and the destruction of the swine; then we looked down upon the placid waters of the sea, while another read the story of Peter, as Christ came by night walking on the water. Thus we spent the hours of worship, feeling that we were

nearer than ever to Him whose words and deeds transcend all human wisdom and power.

As the shades of evening gathered over the land, I wandered along the shore, and climbed upon the hills to muse, alone, upon the strange events that had embalmed this sea and its surroundings in the memory and affections of the believer. I remembered how the Savior, after that day of toil in which he had taught and fed the multitudes, sent them away, and then departed by himself into a mountain alone to pray, continuing nearly all night in this blessed communion with holy beings. Here I was in the midst of that very scenery, where

> "Cold mountain vapors and the midnight air
> Witnessed the fervor of his prayer."

What a hallowed place! As the shades of night deepened upon me, I tarried still, for I felt more than ever that it was blessed, in the midst of these hallowed associations, to shed the penitential tear, to cast my soul upon that Savior, and plead the promises of Him who, in the days of his flesh, disturbed the calm stillness of the night, and woke these mountain echoes with his voice of prayer.

CHORAZIN, BETHSAIDA AND CAPERNAUM.

Monday, April 22d. At 6 o'clock we were afloat upon the waters for an excursion to the head of the sea, to visit the site of the old cities that existed here in the days of the Savior. The boat, as we have said, was the only one upon the sea; it was a miserable old worn-out thing, large enough to hold fifteen to twenty persons, and so leaky it kept one person constantly bailing. It had a small, movable mast, with an old lateen sail, but as there was no wind, we had to depend upon the oars alone. Of these there was but one pair, worked by a couple of indolent fellows, who moved as if the amount of their wages depended upon the length of time to which they could protract the voyage. The owner of the boat, a tall, dignified looking old Druse, his head adorned with the great white turban that distinguishes his sect, accompanied us as steersman.

For this outfit to take us to the head of the lake, about six miles and back, we paid about eight dollars and a half.

The Sea of Galilee, or Lake of Tiberias, is a beautiful sheet of clear, sweet water, of an irregular oval shape, broadest towards the north end. It is not over fourteen, some say not more than twelve miles long, and between eight and nine broad in the broadest part. The depth in some places exceeds one hundred and fifty feet. It lies embosomed in lofty hills, the rich, sloping sides of which are covered with vegetation. It still abounds in fish, but the fishermen have mostly disappeared from its shores. I saw no person while I was there engaged in this employment. As the Christian feels that almost every spot upon these shores is "holy ground," so he feels that these are consecrated waters. With what vividness those scenes in the life of the Savior came home to us, as we rode over the waters upon which Jesus walked, and whose tumultuous waves he hushed to peace.

"Graceful around thee the mountains meet,
Thou calm, reposing sea;
But ah! far more, the beautiful feet
Of Jesus walked o'er thee."

We inquired of the old helmsman if he had ever been out in storms on this sea. "Yes, often." "Are they dangerous?" said I. "Very," said he. "I have been a sailor, and would rather be on the ocean in a storm than here." "Why?" said I. "The wind comes suddenly whirling down over these hills, and blows every way, and the waves roll in every direction." "And what do you do at such times?" said I. "Hold on the helm and let the boat run which way it will," said he. How much, thought I, like the condition of the disciples on that stormy night, when Jesus so miraculously came to them: "The ship was in the midst of the sea, *tossed with waves, for the winds were contrary.*" Mat. xiv. 24.

As we neared our destination, we could see upon the western shore the Plain of Genesaret—a beautiful and fertile tract—while in one place, nestling close under the hill-side, a few Arab huts mark the site of Magdala, the supposed home of the Mary,

who so gratefully acknowledged the healing power of the Savior. Between 10 and 11 o'clock we landed near the ruins of Tell Hum, the supposed site of ancient Capernaum.

We made our way through the tall, rank weeds, that here every where cover the soil, and soon reached the spot. Not a single building is now left standing. Piles of great hewn stone lie scattered about; the massive foundations of ruined structures can still be seen; while the shafts of ancient columns, and beautiful marble capitals of fine Corinthian sculpture, are mingled with the ruins and half-buried in the earth. The tangled thicket of enormous weeds and thistles grow high over them all, and nearly conceal them from sight. No road passes near them, seldom does human foot visit them, and the wild Arab has such a superstitious dread of the place, he turns aside and refuses to walk over the place! Yet here was once a populous city, and about it one of the most populous portions of the land, while near by were many other cities and towns.

To this place, when Jesus' own kindred had expelled him from Nazareth, he came; in Capernaum he dwelt, and it was called "*his own city.*" Here in the synagogue he was accustomed to teach, and in that synagogue he healed the demoniac that cried out against him. Here he entered Peter's house, and found his mother-in-law sick of a fever, and immediately restored her to health. Here he healed the paralytic man whose friends tore up the roof of the house, that they might let him down into his presence; here he cured the centurion's servant, and raised Jairu's daughter from the dead. From here he sent his disciples down to the sea to take a fish from the water, in the mouth of which they found the tribute money. In Capernaum he often preached, and how many and how instructive the lessons that fell from his lips! Near by was Chorazin and Bethsaida, and it was in these cities and this vicinity that "*most of his mighty works were done.*" Alas, how changed—how fallen—how ruined! It is difficult to conceive a more gloomy desolation and utter ruin than has settled down upon these places. I inquired for the site of Chorazin and Bethsaida, and none could tell me where they stood! I climbed upon the fragment of a broken column, and looked inquiringly about me. Was

this beautiful shore once ornamented with populous cities? Where now this oppressive silence reigns, was there once heard the hum of multitudes of voices, and the tumult of gathering crowds? Why then has this utter ruin and desolation settled down upon the land? I opened my Bible, and the mystery was solved. "Then began He to upbraid the cities wherein most of his mighty works were done, *because they repented not.* Wo unto thee, Chorazin! wo unto thee, Bethsaida! for if the mighty works which have been done in thee had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes. But I say unto you, it shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon in the day of judgment than for you. And *thou*, CAPERNAUM, which art exalted unto heaven, *shalt be brought down to hell;* for if the mighty works which have been done in thee had been done in Sodom, it would have remained until this day." And is this the spot upon which the fearful doom has fallen?

"Tell me, ye moldering fragments, tell,
Was the Savior's city here?
Lifted to heaven, has it sank to hell,
With none to shed a tear?"

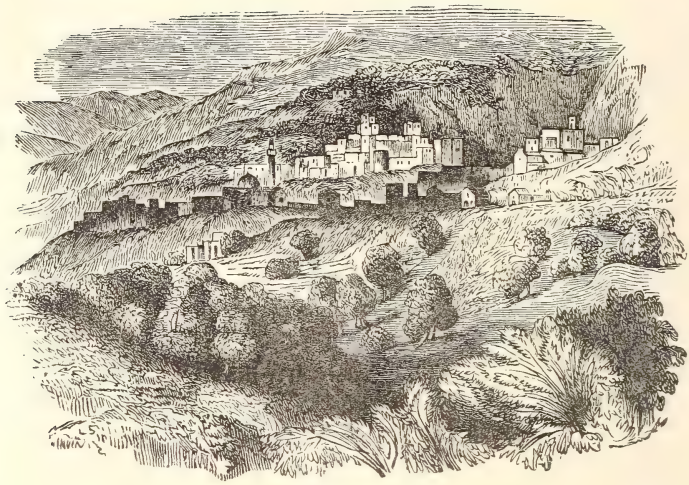
How literally and remarkably the words of the Savior have been fulfilled! How, upon these extinct and ruined cities, these depopulated plains, he has written with his own hand the impressive lessons of his overruling providence, his certain and terrible judgments!

Our visit among these ruins over, we made all haste back to Tiberias, for our tents and baggage had gone on to Nazareth, and we must return there before we slept. At 2 o'clock our excursion was over. We waited for one more bath in the clear, refreshing waters, when, mounting our horses, we were soon upon the lofty summit of the hill, from which we turned, and took our last farewell view of its tranquil waters. The words of M'Cheyne we could adopt as our own:

"How pleasant to me thy deep blue wave,
O sea of Galilee,
For the glorious One who came to save,
Have often stood by thee.

Fair are the lakes in the land I love,
Where pine and heather grow;
But thou hast loveliness above
What nature can bestow."

It was nearly an hour after dark when we reached our tents at Nazareth, weary with our long, laborious day's labor, but gratified that we had been able to visit so many places intimately connected with the life and labors of Jesus. To-morrow we are to leave Nazareth, and continue our excursion by Mount Carmel and the scene of Elijah's sacrifice to the shore of the Mediterranean Sea.



Nazareth.

Mount Carmel.

CHAPTER XI.

FROM NAZARETH TO BEIRUT—MOUNT CARMEL—TYRE—SIDON—CONCLUSION OF OUR TOUR IN PALESTINE.

April 23*d.* By 7 o'clock our breakfast was over and we were in our saddles, ready to bid farewell to the pleasant vale of Nazareth. It is, indeed, a retired, quiet and beautiful place—a fit retreat it must have been for the "holy family," who, on their return from Egypt, still feared the murderous anger of the successor of that Herod who had filled Ramah with weeping and lamentation. We climbed the long, rugged range of hills that separates this beautiful valley from Esdrælon, and were soon passing over that extensive plain.

About 11 o'clock we reached the base of Carmel, another of the sacred mountains of Scripture, and intimately connected with the history of the prophet Elijah. Carmel is not a single round-topped peak, rising in lone majesty like Tabor, but a long ridge branching off from the northern end of the mountains of Samaria. It runs in a northwesterly direction, and terminates in a bold, high bluff, the projecting top of which overhangs, and the huge base of which is washed by the waters of the Mediterranean. This ridge is about eighteen miles in length, its breadth about five miles, while it rises nearly two thousand feet above the sea. Well, says one, does it deserve its name, "The Park," or "The Fruitful Field?" "Its wooded hights and picturesque green dells, descending on one side into the rich plains of Akka, and on the other to the beautiful vale of Sharon, present some of the most beautiful and park-like scenery in Palestine." The "excellency of Carmel" is put by Isaiah by the side of the glory of Lebanon, and the withering

of its foliage, and the shaking off of its fruits, is made a type of national desolation.

ELIJAH'S SACRIFICE.

The place where we approached the mountain was near the scene of that striking event in the life of Elijah, that brought apostate Israel back to the acknowledgment of the living God. 1 Kings xviii. Tradition points out the very spot where the altar was erected and the strange events transpired, and the tradition seems to be well sustained. It is called El Murakah, "*the Sacrifice.*" Our company, wishing to visit the spot, hired an extra guide from one of the small Arab villages of the plain. Fatigued by the heat and labor of the previous day, I did not feel able to endure the extra toil of ascending the mountain, and so contented myself with riding on with the baggage train the nearest way to the place of our encampment for the night.

The mountain is covered with a forest of short scrubby oaks, and a dense undergrowth of hawthorn, myrtle and acacia. A vast variety of wild flowers are scattered along its sides, and fragrant herbs perfume the air. Along its base flows the waters of the Kishon, mentioned in Judges in connection with the victory achieved by Deborah and Barak over the forces of Sisera. "The stars in their courses fought against Sisera. The river Kishon swept them away, that ancient river Kishon. Here we were upon this noted plain—the great battle-field where Phonecians and Philistines, Jews and Gentiles, Assyrians and Persians, Crusaders and Saracens, Turks, Arabs and Franks, had in turn fought their bloody battles; and now we bathed our horses' feet in that ancient river, that had, through a succession of three thousand years, been reddened with the blood of all these different nations.

As we passed along the base, we looked up the mountain slope to the place where Elijah reared up the demolished altar of God, and fire out of heaven consumed his sacrifice. Upon a rocky projection overhanging the plain, amid thickets of evergreen, is a terrace of natural rock, where the ruins of an old building are scattered about in every direction; great hewn

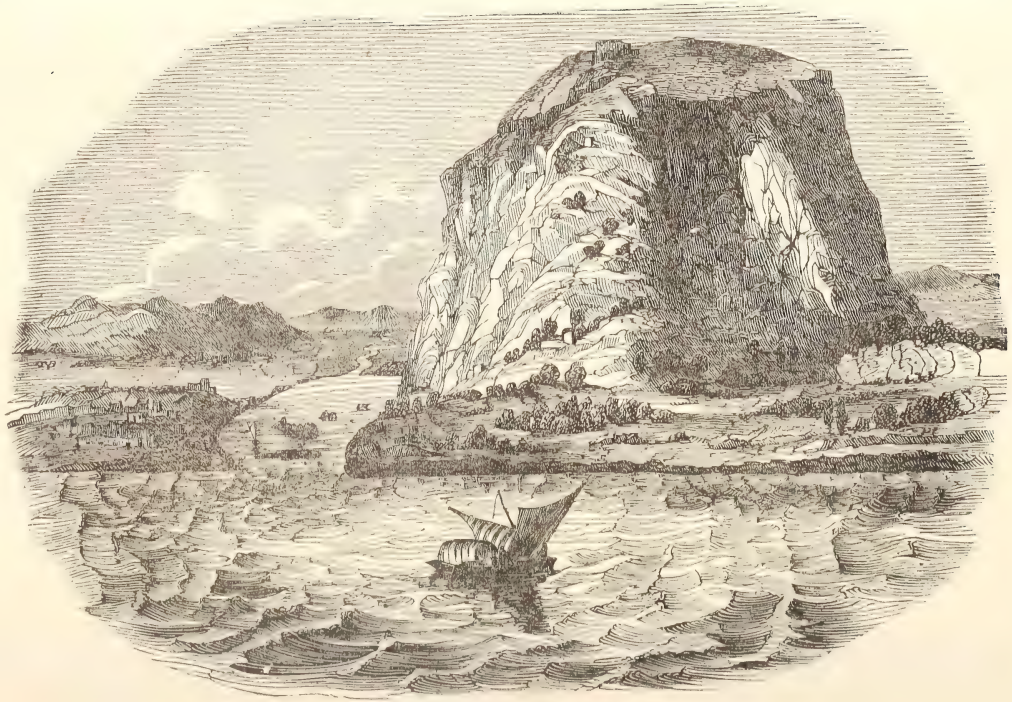
stones are seen, indicating the existence, at some former time, of a great superstructure. These ruins mark the place of *the sacrifice*, while a fountain near by probably furnished the twelve barrels of water with which Elijah's offering was deluged.

Ahab and Jezebel had turned the hearts of Israel away from the Lord, and on this spot an idolatrous altar had been consecrated to Baal. God's altar had been thrown down, his prophets slain, and the anger of the Lord was kindled against the nation. Three years and six months the drought had consumed the land; the grass withered upon these fertile plains, the fountains of water were dried up, and famine showed his lean and wasted visage in the very court of the king. During all this time of distress, Elijah, though a reward had been offered for his life, had been taken care of, first by the ravens at the brook Cherith, and then from the unfailing cruse of oil and barrel of meal of the widow of Sarepta. And now the time had come for him to show himself again at the court of Ahab, for afflictions had humbled the haughty king and queen. "Art thou he," said Ahab, "that troubleth Israel?" "I have not troubled Israel," was the answer, "but thou and thy father's house, in that ye have forsaken the commandments of the Lord. Now gather me all Israel unto Mount Carmel, and the prophets of Baal four hundred and fifty, and the prophets of the grove four hundred, which eat at Jezebel's table."

Now look upon the mighty concourse assembled upon the mountain slope above us! We have seen the desperate conflicts that have stained the plains at our feet with blood; about that altar is now to take place a contest, in which a more important question is to be settled than any these great battles had ever decided. "How long," said Elijah, "halt ye between two opinions; if the Lord be God, serve him; if Baal, serve him." Now they stand face to face, four hundred and fifty of the prophets of Baal; Elijah alone of all that was left of the prophets of the Lord. "He whose God can answer by fire let him be God." And all the people said, "It is well." And now the prophets of Baal prepare their sacrifice, surround their altar, and from morning until noon cry: "O Baal, hear us!"

But there is no answer. Then the taunts and irony of the old prophet only quicken their earnestness; they leap upon the altar and cut themselves with knives; but neither their much speaking or their loud speaking availed any thing. The time of the evening sacrifice came, and their god was deaf to all their cries.

Then Elijah took twelve stones, a stone for a tribe, and repaired the broken-down altar of God, laid the wood and the sacrifice in order, and that all cavil might be silenced, and the miracle undeniable, ordered the whole to be deluged with twelve barrels of water. And now he stands beside the altar and stretches his hands toward heaven. With breathless silence eight hundred and fifty idolatrous priests, Ahab and his court, and the gathered thousands of Israel, await the result. Elijah is no priest; will God hear his prayer? Carmel is far away from the place God hath chosen to record his name, and has never been sanctified with ark, tabernacle or temple; will Jehovah now vindicate his name and answer by fire? How often my imagination has pictured that breathless multitude awaiting with intense interest the result of that one intercession! And now that I stand gazing upon the spot, how vividly the whole scene rises up before me. What an awful moment was that to the prophet of God! His own life, the glory of God, the truth and purity of religion, a nation's salvation, were all staked upon the result! O Elijah, darest thou now open thy lips? With calm and holy utterance the man of God breaks the death-like silence. "*Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and of Israel, let it be known this day that thou art God in Israel, and that I am thy servant, and that I have done all these things at thy word. Hear me, O Lord, hear me, that this people may know that thou art the Lord God, and that thou hast turned their heart back again.*" And the breath of the Almighty kindled the fire; the wood, the sacrifice, the altar, and the water about it were all consumed; while the overawed and trembling multitudes fell upon their faces and cried out: The Lord he is the God; the Lord he is the God!" Down this mountain side, where we are now standing, that same prophet brought the priests of Baal, and this river Kishon was crimsoned with their blood! The name of God was vindicated.



Promontory of Mount Carmel.

Then followed that memorable season of intercession, when the prophet ascended the mountain to a spot that overlooked the sea, and cast himself upon the earth and put his face between his knees, and prayed for rain with a fervor and effect that led the apostle, near a thousand years afterwards, to quote it as an evidence that the "effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." The drouth was broken. "Get thee up, eat and drink," said Elijah to Ahab, "for there is a sound of abundance of rain." From the base of the mountain at this place to Jezreel is about twelve miles, and thither Ahab returned and "told Jezebel all that Elijah had done."

Our route lay along the base of Carmel toward the Mediterranean. The plain of Esdrælon terminates toward the sea in the plain of Akka or Acre. A ridge of hills separates them, and they connect by a narrow pass near the base of Carmel, through which we passed, sometimes wading in the waters of the Kishon. It is a very fertile plain, and here the tribe of Asher once dwelt, enjoying the fulfillment of the promise: he "dipped his foot in oil;" his "bread was fat, and he yielded royal dainties."

About 3 o'clock we pitched our tents upon the white sandy beach of the Mediterranean, just without the dilapidated walls of the modern city of Haifa, supposed to occupy the site of the ancient Greek city *Sycaminum*, and close to the base of the bold promontory of Carmel, its lofty summit crowned by the towering walls of one of the finest convents in all Palestine. The portion of our company that ascended Carmel, made their way along the ridge, and did not get in till near 9 o'clock; they were nearly exhausted with fatigue, having been about thirteen hours in the saddle.

CONVENT OF CARMEL.

April 24th. Our first business this morning was a visit to the convent that crowns the bold promontory of Carmel. This promontory, as here seen from the sea, is one of the boldest and most imposing sights on all the coast. It rises abruptly, almost perpendicularly, from the shore, to the hight of near two thousand feet. Its form is that of a sharp, narrow ridge,

descending abruptly on one side to the plain of Acre towards our tents, on the other towards the plain of Sharon. The convent, the monks claim, is built over a grotto in the rocks, once the dwelling place of the prophet Elijah, which from his time onward has been occupied by a continual succession of the faithful. This convent, like others of the land, has had its sad reverses. Napoleon made it a hospital for his soldiers in his siege of Acre; and after he left it, it was plundered by the Turks. In 1821 it was blown up by Abdallah Pasha, and was afterwards rebuilt by the indefatigable labors of one man, *Jean Battista.* He gave himself unremittingly to the effort, begged through Europe, Asia, and Africa, and at last saw the completion of his labors, rejoicing in the fact that the Grotto of Elijah was covered by the finest convent in all Palestine—erected at a cost of *half a million of francs!*

The monks have contrived to grade a comfortable road up the steep ascent, so that one can ascend to the summit on horseback. We were shown through the building, the principal attraction of which is the Grotto, and the rich chapel that now covers it, occupying the centre of the building. If Elijah had any taste for the grand, sublime and beautiful, I do not wonder that he selected the bold hights of Carmel for one of his favorite resorts. The sublimity of its mountain hights; the tumultuous sea, whose wild, angry waves foam around its base; the beautiful plains that stretch far away upon the right and left, clothed in luxuriant foliage, to one who could look upward unto God, would all conspire to fill the soul with devout and lofty emotions. The Carmelite monks are noted for their hospitality, and the good cheer they furnish the weary traveler; and though it is all without charge, they expect a liberal backsheesh, amply sufficient to indemnify for all expense and trouble. This putting a man upon his own nobility and sense of honor, is often the most sure and direct method of emptying his purse.

Near the northern base of the hill is shown the cave, twenty feet by eighteen, where it is said Elijah received the chiefs of the people, known as the "Cave of the Sons of the Prophets." Upon this mount there is also a field abounding in singular

petrifactions resembling fruits. The story of their origin, though an old and oft-repeated one, is too good to be lost. A stingy, churlish Israelite, had here, in Elijah's time, a fine, productive orchard. The prophet, weary, hungry and oppressed with thirst, was passing by. "Allow me," said he, "to partake of a little of your excellent fruit?" "Fruit, old fellow?" said the crabbed owner; "you are quite mistaken, those are nothing but stones." "Many a true word is spoken in jest," said the prophet, and on he went. What was the astonishment of the parsimonious gardener to find his words verified; and to this day his stone fruit lies scattered over the grounds, a perpetual monitor to every one who visits the place.

CITY OF ACRE.

Leaving our encampment at the base of Carmel, we now turned our faces once more northward, for a tour along the sea shore. We have now visited the prominent places of interest connected with Biblical events, and shall hasten with greater rapidity to Beirut. We forded the Kishon, or rather waded around it by keeping upon the sand bar at its mouth, some distance in the sea. It was with difficulty we got through, for we had almost to swim our horses. A delightful ride of about ten miles, along the beautiful white sands of the shore, brought us to *St. Jean de Acre.* Just before reaching this place we forded a small stream—the *Belus* of ancient geography. It is said by Pliny it was on the banks of this stream the art of making glass was first made known.

This city has an eventful history, reaching back more than a thousand years before Christ. Having one of the best harbors on the coast, and being, as Napoleon called it, the key of Palestine, it has been one of Syria's great battle-fields. Many a time it has been besieged, sacked and plundered, the last being the bombardment by the British fleet under Admiral Napier, in 1840, of which many portions of the city still give evidence. The population and importance of the place have been dwindling, until it now contains only about five thousand inhabitants, a mixture of Moslems, Druses, Christians and Jews. The city still has a strong wall upon the

land side, and massive fortifications next the sea. Huge guns were mounted upon the walls, and looking through the port-holes, and Turkish soldiers were loitering about them. We passed the ponderous gateway, kept by armed sentinels, walked through the bazars, and wandered about the streets. In this city a large portion of the Crusaders landed, and here, as late as 1291, was the seat of the order of the Knights of St. John, from which the city has its name. But a few remnants of ancient buildings can now be identified, among which are a small chapel, once a part of the church of St. Andrew, the Hotel of the Knights' Hospitalers, now the military hospital, and the old church of St. John. The Pasha sent an officer to show us the fortifications, and we were allowed to ascend the embankments. Every thing has an old and dilapidated look, and the stamp of negligence and decay is on all you see. We visited an old mosque, once evidently a magnificent and costly building, but now rapidly going to ruin. In the court of this mosque is the tomb of El Jezzar, a tyrant renowned for his atrocity, extreme cruelty to his subjects, and many terrible deeds of blood, one of them, the cold blooded assassination, in a fit of jealousy, of fifteen beautiful women of his harem! After our visit to the city, we passed on three or four miles, and encamped upon the plain near a beautiful and extensive orange grove, the blossoms of which filled the air with their fragrance. Within the grove was a beautiful residence of the governor of the city, and near by the ruins of an ancient aqueduct, the lofty and crumbling arches attesting its former magnificence. We passed a comfortable night, unconscious, however, of the close proximity of the dangerous tenants of the rocks among which we had pitched our tents, for on rising in the morning our dragoman found a scorpion in his bed, and one of my companions another in the leg of his pants.

April 25th. We were early in our saddles, galloping over the rich plain of Acre toward Tyre, where we expect to spend the night. Palestine boasts no richer portions of country than the plain of Acre. Cultivated, it produces the most luxuriant crops; neglected, it grows the rankest weeds, while now, over many portions of it the wandering Bedawin roams. We were

now passing over the country and home of the ancient Phœnicians, "the Anglo Saxon's of antiquity." They were an enterprising, commercial people, filling a large place in the history of ancient civilization. They were early acquainted with the art of navigation, and their ports were marts of immense trade for those early days. Fifteen hundred years before Christ, the Israelites settled in Palestine, and soon after, their association with this ancient people commenced. The influence they exerted upon each other in religion, civilization and trade, must have been very great. Even in the times of the Judges, "Great Zidon" and the Zidonians are mentioned as familiarly known. When Solomon, 1000 B. C., built the temple, Hiram, King of Tyre, was intimately associated with him. These Phœnicians were no doubt familiar with the whole coast of the Mediterranean sea, they traversed the Egean sea, and are supposed to have formed settlements for trading and mining upon some of its islands. The Greeks learned and borrowed much from the Phœnicians. It is said they received from them the art of writing, and many of their religious notions.

LADDER OF TYRE.

An hour's ride brought us opposite Achzib, a town given to Asher, but which that tribe were never able to conquer. Lebanon pushes its long range down towards this plain, and soon, along its sloping sides, we could see the numerous modern villages and extensive olive groves. This spur of Lebanon terminates in a bold promontory called the "Ladder of Tyre.' Over this promontory a zig-zag road wound its way, and we had some hard climbing among its rocky ranges. The "White Cape," as it is called, was a majestic and frightful looking place. It is a white, chalky ridge, projecting from the mountain side to the sea. Over this promontory we had to climb, our road sometimes nothing but steps cut or worn in the rock, while often we could look down the frightful precipice upon the dashing waves as they broke in white sheets of foam far beneath our feet. Upon the summit of this difficult pass are the ruins of an old stone structure, called "The Candle Tower."

It was built in ancient times for the defense of this road, and a handful of men stationed here could defend the way against a numerous army.

The "Ladder" passed, we were again clattering along a rough, stony plain. On this plain we passed some remarkable fountains and reservoirs, known as the "Fountain Head." They mark the site of old *Palætyrus*, "Old Tyre." There are four large fountains near together, the water gushing up with great force from the bottom of artificial reservoirs. One of these reservoirs is built in octagonal form, sixty-six feet in diameter, and twenty-five feet high, the wall eight feet thick upon the top, and the sides sloping at such gentle angle, one can ride his horse to the summit. The stones are carefully joined together, and finely cemented. The water from this copious fountain is now used to turn a mill. These fountains are now embowered in beautiful groves of willow and fruit trees, and surrounded by a luxuriant growth of vegetation. The remains of old aqueducts may still be seen, by which these waters were carried in different directions; one of them runs two miles to a mound, and some massive ruins of an old stone structure. It is said there has long been a popular belief that the waters of these remarkable fountains are brought from a great distance by a subterranean canal, some ascribing the work to Alexander the Great, some to Solomon. From this source ancient Tyre was no doubt supplied with water.

TYRE.

We spent some time wandering about these wonderful wells and cisterns, after which we had about an hour's ride to reach the city. From Acre to Tyre is eight and a half hours' ride. Just at sunset we pitched our tents without the walls, and close by the side of the gate leading into this renowned and ancient city! It formerly stood upon an island; afterwards a narrow bridge, known as Alexander's causeway, led to this gate. The sands have so filled in upon this side of the city, that what was once an island, has been converted into a low, sandy peninsula, not more than ten to fifteen feet above the sea, and connected to the main land by a neck at least half a mile broad. The old

walls are in a wretched, dilapidated condition; next the sea they have mostly disappeared, and on the land side they have fallen down in many places, and no attempts are made to repair them.

To one who has formed his opinion of these ancient Phœnician seaports from the glowing descriptions of them in ancient history, there is a feeling of sadness and disappointment as he wanders about them. They are not what they once were. We spent a couple of hours in the evening and a portion of the morning in wandering about the place, and meditating among the ruins. The modern town contains from three thousand to four thousand inhabitants. The houses are some of them of stone, and substantially built, but most of them are mere hovels; the streets are narrow, crooked and filthy; the more substantial buildings and the towers and walls have been shattered by the earthquakes that, at different times, have rocked the foundations of the place, while the ancient harbors have been filled up with sand and rubbish. We were particularly interested in wandering along the sea, and marking the fragments of huge stone structures, and the numerous massive columns that lie scattered in the sea, and that have been worn and washed through many long years by the dashing waves. Many nations have left here the remnants of their ancient works. Phœnicians, Romans and Greeks, ancient and modern nations, have here piled ruins upon ruins, and structure has perished upon the top of structure, and now lie buried beneath each other.

Among the more modern ruins, we were deeply interested in the remains of a huge old church, but a little distance from where our tents stood. Sufficient portions of the walls were standing to indicate its former size, while from the remains of one of its massive towers we could look down upon the numerous wretched cabins that the present inhabitants have constructed within it. This church was built of stone, and was two hundred and sixteen feet long and one hundred and thirty-six feet broad. It is supposed to have been erected by Paulinus, Bishop of Tyre, in the beginning of the fourth century, and for it Eusebius, the historian, wrote a consecration sermon, still to be found in his Ecclesiastical History. He describes

this church as the most splendid of all the temples of Phœnicia. It added much to the interest with which we lingered about these old moss-grown walls and towers, when told they had often echoed to the eloquence of old Origen, and that beneath these ruins his dust now molders, for here he was entombed.

TYRE, PAST AND PRESENT.

Seated upon the ruins of this old church, we may look about us, and contemplate the past and present. What a place for reflection! This city, upon the ruins of which we now gaze, fills a large place in the early history of civilization. Tyre was once the proud mistress of the Mediterranean. Here was erected the first throne of empire that swayed its sceptre over the sea. Poets sang of her greatness, and the prophets, under the power of inspiration, pictured in vivid imagery her greatness and glory. Take your Bible and read some of the graphic descriptions from the pen of Ezekiel. "O Tyrus, thou that art situate at the entry of the sea, which art a merchant of the people for many isles. O Tyrus, thou hast said, I am of perfect beauty. Thy borders are in the midst of the sea, thy builders have perfected thy beauty. They have made all thy shipboards of fir trees of Senir; they have taken cedars from Lebanon to make masts for thee. Of the oaks of Bashan they have made thine oars; the company of the Ashurites have made thy benches of ivory, brought out of the isles of Chittim. Fine linen, with broidered work from Egypt, was that which thou spreadest forth to be thy sail; blue and purple from the isles of Elisha, was that which covered thee. The inhabitants of Sidon and Arvad were thy mariners; thy wise men, O Tyrus, that were in thee were thy pilots." Ezk. xxvii. Thus, under the figure of a stately ship, this ancient mistress of the sea is described, while all lands and nations bring their contributions to increase her strength, excellency and power. The surrounding cities and nations are represented as her merchants, and all manner of products are laid at her feet. The ships of Tarshish sang of her in her markets, and she was replenished and made glorious in the midst of the seas. But the

prosperity of Tyre laid the foundation of her ruin. In her wealth she became proud, her riches corrupted her, and God was compelled to record sentence against her. "Thus saith the Lord God: Because thine heart is lifted up, and thou hast said, I am a god, I sit in the seat of God, in the midst of the seas. By thy great wisdom, and by thy traffic, hast thou increased thy riches, and thine heart is lifted up because of thy riches; therefore, thus saith the Lord God, because thou hast set thine heart as the heart of God, behold, therefore, I will bring strangers upon thee, the terrible of the nations; and they shall draw their swords against the beauty of thy wisdom, and they shall defile thy brightness. They shall bring thee down to the pit, and thou shalt die the deaths of them that are slain in the midst of the seas." "By the multitude of thy merchandise they have filled the midst of thee with violence, and thou hast sinned; therefore, I will cast thee as profane out of the mountain of God; and I will destroy thee, O covering cherub, from the midst of the stones of fire. Thine heart was lifted because of thy beauty, thou hast corrupted thy wisdom by reason of thy brightness; I will cast thee to the ground, I will lay thee before kings, that they may behold thee." Ezk. xxviii.

Standing here and meditating among these ruins, mark the exact fulfillment of the sentence pronounced against this proud city, as recorded by the prophets, while yet she was in the zenith of her glory. "Wherefore, thus saith the Lord God: Behold, I am against thee, O Tyrus, and I cause many nations to come up against thee, and they shall destroy the walls of Tyrus and break down her towers." The kings of Assyria, Babylon, and other nations of the East, have gathered their besieging hosts about the place, and terrible has been the work of destruction wrought. It was said by the prophet: "*They shall lay thy stones, and thy timber, and thy dust in the midst of the water.*" When Alexander the Great besieged the city, the most terrible ruin was wrought. The city upon the main land was soon captured and totally destroyed. The stones, timber and rubbish were then conveyed by them to the sea, and formed into a causeway, stretching from the mainland to the island. Thus, in the fulfillment of the prophecy, by *casting her*

stones, timber and dust into the sea, they made for themselves an highway over which they carried the siege to the island city, and captured it by storm. "*And they shall destroy the walls of Tyrus and break down her towers.*" See how her walls are now leveled with the ground, and her towers have been utterly overthrown and demolished! "*And I will scrape her dust from her and make her like the top of a rock.*" Mark those ledges of rocks along the sea, once covered with soil and ornamented with costly palaces. Now the sculptured columns lie prostrate; the huge stones are scattered abroad; the soil has been washed away, and the driving storms send the sheeted foam dashing over their naked, barren tops! "*It shall be a place for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea.*" Did you see, as we passed along the shore, how the thoughtless fishermen had spread their nets to dry upon the desolate places, where once the proudest parts of the city stood? The reflecting traveler looks upon these things with amazement, and is astonished at the exact and literal fulfillment of these prophetic records. O Tyre, the hand of the Almighty has been upon thee; judgment was recorded against thee, and faithfully has the sentence been executed. "The exaltation, the sin, and the punishment of Tyre," says one, "have been recorded for us, in perhaps the most touching words ever uttered by the prophets of Israel against the cities of the stranger. But we read them as a lovely song, and close our ears to the sternness of their warning; for the very depth of the fall of Tyre has blinded us to its reality, and we forget, as we watch the bleaching of the rocks between the sunshine and the sea, that they were once 'as in Eden, the garden of God.'" God's hand has been here, and he has written for us lessons of instruction, that cannot but arrest the attention of the most careless; and the traveler, as he muses upon the spot, is admonished of the retributive justice that has spoiled and humbled this once proud, boasting city. Well may we take up the lamentation the prophet prepared beforehand for us, and utter it as we stand in the midst of these ruins: "Thus saith the Lord God of Tyrus: Shall not the isles shake at the sound of thy fall? Then all the princes of the sea shall come down from their thrones, and lay away their robes,

and put off their broidered garments; they shall sit upon the ground, and shall tremble every moment, and shall be astonished at thee. And they shall take up a lamentation for thee, and say to thee: How art thou destroyed, that wast inhabited of sea-faring men, the renowned city, which wast strong in the sea, she and her inhabitants, which cause their terror to be on all that haunt it. Now shall the isles tremble in the day of thy fall; yea, the isles that are in the sea shall be troubled at thy departure. When I shall make thee a desolate city like the cities that are not inhabited." Ezk. xxvi.

We did not take time to visit "The Tomb of Hiram," which may be seen upon a hill-side, six or seven miles east of the town. It is spoken of as one of the most singular monuments in the land—an immense sarcophagus of limestone, hewn out of a single block, twelve feet long, eight feet wide, and six feet high, and covered by a lid five feet in thickness, cut in pyramidal form. Three layers of large hewn stones, the upper one projecting a few inches, form a massive pedestal, on which this gigantic coffin rests. A hole has been broken through one end, by means of which it can be entered. Here, tradition says, Hiram, King of Tyre, the friend and ally of Solomon, found a resting place. It stands solitary and alone, far from human habitation; and the tomb, like the city over which its renowned occupant reigned, bears the marks of neglect and decay.

FROM TYRE TO SIDON.

April 26th. At 8 o'clock we had finished our rambles about the city. A large number of the lounging villagers gathered about to watch our preparations for departure, among them many of the Christian refugees, who had been driven from their homes by the recent bloody massacres of the Druses. From twelve to fifteen hundred of these were now quartered here, fed at government expense. We took our departure, and struck out across the plain of Phœnicia. A ride of a little more than two hours brought us to the *Leontes*, the third river in point of rank and size in Syria, the Jordan and the Orontes only being superior to it. It has its source near the ruins of

Baalbek, draining a portion of the Lebanon and Antilebanon mountains. This stream is about one-third as large as the Jordan, and has a rapid current; over it a substantial stone bridge has been erected, a convenience seldom found in this neglected country.

One hour's ride from this river, the traveler's attention is called to a number of upright stones arranged in the form of a circle. For what purpose these were erected no one can now tell, but the natives have a singular story connected with them. Near by is a little whitewashed tomb dedicated to Neby Sur, a celebrated prophet, but in what age he lived the tradition does not say. This was his residence, and some rude men passing by made sport of him. As a punishment for their ill manners, the prophet cursed them, as Elijah did the fruit on Mount Carmel. The whole company of them were immediately turned into stone, like Lot's wife, standing like monumental pillars; and here they have stood from that time till this—mute preachers, teaching lessons of reverence and respect for the aged and the good.

ELIJAH AND THE WIDOW OF SAREPTA.

About noon we passed the ruins of an ancient town, the site of *Zarephath*, spoken of in the New Testament under its Greek name, Sarepta. "Many widows were in Israel in the days of Elijah, when the heaven was shut up three years and six months, when great famine was throughout all the land; but unto none of them was Elijah sent, save unto Sarepta, a city of Sidon, unto a woman that was a widow." Luke iv. 25, 26. Here then we were upon the very spot of one of the most striking events in the wonderful history of Elijah the Tishbite. We have looked down into the deep, wild glen by the brook Cherith, where the ravens brought him bread and meat in the morning, and bread and meat in the evening, and he drank of the water of the brook. But the dearth grew more and more severe, and the brook dried up. Elijah, hunted by Ahab, who sought to put him to death, was under the immediate protection of the God he served. The Spirit led him to this place, then a city of considerable note. As he approached the gate a

"poor widow woman" was gathering a few sticks to prepare herself a meal. The dearth was over all the country, and already many a haggard look and sunken cheek told in unmistakable language the horror of the famine that was consuming the land. "Fetch me," said Elijah, "I pray thee, a little water, that I may drink." Water she could spare, and she lacked not kindness of heart to accommodate. As she went "to fetch it" Elijah called after her: "Bring me, I pray thee, a morsel of bread in thine hand." What a request to make of one already dying of famine! She had a kind and obliging heart, but how could she grant the request, even though the prophet, like herself, was perishing with hunger? "As Jehovah thy God liveth, I have not a cake, but an handful of meal in a barrel, and a little oil in a cruse; and, behold, I am gathering two sticks that I may go in and dress it for me and my son, *that we may eat it and die.*" Kind-hearted as she was, who could expect her to share her last morsel with a stranger? But the prophet had been more deeply instructed in the plans and purposes of Jehovah than this famishing woman. "Fear not, go and do as thou hast said; but make me therof a little cake first, and bring it unto me, and after make for thee and thy son. For thus saith the Lord God of Israel, the barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruse of oil fail, until the day the Lord sendeth rain upon Israel." 1 Kings xvii. What did that Gentile woman know of the God of Israel? Yet she ventured upon the promise, and what a reward followed her faith and liberality! The promise was fulfilled, and through the long, weary days of that terrible famine, her meal and oil failed not; the prophet, herself and son all lived upon it, and constantly as they drew from their scanty stock, by some strange, miraculous power, it was replenished again. May we not learn from it the rewards both of faith and liberality? The self-sacrificing man lives not on what he keeps, but on what he gives. The very comforts he has given up, by some mysterious influence, seem fledged with angel wings, and come gathering around him like messengers of plenty and joy. We looked earnestly about, almost fancying we could identify the spot where these strange things transpired; but the houses had been tumbled into ruins,

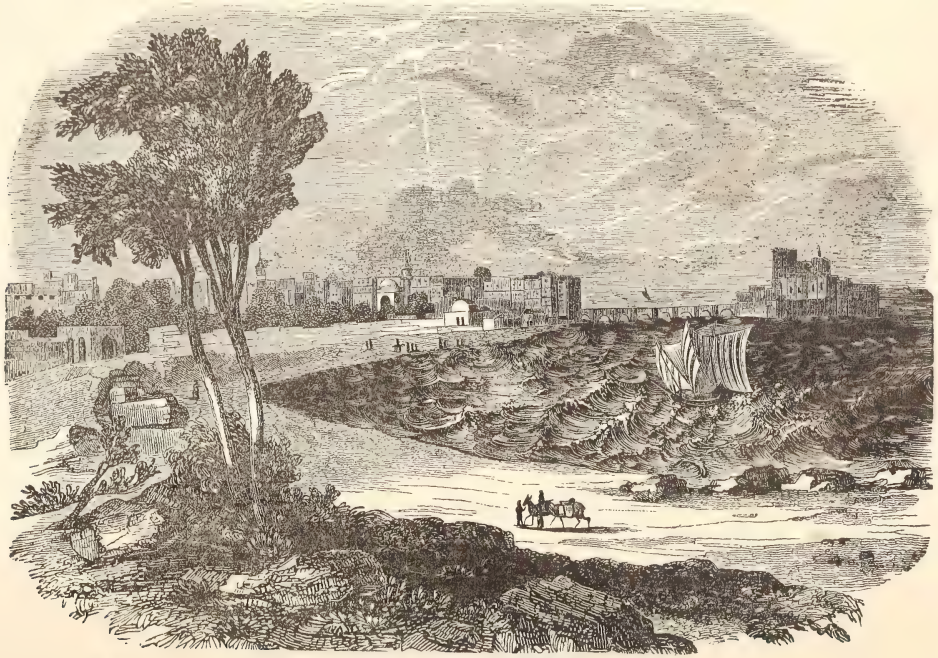
and a few fragments of marble and scattered heaps of stone are all that remain. We dismounted and picked from an old wall a bit of white marble, as the only memento of the place we could find to bear away with us; but we left with the story of the widow's faith, and the power of Elijah's God, more deeply than ever imprinted upon the mind.

The Plain of Phœnicia, over which we are now riding, extends from south of Tyre to several miles beyond Sidon. Its total length is about thirty miles, its average breadth not more than one mile. Near Tyre and Sidon the mountains are shoved back farther from the sea, giving a breadth of about two miles to the plain. This plain has a rich, undulating soil, and is every where well watered. Nature has done much to make it productive and delightful, man has done more to make it unfruitful and desolate. Its villages have been destroyed, its inhabitants driven back among the mountains, life and property made insecure. Large portions of its fertile soil lie waste and uncultivated, while the wild Bedawin pitches his tent here and pastures his flocks, or goes roaming over it at will.

SIDON, OR SAIDA.

The approach to Sidon was one of the most pleasant rides we had enjoyed in all this land. The city can be seen from twelve to fifteen miles. In some places the remains of the old Roman road are visible, while fragments of broken columns and great hewn stones are scattered along the way. Occasionly you pass the flowery banks of some winding stream fringed with the oleander, and decked with bright and beautiful flowers. Strange as it may seem, we passed several of the old milestones that have stood here by the road-side since the days of the Roman occupation. One of them, marred and scarred by time, still bears in legible letters the name of Septimius Severus, and his son Aurelius Antoninus. It is supposed to date back as early as A. D. 198.

As we approached the city, it seemed to be embowered in beautiful groves, orchards and gardens. For more than an hour, we were riding directly upon the smooth sandy beach of the sea, the white-crested waves breaking over our horses' feet.



SIDON, AS SEEN FROM THE SEA SHORE.

The houses of the city appeared to be better built than in any city we had yet visited. Many of them were stuccoed and whitewashed, giving them a very neat and tasty appearance. The distances of our day's ride, measured by the hour, are about as follows: From Tyre to the river Leontes, one hour and forty-five minutes; Leontes to Sarepta, three hours; Sarepta to Sidon, three hours and fifteen minutes; thus making a total from Tyre to Sidon of about eight hours, or from twenty-five to thirty miles. We arrived in good time, and soon had our tents arranged in the midst of a beautiful grove just without the walls of the city.

Sidon was the mother of Tyre, and for a long time they shared the honors of the mistress of the sea. It is the oldest city of Phœnicia, and one of the oldest in the world. Josephus says it was founded by Sidon, eldest son of Canaan, and great grandson of Noah. It has a history cotemporary with Gaza, Sodom and Gomorrah. When the Israelites conquered Canaan it was a great and powerful city. Homer mentions it in connection with the Trojan war. Like its daughter Tyre, it was for a long series of years a powerful and opulent commercial city. It is now but the remnant of what it once was; its harbors have gone to ruin, its commerce has perished, and scarce a vessel makes even a passing call. The population is probably about ten thousand, full half of whom are Mohammedans; the other half mostly Jews, Greek, Catholic, and Maronite Christians. Silk is extensively manufactured here, and large quantities of fruit are cultivated. The plain about the city is covered with gardens and orchards of oranges, lemons, figs, pomegranates, bananas, apricots and kindred fruits.

This city fell to the lot of Asher, but, like Tyre, it was too powerful for the Israelites, and they were never able to subdue it. It is but little known in New Testament history, and it is but once mentioned of the Savior that he visited the coasts of Tyre and Sidon. Like Tyre, it was the subject of prophetic prediction, and like that city, shared in the retributions that follow pride, luxury and arrogance. "Son of man, set thy face against Sidon and prophecy against it, and say: Thus saith the Lord God: Behold, I am against thee, O Sidon; and I

will be glorified in the midst of thee, and they shall know that I am the Lord when I shall have executed judgments in her." Ezk. xxviii. 24. The prophecies have been fulfilled. The changes of time have destroyed her commerce, invading armies blocked up her ports, battered down her walls, and destroyed her palaces. She who was once great, is now as a "cleft in the rock;" dismantled and solitary, she sits in loneliness and desolation, her beauty and glory faded forever.

The buried ruins about Sidon will yet prove a rich mine to the antiquarian. In a neighboring hill-side are many tombs, some of which have been explored. A beautifully wrought sarcophagus was found here only a few years ago, containing a perfect Phœnician inscription of twenty-two lines. The lines told the story of its occupant, revealing the fact that he was once a king of Sidon! This ancient sarcophagus is now preserved in the museum of the Louvre at Paris. A short time previous to the discovery of this, in another place, a large quantity of gold coins, of the reign of Alexander the Great, and of Philip of Macedon, were discovered. But Sidon, Thompson thinks, is too old to furnish many valuable antiquities. Her decline, he says, commenced "before antiquity began."

SIDON TO BEIRUT.

April 27th. We left Sidon this morning in good spirits, for to-day our tent life in Syria terminates; to-night we expect to sleep in a hotel in Beirut, nine hours distant. The road, as one says, is bleak, bad and uninteresting—now plunging through barren, drifting sand, and now winding over low promontories, covered with multitudes of loose stones and sharp rocks. We now bade farewell to the Plain of Phœnicia, and the southernmost range of the Lebanon mountains came down upon the sea. The sight of these mountains awakened remembrance of Solomon and the cedars. Lebanon signifies *white*, and the distant tops of these mountains, covered with perpetual snow, lie glistening in the sunlight. It was these sublime and towering hights, the extensive groves of enormous cedars upon their sides, the olive plantations and vineyards, the running streams and fruitful vales of their base, that made up the "glory of

Lebanon" alluded to in the word of God. These renowned cedar groves, from which Hiram sent to Solomon timber for his temple, have mostly disappeared; but one solitary grove of them now remains. These are usually visited from Beirut, but the snows upon the mountains when we were there prevented approach to them. This grove of cedars lies six thousand feet above the level of the sea, and twenty-four hundred feet below the summit of the mountains. The grove covers about three acres; some of the trees are of enormous size; one is said to be forty feet in circumference. They are the patriarchs of ancient days, and have witnessed the changes of many hundreds of years.

LADY STANHOPE'S HOME.

As we passed on, a few miles to the right of us, among these mountain ranges, may still be seen the ruins of the home of Lady Hester Stanhope. I remember the interest with which I read Lamartine's narrative of his visit here in 1832. It was, certainly, a strange freak of humor that led this lady of intellect, rank, wealth and beauty to banish herself from her native land, and choose a home amid these solitudes of Lebanon! There was a charm of romance about it, and for a time, the novelty of the situation and mode of life might have had many attractions. But when I read Thompson's account of her death and burial, the gilding all seemed to fall from the picture, and the loneliness and desolation of the scene were truly gloomy and distressing. She, who had shone in the highest circles of English society, who had rejected the proffered crown of Palmyra, outlived her beauty, wealth and power. The following account of the funeral is from Thompson's "Land and Book:"

"The British consul at Beirut requested me to perform the religious services at the funeral of Lady Hester. It was an intensely hot Sabbath in June, 1839. We started on our melancholy errand at 1 o'clock, and reached this place about midnight. After a brief examination, the consul decided that the funeral must take place immediately. This vault in the garden was hastily opened, and the bones of General L——, or of

his son, I forget which—a Frenchman who died here, and was buried in the vault by her ladyship—were taken out and placed at the head.

"The body, in a plain deal box, was carried by her servants to the grave, followed by a mixed company, with torches and lanterns, to enable them to thread their way through the winding alleys of the garden. I took a wrong path, and wandered some time in the mazes of these labyrinths. When at length I entered the arbor, the first thing I saw were the bones of the general, in a ghastly heap, with the head on top, having a lighted taper stuck in either eye-socket—a hideous, grinning spectacle. It was difficult to proceed with the service under circumstances so novel and bewildering. The consul subsequently remarked that there were some curious coincidences between this and the burial of Sir John Moore, her ladyship's early love. In silence, on the lone mountain at midnight, 'our lanterns dimly burning,' with the flag of her country over her, 'she lay like a warrior taking his rest,' and we left her '*alone* in her glory.'"

The place is now described as a sad scene of desolation. Her house has been torn down and the materials sold to the surrounding people, while the stones of her tomb have been broken in and displaced.

TOMB OF JONAH.

A ride of about three hours from Sidon brought us to a place called Neby Yunas, or *Prophet Jonah*. The place is situated directly upon the sea-shore, in a little sandy bay near a thick mulberry grove. There is here a large old khan, mostly in ruins, but one or two of the rooms are now occupied by the Turks as a kind of coffee restaurant. A little distance from it is a large whitewashed monument or tomb, built in Moslem style, called the Tomb of Jonah. It has the usual dome-top of the Moslem graves, and several rooms attached for the accommodation of the keeper, and such pilgrims as choose to visit it. This, the inhabitants here will tell you, is the veritable place where Jonah was thrown up by the whale in his strange sea voyage, when he attempted to run away from the command

of his Lord! The supposed place of his embarkation was Joppa, and many believe that Tarsus, the birth-place of Saul, was the Tarshish to which he was attempting to flee. If so, this place was certainly upon his route, and the whale would be as likely to cast him up here as at any other place. But whether Jonah was ever here or not, this monument is consecrated to his memory, and is quite a place of resort for Moslem pilgrims, who come here to perform their religious vows.

If you would like a cup of Turkish coffee, you can be accommodated at the khan close by, while our horses are taking a little rest. I could never tolerate the black coffee of the Turks. It is served out in very small cups, so thick, black and strong that one of these small cups contains as much strength as two or three of our large cups. It is taken without milk, but with as much sugar as it will dissolve. There seems to have been no change in the mode of making or taking it since Lord Bacon wrote his quaint description of it, more than two hundred years ago: "They have in *Turkey* a *drink* called *coffee*, made of a berry of the same name, as black as soot, and of a strong *sent* [scent], but not *aromatical*, which they take, beaten into powder, in *water* as hot as they can drink it. And they take it and sit at it in their coffee-houses, which are like our *taverns*. This *Drink* comforteth the *Brain* and Heart and helpeth *digestion*."

Proceeding onward from the Tomb of Jonah, we passed a high point of land or promontory where the mountain range projects into the sea. We clambered over rocks, and along precipitous paths, where it was sometimes extremely difficult for our horses to make their way. This rough and narrow pass has been the theatre of bloody conflicts. Here, about 218 B. C., the Egyptians under Ptolemy made a stand and arranged their forces for the defense of the pass. Antiochus the Great advanced from Beirut, attacked the enemy on both flanks, and drove them back with great slaughter to Sidon.

We now passed a fertile portion of the country; villages dot the mountain-side, and numerous groves of mulberry and olive adorn the landscape. As we looked off upon the distant hills, we remembered how, only a few months ago, many of these

villages were deluged with blood in the cruel, cold-blooded murder of their Christian population by the Druses. Many towns were destroyed, thousands of Christians killed, and multitudes of others forced to flee for their lives. The American consul at Beirut informed me that his wife, as she looked out upon the mountain ranges, counted twenty villages burning at one time, while the terrified inhabitants were fleeing in every direction. Many thousands of these Christians, thus rendered homeless, and reduced to great extremities, are even now fed at the expense of the government, or by donations from Europe and America.

Khan Khulda, about three hours before reaching Beirut, is noted for a number of old sarcophagi lying neglected upon the hill-side. They bear no inscriptions of any kind, but are supposed to be of Phœnician origin. They are from five to seven feet long, cut from limestone rocks, each now having its lid removed and thrown to one side. They are now all empty. Who have been their occupants none can tell. Not a bone or vestige of their tenants remain; no voice comes up from their rifled chambers to inform us when they were hewn, or who found a resting place within their now solitary chambers.

At last a long blue line of water indicated that we were approaching the sea. As we neared the city, we passed for a long distance over a yellow, sandy soil, almost entirely destitute of vegetation, where the loose sands are driven by the winds, and piled in heaps like snow. The scenery was varied and beautiful; the distant mountains rising up in bold and solemn grandeur, dotted with villages, forming one of its most prominent features. Now we passed a large pine grove; then we were passing through groves of olive, mulberry, and gardens hedged by rows of enormous cactus, or prickly pear. This is planted upon low stone walls, and grows with gigantic strength to the hight of fifteen or twenty feet. The trunks are sometimes two and a half feet in circumference, with great thick leaves twenty inches long, covered with hard, sharp thorns. And now from the tall hights back of the town we looked down upon the city, stretching down the hill-side towards the sea, and deeply embowered in groves of mulberry

and fruit trees. We wound down the declivity, along shaded roads and among substantial European-looking houses, to the sea-shore, and stopped at a public house in the outskirts of the town, called "Hotel de Belle Vue." There is another directly in the business part of the town called by the same name. The charges at these hotels are about two dollars a day. Our journey in Syria was ended, and it was with grateful hearts we bade adieu to tents, dragoman and muleteers, and took lodgings in a hotel, from whence we expect to take a steamer on our homeward passage.

Beirut probably contains at least fifty thousand inhabitants, of whom about one-third are Mohammedans. There are usually many strangers in the city, drawn here for commerce and travel. Many Europeans are settled here, and many European houses adorn the town, and European costumes meet the eye. A large body of French soldiers are now stationed here, the avowed object being the protection of the Christians of the surrounding country from the hostility of the Druses. It is a place of considerable commerce, and large quantities of raw silk are among its exports. The city stands upon a kind of promontory, and is most beautifully situated. The old portion of it is densely built, close upon the sea-shore, the streets narrow, crooked, and badly paved. The houses are mostly of stone, substantially built, and have a neat and comfortable appearance. There are many beautiful villas in the suburbs, embowered in groves of mulberry; in fact, the whole country about, as one says, is rapidly "becoming one vast mulberry plantation." As you ascend to the upper parts of the town the view becomes magnificent, embracing the Bay of St. George, the distant expanse of the blue open sea stretching away in the distance till it blends with the horizon; the hights of Lebanon, rising tier above tier, until, in the far distance, their heads are pinnacled in the clouds, and their "snowy scalps" glisten in the sunlight. I have seldom looked upon a more extensive, sublime and enchanting landscape than meets the view from the hights of the town back of Beirut.

Sunday, April 28th. With joy we hailed the light of the returning Sabbath, for we anticipate a pleasant season of Chris-

tian worship with the American missionaries stationed here. We had been provided with letters of introduction both to them and Mr. Johnson, the American consul. We were cordially received by them, and would here express our thanks for favors received, and especially to the consul for his assistance in the business matters we had to attend to in the city. Half-past 10 o'clock found us at the mission chapel, to unite with the missionaries in their accustomed worship. We made the acquaintance of several of their number, among them Mr. W. M. Thompson, author of "The Land and the Book," who, for more than twenty years, has lived and labored in these Bible lands, and become familiar with every portion of the country. The mission premises occupy a beautiful situation, and the chapel is large, airy and pleasant. One of our traveling companions was invited to preach, and it was a delightful privilege to sit down once more in the house of God, and bear a part in the devout services. Quite a large printing establishment is connected with the mission, which we visited the next day. The schools of these missionaries here have done much in cultivating a taste for literature, as well as a love for religion; indeed, the mission has been a prosperous one, and has exerted an extensive influence on the surrounding country, and many out-stations have been formed among the villages of the mountains.

Just before leaving home I received a communication from a lady acquaintance: "I have a dear brother buried at Beirut; the missionaries can tell you where. I want you to find the place, stand by the side of the grave, and, if possible, bring me a flower, or a leaf, or even a spire of grass from the tomb, that I may preserve it as a memento of one I so dearly loved." It was a reasonable request, and I was sure it was prompted by the earnest affection of a bereft sister's heart. After service I asked Dr. Van Dyck to accompany me to the grave. He led me to a secluded portion of the mission premises, to a pleasant and attractive spot, secured by a strong cactus hedge and deeply shaded by the overhanging trees. Here several members of the mission and converts to the Christian faith had found a quiet resting place. I stood by one of the monuments, and

read upon the sculptured marble the name of George B. Whiting, long a devoted and successful missionary of the cross, both at Jerusalem and in this city. I thought of the fond affection of the bereft sister, who would covet a spire of grass from the hallowed spot, and gathering a few flowers, laid them in my memorandum book in compliance with her tender request.

The Sabbath was over, and we immediately set about making arrangements for our departure homewards. We found in the port an American vessel, loading with wool, which was to sail direct for Boston. We packed a box with the various articles of interest and curiosity we had gathered in our journey, and shipped them for our native land. We then engaged a passage on the French steamer Samois for Smyrna; second cabin passage, thirty-two dollars—first cabin, about sixty dollars—time, six days—stopping at Tripolis, Ladikiyeh, (Laodicea) Rhodes, and other ports. The journey homeward, after reaching Smyrna, where we visited the Tomb of Polycarp, was to Athens, thence to Rome, through southern Italy; over the Appenines to northern Italy; over the Alps, by the St. Gothard pass; through Germany, and down the Rhine to Cologne; thence to Brussels, Paris, London, Edinburgh, the Highlands, Glasgow, Liverpool, Boston, and again to the great Valley of the West.

It was the design of the writer, when this volume was commenced, to include in it an account of the most interesting incidents of this European tour, but the book has already been protracted beyond the intended limits, and here at Beirut I must give the reader the parting hand. We have had a long and interesting journey—I trust not an unprofitable one. We have traveled over the ground that has witnessed the events of the world's early history; stood on the hoary ruins of palaces and temples, and looked, as it were, into God's treasure-house of knowledge. We have seen Egypt, wandered in that "great and terrible desert," climbed the sublime and venerated hights of Sinai and Horeb. We have made the tour of "The Holy Land"—the land of God's revelations, mysteries and miracles—where angels have found pathways, and have descended and

ascended on missions of mercy and judgment. We have lingered about the "Holy City," and walked in the paths consecrated by the feet of the glorious Son of God. We have marked the changes time and the judgments of Heaven have wrought—how prophetic declarations have been fulfilled—have read upon a thousand tablets the HANDWRITING OF GOD!

Our time together has passed pleasantly; we part, I trust, mutual friends. We are still travelers and sojourners; God grant we may meet again—not on mountains like these earthly ones, lying in the dim shadows of glory departed, but on the radiant Mount of God—not to traverse the highways of the earthly Canaan, but to roam those blissful lands of which this earthly Canaan was but the type—not in Jerusalem on earth, but in the glorious city of peace and rest, eternal in the heavens. In hope of the joys of that "better land," we say,

FAREWELL.

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